WEEK ENDING FEB. 13, 1926

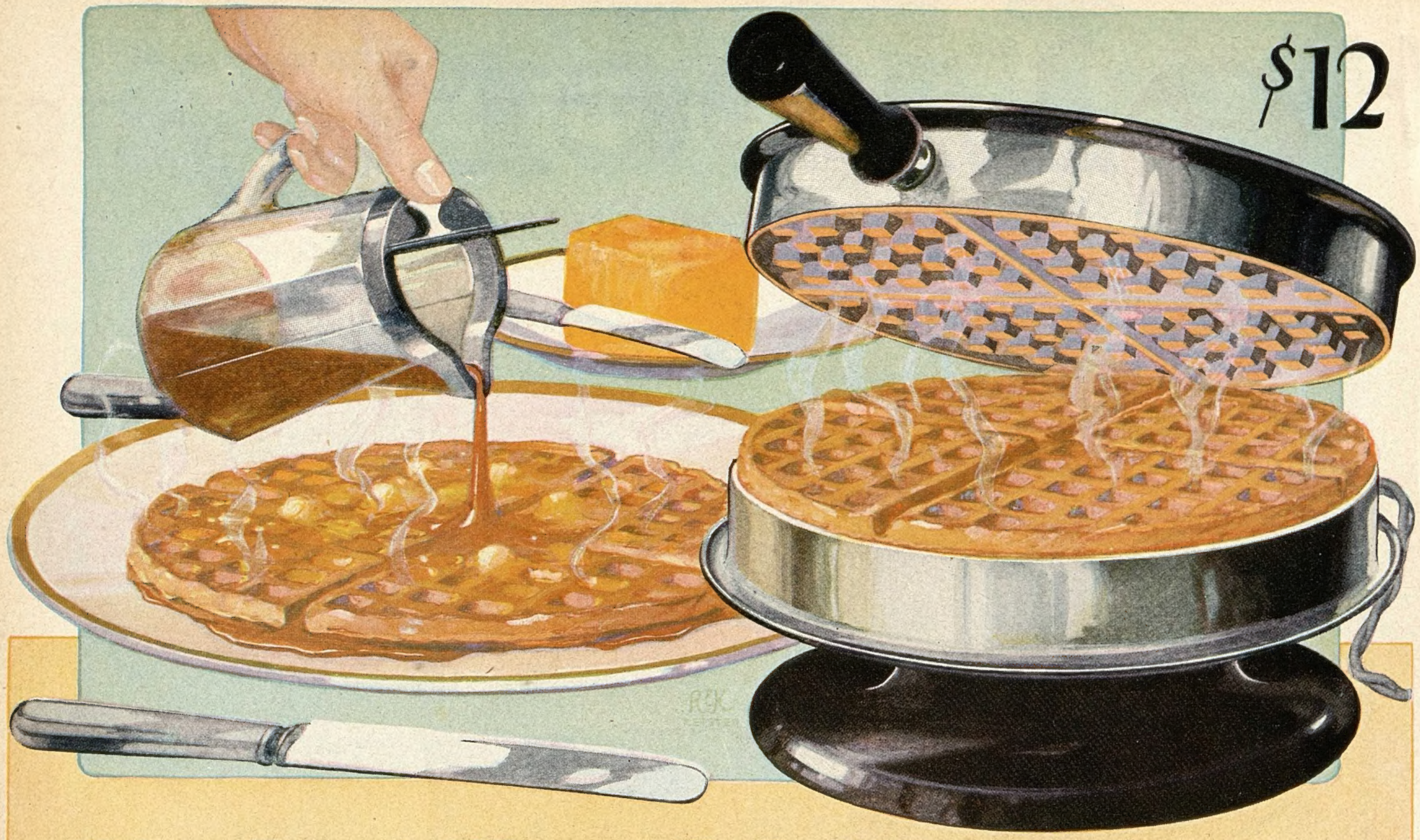
5c

Liberty

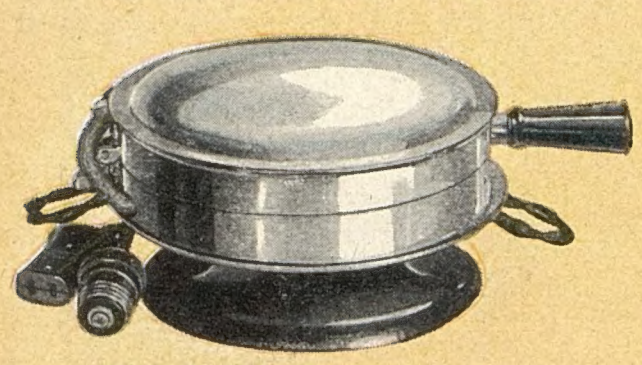
A Weekly for Everybody

In This Issue

WHAT LOVE IS *By* **KONRAD BERCOVICI**



You Don't Know Waffles Until ~



This is the Hold-Heet Junior Waffle Iron. Same as large size except that it is polished aluminum and makes smaller waffles. Has all other outstanding features. Sells for $8.50

you have made them the Hold-Heet way. If your palate craves waffles that are delicious in their crispy sweetness; waffles that are tempting in their tastiness; waffles that look good to the eye and are kind to the digestion—see that they are made the new and better way—the Hold-Heet way.

Hold-Heet Electric Waffle Irons

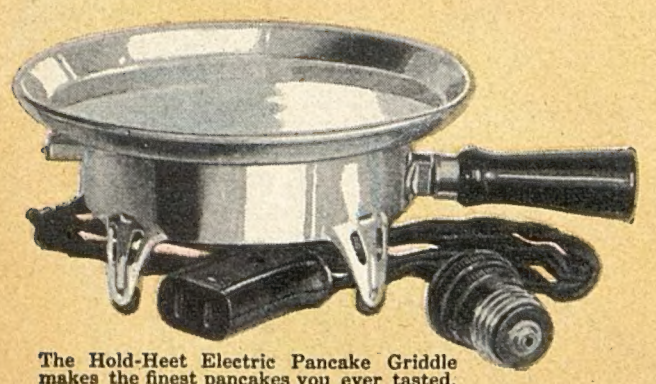
are for those who know and demand waffles that have a wonderfully delicious melt-in-your mouth flavor; that are always "crunchy crisp;" that are just the right thickness and half as large again as ordinary electrically made waffles; that are even better than "mother tried to make."

Use this wonderful Hold-Heet waffle iron just once. You will never know how good waffles really are until you do. Then use it for omelettes, cookies, French toast, biscuit for shortcake—the pleasing results will suprise you. The special

Expansion Hinge Makes Light, Fluffy Waffles Certain

This extra wide expansion hinge automatically opens a quarter of an inch raising the extremely light top and permitting the delicate waffles to "fluff up," while evenly baking. Result: perfect waffles every time.

The aluminum plates need no greasing—there is no smoke, fumes, or mess. The Hold-Heet comes to you with a guarantee tag that insures satisfactory service for two years—one year more than most waffle irons. Thousands of Hold-Heet Electric Waffle Irons are in service. Introduce one in your home. Do not deny your family and yourself the pleasure of perfect waffles a day longer. Buy a Hold-Heet Electric Waffle Iron now. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.



The Hold-Heet Electric Pancake Griddle makes the finest pancakes you ever tasted. Just what you need for cooking chops, bacon, eggs, small steaks, etc. Aluminum top requires no greasing. A perfect gem of an appliance. Price only $3.50. Get one today.

RUSSELL ELECTRIC CO., *Executive Office and Factory*, 340 W. Huron St., Chicago

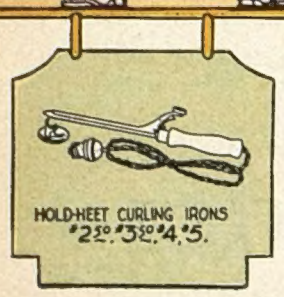
The World's Largest Manufacturers of Lamp Socket Heating Devices

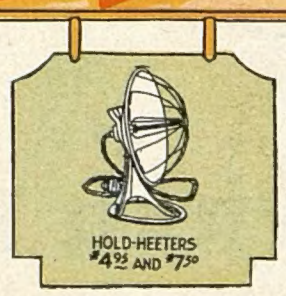
Eastern Office, 51 E. 42nd St., New York—Canadian Office, 60 Duchess St., Toronto

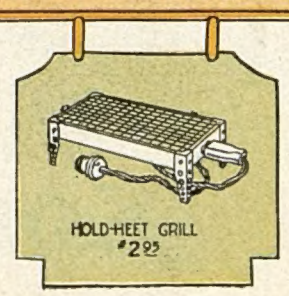
This is number 13 of a series of 78 four color Hold-Heet messages to appear in this publication

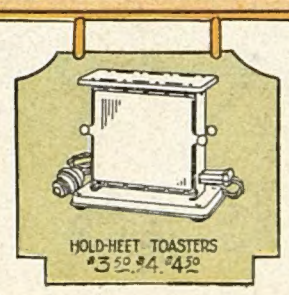
Hold-Heet

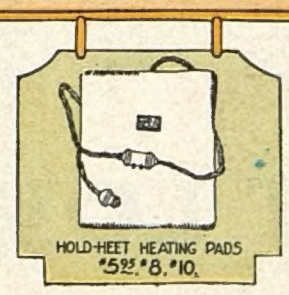
With the Famous Guaranteed Hold-Heet Element

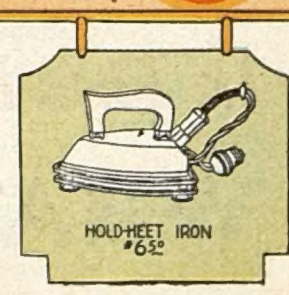






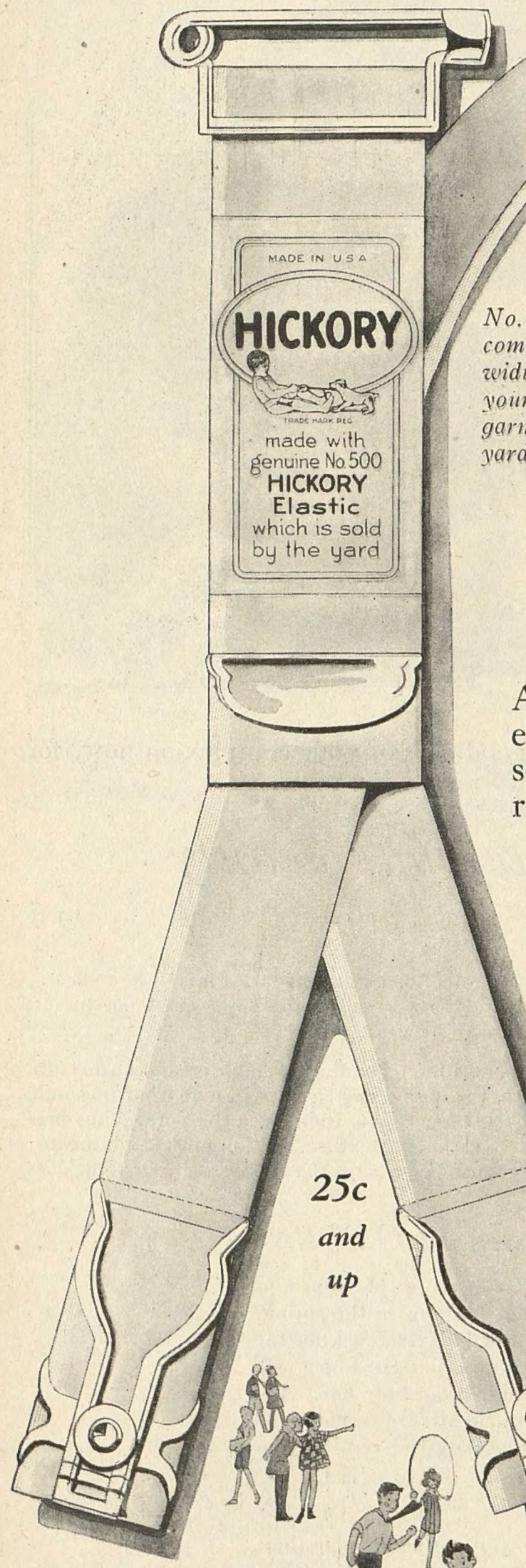






HICKORY GARTERS & ELASTIC

Made strong to last long



No. 500 HICKORY Elastic comes in black and white, all widths, by the yard. Use it for your own and the children's garments. Buy half a dozen yards and keep it on hand.

Both are the best you can buy—

A garment that's worth the work of making with elastic is worth good elastic. Hickory Elastic usually outlasts the garments into which it is sewn. It's the finest mercerized elastic produced. It's made of live rubber woven into a strong, fine, mercerized fabric. Holds its width when stretched. Washes wonderfully and retains its snap unusually long. *You save time and money when you use* HICKORY.

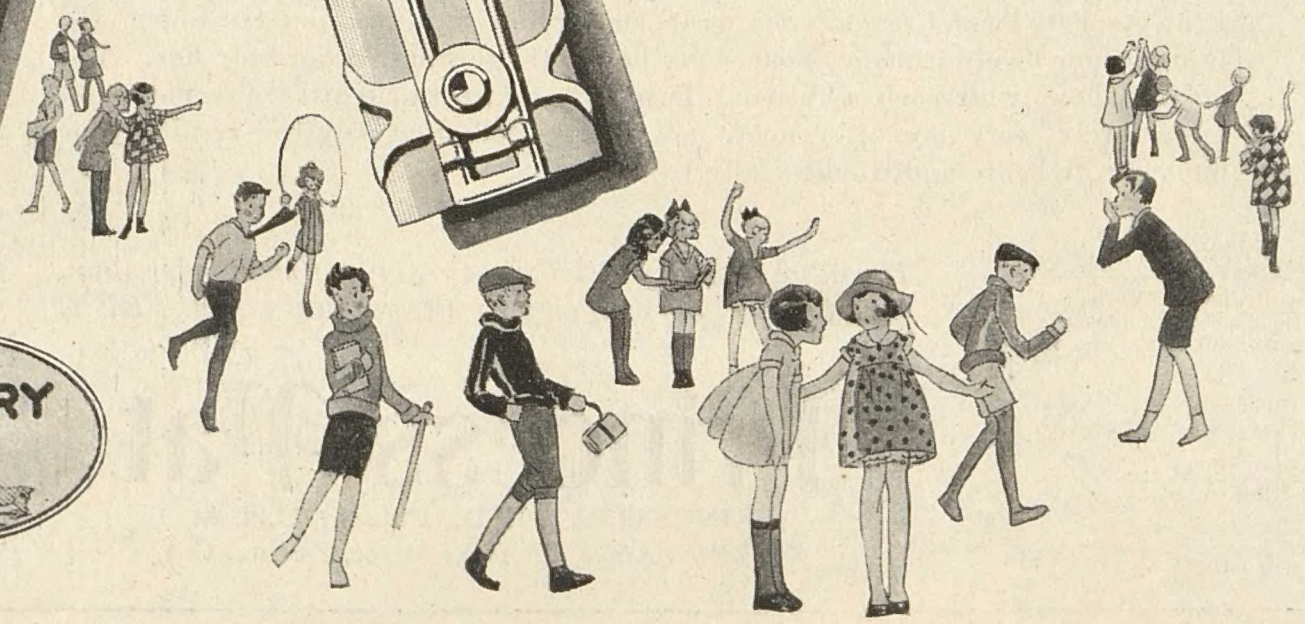
Only Hickory Garters, of course, are made with live, long wearing Hickory Elastic, which makes them comfortable, secure and strong; for this reason alone it pays you to get Hickory Garters. Be sure you get this better kind. *25c and up.*

25c and up

Five features make Hickory Garters perfect:

The patented rubber cushion clasp holds stocking between rubber and rubber; prevents tears and saves darning. The pin is extra strong. The buckle is easily adjusted. The elastic is Hickory. All seams double stitched.

See These Two HICKORY *Products—*



—and many others that you will find interesting at the notion counter. Most stores sell Hickory Products. If you do not find them, write Mrs. Ruth Stone, 1173 West Congress St., Chicago, Ill.

21

A. STEIN & COMPANY

Chicago New York
Los Angeles Toronto

Revel in the VIGOR *of* WINTER—

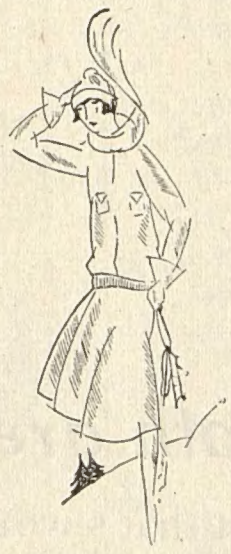
but keep the *softness of* SPRING

YOU CAN WITH THIS FAMOUS
"TWIN CREAM" TREATMENT

IN the wintertime, when the air is so invigorating and social life so gay—when evergreens seem greenest and the joy of life is keenest—when every hour brings its sharp contrasts of heat and cold—that is when you must give your complexion the greatest care.

Get out-o'-doors all you can. Revel in the sports of winter. Skate, coast, motor all you please. But remember—old Jack Frost is a gay deceiver.

He will put roses in your cheeks, to be sure. He will make your blood tingle and give you vigorous health. But unless you're on your guard, he will also chafe and coarsen your skin. And, too, he will place you in snowy-white backgrounds that show up sallow cheeks and cruelly enhance lines and defects of every kind.



Yes, you want to watch that man, Jack Frost. You want to take extra good care of your complexion now, for winter is the time of social conquests and social joys; the time when beauty means the most.

A new way to protect and enhance your beauty

Here is a way to outwit the wintry winds and keep your beauty in bloom the whole year 'round—a new way that will enhance and retain your natural loveliness; make even a coarse, unlovely skin gossamer-fine; that will counteract the effect of wind and exposure and keep your skin soft, smooth, and fine-textured. This is the famous Twin Cream Treatment—one cream to build beauty from within; another to repel enemies that attack from without.

Remember that no single cream can give your skin all that it needs. It is not possible, because—

Your skin needs nourishment, *must* have it, if it is to be healthy. And naturally all nourishing creams must *open the pores* in order to feed the underlying tissues.

Also, your skin needs protection; *must* have it, if it is to be delicate, soft, fine-textured. And for protection the pores must not be left open, but must be normally *closed.*

Your own good judgment will tell you that no single cream can do both. But Princess Pat Twin Creams, *acting together*, can do what no single cream can—nourish the tissues first, then close the pores, thus preserving your skin's soft, satin-like texture. You know what this means, for "All true beauty must begin with the texture of your skin."

Try this Famous Twin Cream Method at Our Risk

Enjoy the beauties of the great outdoors. Revel in the sports of winter as much as you please, but always keep your complexion basking in the springtime of youth. Stop at your favorite toilet goods counter today and ask for the Princess Pat Twin Creams. See what an improvement even one treatment will bring—how lovely it makes your skin; how soft, glowing, exquisitely fine. And observe how, with each additional Twin Cream treatment, it grows more and more lovely every day. If you are not simply delighted with the results, your money will be refunded cheerfully.

FREE So that you may know for yourself the lovely effect of Princess Pat Twin Cream treatment, we take pleasure in sending you a free trial packet for you to use on your skin. Just mail the coupon.

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd., Dept. 1932
2701-9 South Wells Street, Chicago

Please send free trial packet of Princess Pat Twin Cream treatment.

(Print) Name ----------

Address ----------

If you prefer to try this Twin Cream treatment before purchasing, mail the coupon for generous trial packet FREE.

Princess Pat

PRINCESS PAT, LTD., Chicago, U. S. A.
Canadian Address, 107 Duke Street, Toronto, Ont.

FEB. 13, 1926 **Liberty** VOL. 2, NO. 41
A Weekly for Everybody

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

LINCOLN

For this week, in which is Lincoln's birthday, extracts from some of his letters, addresses, and dispatches are printed instead of an editorial on Lincoln. They reveal his thoughts, emotions, and character. The first extract indicates the equipment, self described, with which Abraham Lincoln began his career.

TO JESSE W. FELL, DECEMBER 20, 1859: "I was born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky. My parents were both born in Virginia, of undistinguished families—second families, perhaps I should say. . . . My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham County, Virginia, to Kentucky about 1781 or 1782, where a year or two later he was killed by Indians, not in battle but by stealth, when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest. . . . My father, at the death of his father, was but six years of age, and he grew up literally without education. . . . Of course, when I came of age I did not know much. Still, somehow, I could read, write, and cipher to the rule of three, but that was all. I have not been to school since. The little advance I now have upon this store of education, I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity. I was raised to farm work, which I continued until I was twenty-two."

FROM A LETTER TO JOSHUA F. SPEED (A SLAVE OWNER), AUGUST 24, 1855: "In 1841, you and I had together a tedious low-water trip on a steamboat, from Louisville to St. Louis. You may remember, as I well do, that from Louisville to the mouth of the Ohio, there were on board ten or a dozen slaves shackled together with irons. That sight was a continued torment to me, and I see something like it every time I touch the Ohio or any other slave border. It is not fair for you to assume that I have no interest in a thing which has, and continually exercises, the power of making me miserable. . . .

"I am profitably engaged in reading the Bible. Take all of this book upon reason that you can and the balance upon faith, and you will live and die a better man."

LETTER TO HORACE GREELEY, WASHINGTON, AUGUST 22, 1862: "I would save the Union. I would save it in the shortest way under the constitution. The sooner the national authority can be restored, the nearer the Union will be 'the Union as it was.' If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union and is not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that."

EXECUTIVE MANSION, DEC. 23, 1862.

TO MISS FANNY MCCULLOUGH: Dear Fanny: It is with deep regret that I learn of the death of your kind and brave father, and especially that it is affecting your young heart beyond what is common in such cases. In this sad world of ours sorrow comes to all, and to the young it comes with bitterer agony because it takes them unawares. The older have learned ever to expect it.

WAR DEPARTMENT, OCT. 8, 1863.

MAJOR-GENERAL MEADE, ARMY OF POTOMAC: I am appealed to in behalf of August Blittersdorf, at Mitchell's Station, Va., to be shot tomorrow as a deserter. I am unwilling for any boy under eighteen to be shot and his father affirms that he is yet under sixteen. Please answer. His regiment or company not given me. A. LINCOLN.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, JULY 21, 1863.

MY DEAR GENERAL HOWARD: Your letter of the 18th is received. I was deeply mortified by the escape of Lee across the Potomac because the substantial destruction of his army would have ended the war and because I believed such destruction was perfectly easy. . . . A few days having passed, I am now profoundly grateful for what was done without criticism for what was not done.

General Meade has my confidence, as a brave and skilful officer and a true man. Yours very truly, A. LINCOLN..

HIS LAST WRITING, on a card just as he was leaving the White House for Ford's Theater, where he was assassinated, April 14, 1865:

"Allow Mr. Ashmun and his friends to come in at 9 a. m. tomorrow.—A. LINCOLN."

IN THIS ISSUE

PAGE

The "Ins" and "Outs" of American Society 7
Telling who chooses the "chosen" By NORMAN S. HALL
What Love Is ..... By KONRAD BERCOVICI 10
Touching story of a man who learned devotion from a dog
The Diaries of Washington 17
First of a dramatic series in Washington's own words
And So We Built a House ..... By CAROLINE S. KRUM 23
A lesson in home construction and decoration
The Heartbreak of a Queen ..... [From INTIMATE SOURCES] 27
Continuing the story of the late Alexandra of England
Mr. Dooley on Football ..... By FINLEY PETER DUNNE 35
More wit from an inimitable philosopher
Mannequin ..... By FANNIE HURST 39
Eleventh installment of Liberty's $50,000 prize serial
Riding the Engine of the Twentieth Century .....
A story of a hair-raising train trip By PAUL KINKEAD 49
The Secret of Health at the Tip of Your Tongue .....
How to Have Sound Teeth ..... By EILEEN BOURNE 52
Sharp Tricks in Sports ..... By HUGH FULLERTON 57
Nut-Cracker Answers and Bright Sayings 60
Archie and the Old Porcupine ..... By SETH CLARKSON 61
A humorous tale of a lover who wouldn't admit defeat
The Right Way to Apply for a Job 70
News of the World ..... By RALPH BARTON 71
A caricaturist has fun with current events
Lights! Action! Camera! ..... By ALVA TAYLOR 73
A page about some important films of the week
New and Helpful Suggestions from Liberty's Radio Fans 76
The Patriotic Game of Presidents 77
Liberty's Famous Educational Contest
Delicious Homemade Valentines .....
(Food Page) ..... By ETHEL SOMERS 78
Liberty's Cross-World Puzzle No. 55 79
Steve Brodie's Famous Leap ..... By JULIAN ROTH 80
Exclusive Sports Models for Home Needles ..... By PATRICIA 81
Paris Reviving Fashion in Capes. By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS 82
Cover Design by Robert Robinson

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Through Hollywood with Michael Arlen

THE famous author of THE GREEN HAT has looked at Hollywood—and its girls. What he thinks of it and them he tells in a colorful bit of imagery called PORTRAIT OF A GIRL ON HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD.

OPIE READ in A GIRL NAMED MOTH unfolds a haunting tale of a maiden, a ghost, and a fateful tree.

MR. DOOLEY rings the bell again with a discourse on YOUTH. It's packed with laughs.

CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND in THE BLACK COUSIN begins a gripping serial of love, laughter, mystery, and murder. Read the announcement on page 56.

There is another dramatic installment of THE DIARIES OF GEORGE WASHINGTON, and other notable features.

February 13, 1926 LIBERTY Vol. 2, No. 41

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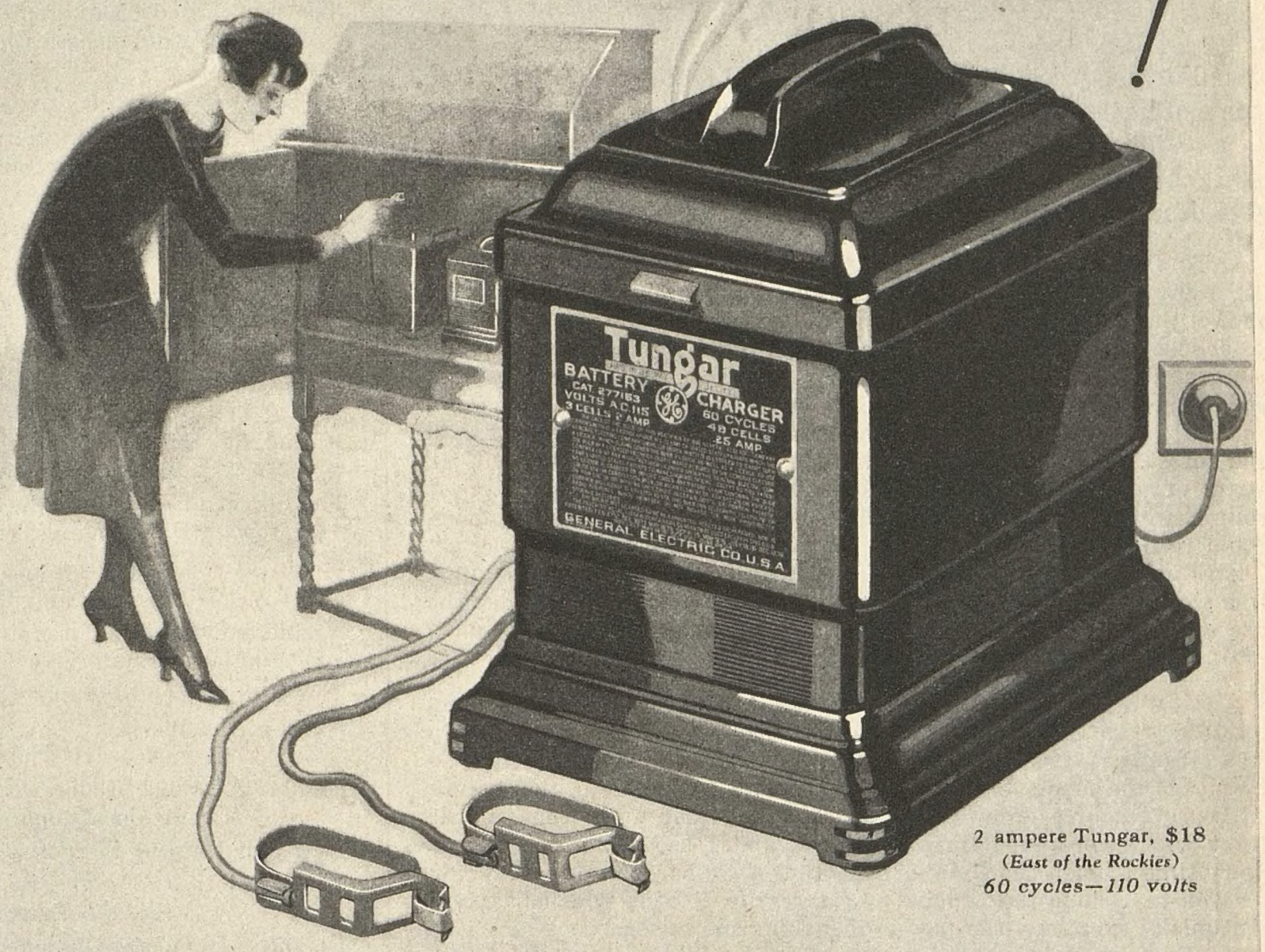
With Tungar— an overnight charge for a dime!

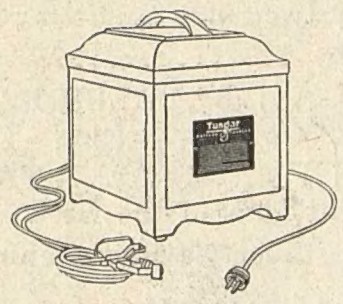


2 ampere Tungar, $18
(East of the Rockies)
60 cycles—110 volts

Two clips for your battery and a plug for your house current—that's all. And the steady, quiet Tungar charges your batteries overnight.

Just about a dime's worth of current and two minutes of work. So simple!

It's the no-fuss, easy-to-use charger—for all batteries.



5 ampere Tungar, $28
(East of the Rockies)
60 cycles—110 volts

It can't blow out Radiotrons if left hooked to set while charging.

Does not disturb radio reception in the neighborhood.

It is complete—charges 2-4-6-volt "A" or 6-12-volt auto batteries, or 24-96-volt "B" batteries in series.

Especially adaptable to permanent installation in cabinet with switch control.

Merchandise Department
General Electric Company
Bridgeport, Connecticut

Tungar
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
BATTERY CHARGER

Tungar—a registered trademark—is found only on the genuine. Look for it on the name plate.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

The 'INS' and 'OUTS' of American Society

An Inquiry Into the Mystery of Why 94,608 Names Are Included and 113,399,112 Are Not

By NORMAN S. HALL

Photos by International

WHAT is American Society? How, in a country where there are no patents of nobility and where social equality is guaranteed under the Constitution, has there been erected an aristocracy which surrounds itself with as near an approximation of the pomp and splendor of the Old World courts as it can conveniently contrive?

Who are these select ones we refer to as "Society" and how are they chosen?

If we credit the Social Register, which is the accepted index of our best people, American Society is a group of approximately 94,608 families residing in or near twenty-five cities in the United States. In its preface the Social Register endorses these people because they are "those families who by descent or by social standing or from other qualifications are naturally included in the best society of any particular city or cities."

Actual population plays no part, of course, in the selection of the socially elect. For instance, New York with its 6,015,504 people has 27,720 names in its Social Register, while Chicago with its 2,942,605 residents has but 4,280 recognized names. In other words, while more than four out of every thousand New Yorkers are eligible to American Society, less than two per thousand of Chicago's citizenry are recognized.

But Washington is given a social listing of 7,000 of a total population of 486,936. Washington's average of 14 per thousand is quite the largest recorded.

It should be borne in mind that approximately one-third of the names in the registers are of husbands and wives listed together. This would raise the actual number of select individuals to nearly 129,000.

The population of the twenty-five cities in question is approximately 21,000,000, so that the grand average of the elite runs to 4.5 per thousand. Thus you see, unless you are already in, the odds against you are pretty high!

Now that we have ascertained how many best people we have, who are they? Does descent from a long line of illustrious ancestors insure one's inclusion in this list of the elect? When someone is designated as a prominent society leader, upon what is the designation based? Birth? Achievement? Money?

To tell the truth, the Social Register's methods of selecting its favored ones is a deep mystery. That birth and a substantial financial standing are tremendous factors in favor of selection is, of course, obvious. But all of those listed are not wealthy. Not a few of them find their greatest problem in maintaining even a semblance of the grand manner they feel their Social Register listing demands.

Is it birth that tells the story? If that were so, those once pronounced fit to "belong" would remain "in" forever. Like the nobility, the chosen might drag their escutcheons in the dust but would still be noble.

Yet such apparently is not the case. A listing in the Social Register may be, and not infrequently is, an evanescent glory.

Consider the now famous case of the James Stillmans. When Stillman, the National City Bank executive, startled the social circles of two continents with the charge that Guy Stillman was the son of an Indian guide, the Social Register acted promptly. The names of both Mr. and Mrs. Stillman were deleted.

The Social Register announced that the Stillman name was being expunged from the list because of the unpleasant notoriety the case attracted. The question of guilt or innocence could not have been considered, since the names were removed before the charges involved had been settled in court. Subsequently Mrs. Stillman was vindicated at law, but has she been reinstated in the Social Register? She has not.

Which recalls the passage at words between Mrs. Stillman and Mrs. Emily Price Post, self-styled arbiter of etiquette.

The March, 1925, supplement of the New York Social Register had the following entry:

Rhinelander, Mr. Leonard Kip (Philip).
Jones, Miss Alice B. (Geo.).
Married October 14, at New Rochelle, N. Y.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Social Register
New York
1926

Vol. XI, No. 1.

November, 1925

Beekman Mr Charles Keller–Un.Uv.K.Sa.M.Mid. Ny.Dt.Bg.Ss.Snc.Cl'89 | Lin. 3297 Regent 555 Park Av

Mackay Mr Clarence H–R.Un.Mt.Ul.Rg.Ng.K.B.Ny. Ln.Ct.Tf.Lg.T.Mb.Au.Pr.Wk.S.Ns.Pg.Sg.Rcp.Trb. Mackay Mrs Ellin & Mr John W.....[Pcusf.Bhmsf. | 3 E 75

SOCIAL . REGISTER . ASSOCIATION,
381 FOURTH AV., NEW YORK CITY.

Copyright 1925 by The Social Register Association.

Clips from the Social Register.

Irving Berlin and his bride. If the Social Register runs true to form it will drop the name of Ellin Mackay because of her marriage to the popular song writer.

Mrs. Leonard Thomas, who was "in" until she married Jack Barrymore.

[THE 'INS' AND 'OUTS' OF AMERICAN SOCIETY]
Continued from Page Seven

Every newspaper in the East printed that with the gleeful explanation that the daughter of a Negro cab driver had penetrated the supposedly impregnable barriers of the Social Register. Came, then, Mrs. Emily Price Post, author of the Book of Etiquette and stanch supporter of the Register. Mrs. Post wrote:

Alice Jones and her mother in court. Alice, as wife of young Leonard Kip Rhinelander, is the only Negress whose name was ever printed by the Social Register.

Dear Sirs:

Please, please explain the inclosed in tomorrow's papers. (She inclosed a clipping of the Alice Jones story.)

I happen to know that you announce all the mesalliances of those on your list, that ends them and unsuitable behavior ostracizes—a stand which I greatly admire and one which in certain prominent cases has shown no little courage of principle on your part. But most people do not know that an announcement like this is not an admission to your list. I am right, am I not?

So, for the sake of the race as well as for the decency of society, which you do uphold, please explain.

THE Social Register heard Mrs. Post's prayer and did explain by declaring: "To anyone familiar with the policy of the Social Register the fact that the marriage was not recorded under the woman's name was significant as indicating that her name would not appear in the Social Register, her name only appearing in conjunction with the record of the marriage as published in the papers."

When Mrs. Post's letter and the Social Register's statement appeared in the newspapers, Mrs. Anne Urquhart Stillman, who had been cast forth, wrote the Social Register. Her letter read:

Dear Sirs:

I have read with deep joy articles of yesterday and today in the newspapers. Mrs. Emily Price Post's letter is especially good reading and contains four priceless lines. I quote: "I happen to know that you announce all the mesalliances of those on your list, but that ends them and unsuitable behavior ostracizes—a stand which I greatly admire and one which in certain prominent cases has shown no little courage of principle on your part."

To an arbiter of social etiquette such as Mrs. Emily Post has proved herself to be in the outlying villages of the United States (I hear the sale of her book was very large) this should indeed be final, and yet, now that a touch of the tar brush has dimmed the luster of the Social Register, who knows?

When asked to comment on her letter Mrs. Stillman laughed and added the unkindest cut of all: "The Social Register is just like the telephone directory now—all sorts of people are in it."

Nor is Mrs. Stillman the only one who, once socially prominent, has had her name removed from the psalter of society. Katherine C. Harris had been in the Social Register from her debutante days, but she was cast therefrom when she married Jack Barrymore and went on the stage in 1910.

That marked Barrymore's only appearance in the Register and the entry was merely the record of his marriage to Miss Harris. Both were dropped and Miss Harris did not get in again until 1922, when she married Alexander Dallas Bache Pratt. She remained then, either as the wife of Pratt or under the name of Katherine Harris Pratt after their separation, until last year.

In 1920 Barrymore and the former Mrs. Leonard M. Thomas were married. She was Blanche Oelrichs and had always appeared in the Register until her marriage to Barrymore.

Dorothy Benjamin, daughter of an old and socially prominent New York family, was scratched off the Social Register when she married Enrico Caruso.

When the Southern California Register appeared for the first time in 1925, even Pacific Coast society commented on the absence from its pages of famous motion-picture stars who were accepted on terms of equality by the most exacting society leaders. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, who have been feted by the most fastidious, were not mentioned, nor was Gloria Swanson, although she is the Marquise de la Falaise et de la Coudray.

THE name of but one actor appeared, Antonio Moreno, and it is freely admitted that his name was accepted because he had married the socially faultless Mrs. J. M. Danziger.

How are these discriminations made? What mighty body determines the worthiness of one aspirant to be counted with the supercitizenry and refuses to accept another? And what solemn court of honor hears the evidence against the "insiders" who have transgressed and pronounces sentences of banishment?

There's the mystery! But how to solve it? Obviously by going to the Social Register and asking questions.

The trail leads to the faultless offices of the Social Register Association at 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Who, is the first inquiry, is the head of this organization? Mr. Charles Keller Beekman, attorney, broker, and clubman.

No, Mr. Beekman cannot be seen. He is in conference and cannot be disturbed. Mr. William L. Bainton, one of the trustees of the association, will speak for him. He prefaces his remarks by saying that never, never does Mr. Beekman grant interviews involving the Social Register.

"What," Mr. Bainton was asked, "are the Social Register's standards for inclusion and what are its reasons for ousting people who have once been accepted?"

Although he seemed disagreeably affected at the question, Mr. Bainton's reply was courteously couched.

"The Social Register is purely a business enterprise," he explained. "Obviously it is going a bit far to ask us to give the details of a private business."

"But how are choices made? Who makes them?"

"The Committee on Admissions has full charge of that, under Mr. Beekman," said Mr. Bainton, with a slight impatience in his tone.

"BUT how is Mr. Beekman or his committee qualified to decide?"

Mr. Bainton's voice took on an accent of finality. "The inclusion or exclusion of names is purely a matter for the committee to decide," he said. "I do not care to discuss the committee's qualifications."

"Then Mr. Beekman does not decide?"

"No. Mr. Beekman assumed charge of the business upon the death of Mr. Keller, a man of great social importance. Mr. Beekman has carried it on ever since."

"Is not the public entitled to know how these decisions are arrived at?"

"I think not. The book itself is public property. Names are included and excluded in every issue and they speak for themselves. It is unfair to ask the committee to explain its standards or to say it will or will not exclude certain classes. No one but the committee may decide, and while I do not like to say it is no one's business, it amounts to that."

"Will you explain why people are rejected?"

"We have the same right to choose who shall be included as you would if you were organizing a country club and admitted as members only those desirable to you. The committee, obviously, is chosen because it has high standards and also because it has a thorough knowledge of the social situation."

"But, does the Social Register presume to dictate to society who its members shall be?"

This new line of thought seemed to interest Mr. Bainton. His reply was measured.

"The Social Register," he said, "assumes to furnish a list of names of people of social importance which will be valuable to a certain class desiring such information. If the committee did not establish standards, and high ones, it would defeat its own aims and the book would lose its value. Being purely a business proposition, naturally the choices are given careful consideration. Anyone may apply and furnish information regarding himself or herself if he or she desires to be listed in the Register."

Mrs. Emily Price Post, stanch defender of Social Register traditions.

"What elements contribute most to eligibility?"

Again pain sat upon Mr. Bainton's features and registered in his voice.

"Isn't it going rather far to ask that?"

THE SOCIAL BATTING AVERAGE OF AMERICAN CITIES

Here is a list of the twenty-five "registered" cities arranged in the order of their social distinction:

CITY	Names in Social Register	Number of "Ins" per Thousand Population
Washington, D. C.	7,000	14.3
Richmond, Va., Charleston, S.C., Savannah, Ga., & Atlanta, Ga., *in one directory*	5,640	9.9
Providence, R. I.	1,960	8.0
New Orleans, La.	2,888	7.1
Boston, Mass.	5,320	6.8
San Francisco, Cal.	3,640	6.6
St. Paul, Minn.	1,260	5.1
Cincinnati and Dayton	2,968	5.1
Pittsburgh, Pa.	3,192	5.0
New York City	27,720	4.5
Portland, Ore.	1,260	4.5
St. Louis, Mo.	3,640	4.5
Minneapolis, Minn.	1,680	4.0
Baltimore, Md.	3,144	4.0
Buffalo, N. Y.	2,100	3.8
Los Angeles	2,648	3.7
Philadelphia, Pa.	6,820	3.5
Seattle, Wash.	1,120	3.5
Detroit, Mich.	3,360	3.4
Cleveland, Ohio	2,968	3.2
Chicago, Ill.	4,280	1.4
Total	94,608	Aver. 4.5

Maybe a more specific question would yield results:

"If Leonard Kip Rhinelander and his wife are excluded, what is the specific basis for exclusion? Once excluded may a person be reinstated? Mrs. Anne Stillman was excluded, but she was vindicated of any wrongdoing in a court of law. Why was she not reinstated? Mr. H. H. Rogers is listed in the Social Register, but the name of his daughter—the Countess Salm von Hoogstraeten—is conspicuous by its absence. Why? On what grounds are these people barred?"

Mr. Bainton accepted the barrage of questions smilingly.

"All of those matters rest with the committee. I am sorry but I cannot answer your questions."

Well, there was no use looking for information there. But since "inside dope" was denied, possibly we could get some light on the subject of American society from outside sources. The Social Register Association had been pronounced a "private business." That was a clue.

THE New York County Clerk's office merely revealed that William L. Bainton, John A. McNaughton, and Ralph S. Walcott are trustees of the Social Register Association, which has one hundred shares of stock valued at five thousand dollars.

At the office of the Collector of Internal Revenue the records showed that the Association paid a federal income tax last year of $5,671.66, indicating profits for 1924 of somewhere in the neighborhood of $46,000.

From other sources the following facts appear: Miss Bertha M. Eastmond is the manager of the Social Register under Mr. Beekman's direction. The business consists of printing and selling copies of the registers. New editions are published each year, ranging in price from seven dollars for the New York City list to five dollars for those of smaller cities.

When the new edition appears a copy is sent to most, if not all, of the households whose names appear in the Register. The volume of sales is considerably increased by the fact that many hotels, clubs, and virtually all large newspapers equip themselves with complete sets of the registers.

The Social Register was first published in 1889 by Louis Keller of Springfield Township, Union County, New Jersey. Mr. Keller was the present owner's uncle and bequeathed the business to Beekman.

Mr. Beekman has guarded it jealously and, despite the extent of his law practice and the wealth of his investments, looks upon the proper supervision of the Social Register as one of his chief occupations.

Mr. Beekman is an accredited member of the society he edits so carefully. You will find him listed on page 50 of the 1925 Register as:

Beekman, Mr. Charles Keller—Un.K.Sa.Snc. M.Mid.Ny.Uv.Dt.Bg.Ss.Cl'89. Phone 3297 Regent. 55 Park Avenue.

When translated that informs you that Mr. Charles Keller Beekman is a member of the Union Club, the Knickerbocker, the St. Anthony, the St. Nicholas Society, the Manhattan, the City Midday, the New York Yacht, the University, the Down Town, Baltusrol Golf, the South Side Sportsmen's, and that he graduated from Columbia in 1889. Mr. Beekman is, in every sense of the word, a clubman.

But all this does not really solve our mystery about the entrances and exits at the social shrine. The only definite rule for exclusion from the Register that could be discovered was that theatrical people are barred.

EVEN this law is not absolute. If a matron or miss of the inner circle marries an actor she may be so firmly anchored that she automatically pulls her husband inside with her, as in the case aforementioned of Antonio Moreno. On the other hand, she may be herself dragged outside, as were Katherine Harris and Blanche Oelrichs—both, as the reader will recall, by Jack Barrymore.

An actress has a better chance of marrying into the Social Register than an actor. When Eleanor Robson became Mrs. August Belmont, she was included, of course. And there are several others.

At the present moment there is speculation as to what will be done with the name of Ellin Mackay, daughter of Clarence H. Mackay, who recently married Irving Berlin. The odds seemingly are that she will be missing from next year's Register.

An analysis of all the known cases of exclusion or banishment from the Social Register seems to reveal that the greatest social sin is to gain sensational publicity. Perhaps that explains why stage people—to whom publicity is so sweet—cannot make the grade.

Count Salm von Hoogstraeten.

Countess von Hoogstraeten whose name disappeared from the Social Register with her marriage.

A private scandal, no matter how lurid, need not affect the victim's social standing. But let it get into print . . .

Yet, even here, there is no certainty. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney, better known to newspaper readers as "Sonny," remains in the Register, despite the unenviable publicity he received at the hands of Evan Burrows Fontaine, who claimed he was the father of her son.

There's another case, which came to light quite accidentally from some newspaper files, where information about the Register's history and ownership was sought.

On April 16, 1915, a party was held at Sherry's—and in 1915 parties at Sherry's were parties, as any old resident of New York will testify. This post-midnight affair was known as "The Mysterious Mr. Smith's Mysterious Dancing Party." There were eighty guests, forty wealthy men and forty of the "most beautiful girls on Broadway."

What a night! The popping of champagne corks beat a staccato undertone to the crackling of shirt bosoms as the gallants, with becoming shyness, called their fair companions' attention to the hundred-dollar bill tied with Alice-blue ribbon that reposed beneath each girl's napkin.

Broadway's managers and producers had sent their best. From the Palace came Maud Mason, Ivy Melzer, Betty Brown, Nan Foley, and Virginia Kelly. Ziegfeld's Midnight Frolic, then holding forth on the New Amsterdam Roof, sent Kay Laurell, Marjorie Cassidy, and Olive Thomas (Jack Pickford's first wife).

Others who tucked the crisp hundred-dollar notes into the places where girls tuck crisp hundred-dollar notes were Peggy McFall, Bobby Robbins, Helen Van Buren, Ann De Voe, and Elsie Cameron.

The whole affair was intended as "just a little champagne supper for a few of the boys and girls" and no one craved any publicity. But some low newspaper men learned of it, and when the morning editions appeared the public heard of it, too. One of the features of the evening, according to the journals, was Kay Laurell's sedan-chair ride. Kay was galloped about the room in the selfsame chair in which Madame Rejane had been carried at the famous costume ball given at Sherry's by James Hazen Hyde more than a dozen years before—the ball that resulted in Hyde's losing control of the Equitable Life Assurance Company.

The reporters neglected to mention who did the galloping with Kay, but it was stated at the time that her chair-bearers were recruited from the male guests. According to one girl who attended the affair, Kay was on the program to do her famous pose of the moon, without clouds, but the night was too stormy.

Mrs. Anne U. Stillman, who compared the Social Register to the telephone directory.

ALTHOUGH the newspaper stories did not carry the complete guest list they did mention that among the distinguished men of wealth in attendance were Joseph Elwell—the bridge expert whose murder a few years ago is still an unsolved mystery—and Mr. Beekman.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Beekman was rather prominently mentioned, and this occasioned not a little unfavorable comment in the more conservative strongholds of society.

But was he disciplined by the removal of his name from the Register? Truth compels the answer. He was not. So that brings us to the confession that we really know nothing for sure about the "ins" and "outs" of American Society.

The only certain thing is this — that when a select matron consults her social bible in search of eligibles for an "affair," her guest list will likely be confined to persons chosen by a private corporation, organized for profit, and run strictly along business lines.

Can it be that American Society obeys the same law that governs stores and factories—the great law of supply and demand? Shades of Aristocracy, forbid the thought!

THE END

Mrs. Alex. Dallas Bache Pratt, formerly Katherine Harris Barrymore, who was "in" and "out" and "in" again.

What Love Is

IT had been a late spring in the valleys between the Danube and the Black Sea. The ice of the river had broken only at Easter. Cold winds had been blowing continually during early spring, leaving the ground so cold that the wheat seed did not germinate until the middle of summer. The grain harvest fell together with the grape harvest. While the threshers were working on one end of the fields, girls with their skirts raised above their knees were pressing the wine grapes gathered from the hill apron, their white limbs glistening above the low vats, while their wreathed heads were shaking to and fro to the rhythm of music played by gypsies.

But it had been a good year in spite of its lateness. There had been plenty of rain and sunshine, and the wheat grains were heavier and harder than they had been for many years before. And the grapes had also borne heavier, larger bunches of bluish-brown berries, that pressed well and filled the mouth with refreshing juice.

Oh, it was a good year, and the people expected a full winter, a merry winter, with plenty of bread and plenty of wine! There were going to be many weddings. There always were many weddings when the harvest was good. Many more weddings and fewer quarrels and fights than in other years.

There was plenty of corn and wheat to be milled. Oh, it was a pleasant sound, the miller's sharpening of the stones!

Staroste Balan, the leader of the little village of Paratan, nicknamed "the White One" because his ancestors had been gypsies and dark brown, while he had blue eyes and a fair face and a long blond beard, was listening to the playing of his son Pan, who had just got new strings for his violin from the city; when Yorga, old Yorga, a neighbor living ten houses away on the road leading to the Danube, appeared at the door.

Staroste Balan knew Yorga had something to tell from the way he remained at the door, scratching his head under his fur cap.

"Is the cow sick?" he asked.

Yorga shook his head negatively.

"A horse sick?" the Staroste asked, and Yorga again answered negatively.

He was that kind of a man, Yorga. Days passed without his utterance of a single word, trying to answer all questions by gestures. And then suddenly he would let loose a flood of talk, like a river that had been dammed too long.

"Is the house afire?" the Staroste asked again.

"No." Yorga again shook his head, scratching it more violently.

"Well," Staroste Balan said, relieved, "I have seen your wife pass by the road a few minutes ago, and your daughter is dancing at the inn, so nothing terrible has happened. Sit down to a glass of wine and let Pan play."

Yorga was a man of about fifty, very tall, stooping a little, and his features were composed of knots that seemed to have been thrown together by some impish child to caricature a human being. But his eyes were beautiful and had a liquid quality for which everybody loved him.

"It is this way, Staroste," he finally began, shaking his hands before him: "That beardless man who was here a few years ago from the other side of the ocean to start the first steam thresher that came here, that beardless man has come back. You remember he used to stay in my house when he was here, and now he has come back again, and there is no thresher to start and there is no harvesting machine to put together, nobody has called him, and nobody has asked him to come, and he has come, just come, with a little leather satchel in his hand, said 'Good evening' in our language, and went to his room. And now he is my guest and I am his host."

"Well," Staroste Balan answered, scratching his own head pensively, "I don't see anything to worry about. He is not a bad guest, and you have been his host before. He likes us, and so he has come back. But if for some reason you do not care to be his host we shall be only too glad to take him; would we not, Pan?" the father questioned his son, who answered with a gesture of the head.

"It is not that," Yorga said. "Balan, you are thick today. You do not understand. I talk and talk and talk to you and you do not seem to hear what I say."

"Oh," Balan said, "is it because of Fanutza, your daughter, that you are afraid to keep him in your house?"

"Staroste Balan, you are thick and stupid. Maybe you are drunk. You don't understand what I say!"

YORGA ran out of the house, shaking his head in despair.

Pan broke out in loud laughter when the neighbor was gone. His father tried to be serious, attempting to reproach his son for laughing at a neighbor's back, but soon he too broke out in laughter, shaking violently, holding on to his son's shoulders as he rocked to and fro.

When they had somewhat calmed them-

A Man Who Fled from the Girl He Loved Learns a Dramatic Lesson from a Dog

By Konrad Bercovici

Pictures by WILLY POGANY

SUDDENly, when the angle had become still narrower, a piece of shaggy, dark brown fur sprang through the air from somewhere and landed upon the wolf on Charlie's right.

selves Staroste Balan asked his wife to give him his Sunday coat, and also asked his son to put on his better clothes, that they go and greet the stranger, the "Meester Charlie," as they called him.

He had been with them a whole spring before that and they had grown to like him and had laughed with him, watching his attempts to learn the language of the country and teach them in exchange a number of English words. If they had at first looked unfavorably upon Meester Charlie because he shaved his face until it looked like a woman's, they had grown to like him for his gayety as well as for his bravery and strength. More than one youth of the village had learned to know that it was no easy task to wrestle with Meester Charlie in front of the inn on Sunday. His arms were as strong as steel and on no occasion had he taken unfair or unsportsmanlike advantage of his antagonists. And when he had gone out with them hunting bears he had never lagged behind; and had not quivered nor turned his back when a wounded brown bear, raised on its hind legs, had come clawing the air toward him, ready to crush him.

BALAN found Yorga sitting on his "prisba," the porch outside his door, with his bearded head sunk between his hands.

"Good evening," father and son greeted the neighbor. "We have come to welcome your guest."

As if startled from a dream Yorga jumped up to his feet.

"Huh?"

Meester Charlie appeared at the door with both hands outstretched, happy to see his friends of former days. They chatted for a while, talking loudly to one another as if talking loudly in an unknown tongue would make it better understood by the stranger. Finally the young American, a tall and thin man of about thirty, with a boyish face and sad eyes, turned toward Pan, and with a gesture of the bow upon the fiddle asked him:

"You play?"

Pan answered, nodding his head as if to say, "Well, sometimes."

And then the American, remembering the rest of Staroste Balan's family, asked about each one.

"How long have you come to stay?" Staroste Balan asked.

Charlie raised his hands in the air as if to say he did not know, and then said:

"Maybe the whole winter. Maybe forever."

Balan seemed to grasp the reason for Yorga's uneasiness about his guest. There was so much sadness in the young American's eyes. There was such despair in his gesture when he said, "Maybe forever." He used to entertain them in his broken Rumanian with tales of his own country, picturing it as a heaven on earth; and now he had come to stay among them without any apparent reason, and was saying that he might be staying there forever. What had that country suddenly done to him to make him wish to be away from it? Why should a man leave a country he loved so much, a heaven, and come to a strange land?

That was how Yorga was. He perceived things no other human being perceived. Balan had always known it. He had the sensitiveness and the sensibilities of a woman. And it made the Staroste sad, though he extended his hand and told the young American with great dignity that he should be welcome to stay there as long as he pleased.

CHARLIE turned around and asked them whether there was to be any music that night at the inn. He longed to hear music, and would Pan play?

Pan nodded his head affirmatively.

Father and son then walked slowly back to their house. At the door the Staroste, stroking his beard, said:

"A great sorrow is gnawing the heart of our friend."

"It is as you say," the son answered.

Once indoors Pan, moved by the sorrows of the other man, played the saddest melodies and dirges he knew.

That night Charlie Hall sat at the end of a long, white pine table placed in the middle of the inn. The villagers sat alongside him, urging upon him new fresh wine, while the gypsies played sad songs. They were conscious of the fact that the man had come from the other end of the ocean to bury deep in the Dobrogean snow a great sorrow, but none of them knew enough of the language of the other to ever hope to know its nature. They nudged one another with the elbow, pointing at the stranger. Why? What was it that was gnawing him?

Yorga, who in his position of host had been more deeply concerned than all the others with the mood of his guest, suddenly raised his knobby face, which had been hanging above

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHAT LOVE IS
Continued from Page Eleven

his beard listlessly, and announced to all the others:

"It is a woman. It is a woman."

And forthwith he began to tell Charlie all about it, and give him advice.

"Every man thinks there is only one woman in the world—the one he loves. But there are millions of them. Why, this very village is full of women. It is best for a man to forget the one woman and remember that there are millions.

"Hey, innkeeper, bring some more wine."

THE others joined Yorga in trying to convince Charlie of the unreasonableness of his deep sorrow. It was so good of him to come to them when he had been hurt by someone. They all loved him, and each one of them had known some sorrow equal to his.

"Hey, innkeeper, bring more wine. And you gypsies, strike up a livelier tune; enough of the sad ones."

Charlie Hall caught only a word here and there, but he was getting the gist of their advice.

They had guessed right. It was the love he knew they had for him, the love of these simple folk, that had made him want to come there, running away from the woman who had hurt him. He was an impetuous man, Charlie Hall. He had worked hard till the age of thirty, and loved Elizabeth Gurley since he had been eighteen and she two or three years younger. The son of a poor widowed mother in Chicago, he had worked himself up to a position where he earned enough to maintain a comfortable home for himself and his mother who had worked so hard to maintain him.

There had been long, passionate letters between him and Elizabeth Gurley while he was away traveling for the Harvesting Machine Company through Europe. The date of their wedding had been settled through the mail. Not for one moment had he allowed his emotion to be sidetracked while away from the woman he loved. His emotions were as one-tracked as his mind. His arms had ached with the desire to wind them around his mother and the girl who was to be his wife. He reserved that embrace for them.

And then the blow came. The little house he was building on the outskirts of the city, in which they were to live with his mother, was almost ready. The wedding day was four weeks away.

Whatever was settled in his mind he thought was equally settled in Elizabeth Gurley's mind. He had taken that for granted. And then the clash came. And when he had said firmly, "She will live here. She is my mother," Elizabeth answered just as firmly, "But she is not mine."

"I say she comes and lives with us. She is my mother."

"She is not mine." Elizabeth raised her eyebrows.

She had hurt him. He left. She had struck a vital spot.

That night when he returned home and his mother had somehow extracted from him the reason for his moist eyes and distracted manner, she put her arm about his neck, brought her seamed face near his, and patted him on the head.

"That is all right, Charlie boy. That is all right. You needn't worry about me. I shall continue living where I am and you will come to see me and I will come to see you. That is all right, Charlie boy. Don't worry."

But he would not have it. A few days later Elizabeth called him up. She wanted to talk to him. She regretted her harshness. She tried to explain herself. It was because she wanted to be with him alone and nobody else. She had seen too many disagreements between young people because the old parents stayed with them. Not because the old parents were any worse but because they were different.

"If you absolutely want, Charlie boy . . ."

BUT he was bitter. The words she spoke meant nothing to him. She had hurt him and he could not forget. It was as if she had suddenly revealed that she was a different kind of woman from the one he had loved. She would not have hurt him if she had loved him, he reasoned. He could neither work nor think, nor eat nor sleep.

And so one morning, after leaving enough to support his mother during his absence, he crossed the ocean and went back to the quaint village in the valley of the Danube, in an attempt to forget; not even knowing whether what he wanted to forget was the woman he loved or the pain she had caused him.

It was the love he knew they had for him, the love of these simple folk, that had made him want to come there.

And there they were, all these Rumanian bearded peasants around him, all scenting and not knowing. And after that night during which they had been both sad and merry, they left him alone so that he might find himself. Charlie walked around the little village. And many a girl, and even Fanutza, Yorga's own daughter, who had heard about the great misfortune that had happened to their American friend, dressed themselves up in their brightest clothes, ready to console him. Indeed, he appeared to them a much finer being than they had thought him before. Within a week there were a hundred legends about him, each one telling the other his version of the American man's love. Fanutza, who believed her father's legend, turned about Charlie with her skirt a little higher toward the knee above her bare legs and her sleeves just a trifle shorter to show off the dimples she had on her elbows. She did not intrude. She only made her presence felt, so that Charlie should think of her as well as see her.

In a sympathetic atmosphere Charlie began to relish and enjoy the voluptuousness of pain, feeling that he was the center of all the condolences, the living image of legends that were being plaited about him.

AND there was a dog, one of Yorga's dogs, who attached himself to Charlie from the moment he came. Yorga's family was tremendously amused. The dog had been only a pup when Charlie had been there before, and because Charlie used to feed him occasionally and play with him, grabbing him by his thick black fur and sticking his hand in the pup's mouth, the dog remembered him. And now the dog would sit by Charlie, imitating the movements of his head, right and left, trying to read from the eyes of the man his desires and intentions.

At first Charlie paid no attention to him. Then he became aware of Tchiuku, for the dog would lead him to his room at night and remain sleeping on the doorsill, where he was waiting to follow Charlie to the well in the morning to fetch water, and to be at his heels the whole day long, whether Charlie went to the inn to get a glass of wine, standing up against the pine counter to talk with the men, or walked the eight miles' distance to the post office for letters from his mother and . . .

Having failed to distract him the peasants of the village decided upon a gigantic hunt of several days, to exterminate the wolves and the bears in the neighborhood while the beasts were still slow witted, heavy with the fall food, before hunger had sharpened their instincts.

The morning the hunt started Tchiuku waited at Charlie's door and was at his heels the minute he started for the inn, where they

all assembled, forty men of them, each one with his dog, to drink to the success of the hunt. The other dogs clustered together, growling, pawing, and fighting with each other while the men were in the inn, but Tchiuku remained near Charlie.

Yorga pointed him out. "That is your dog. He loves you."

And to prove that the dog loved him more than any other he asked the Staroste to make a motion as if he wanted to strike at Charlie. Tchiuku rose on his hind legs ready to tear the other man to pieces. Charlie patted the dog on the head and smiled at him, still very indifferent. He was indifferent to everything. He went into this hunt only half-heartedly, more because he wanted to kill time than because he wanted to kill wolves. Before leaving Fanutza had asked him to bring her back a big, thick wolf pelt, out of which she wanted a coat made, and he had promised one to her. It was pleasant to feel her hand in his as they shook hands upon that. She had beautiful eyes and her cheeks were as hard and fresh as the cheeks of winter apples. But there rose between him and her the image of Elizabeth.

THERE were other women, there were women more beautiful than the one he loved. But what did it matter?

Tchiuku did wonders that first day. The men had formed a semicircle around the forest and had sent the dogs from the other side of the circle to drive before them the beasts to the hunters who stood ready, within a few hundred feet of one another, their guns cocked. And when Charlie's aim had not been true on a wolf that Tchiuku had driven before him, the dog threw himself after the wounded wolf, jumping and calling to his master to follow him, and at the same time preventing anybody else from taking the matter up where his master had left it. It was his master's prey.

And that night when the hunters lay around a huge fire to rest and talk about the day's prowess, the pelt of the wolf Charlie had killed was as big as any other man's. Tchiuku, hunched near Charlie, seemed to understand the words of praise, and seemed to understand how much he had contributed to the success of the hunt. There were six wolves and a bear with a cub in the first day's bag. Charlie became fully aware of the dog's devotion to him. He was moved to tears to see the love in the dog's eyes.

On the second day of the hunt Charlie took both the devotion and the love of the dog for granted. The day proved to be an even more successful one than the first. There was a better pelt for Fanutza than the first one.

On the fourth day Charlie not only took Tchiuku's love for granted, but expected it, as if it was due him. The devotion of the dog grew. He felt he had a master who understood him. It is the nature of a dog to love the master who has accepted his devotion and is no longer astonished by it.

While the hunt had been going on the excitement of it smothered Charlie's thoughts of home. There was too much to do. But when they were to return home after an absence of five days his indifference to all things returned.

He was among simple folk, where the simple rules survived through all civilization, where no woman dared to contradict a man on any question, where no woman would have dared to tell her future husband whether he should take his mother in or not. It was a bad place for Charlie to have come and witness this old mastery of the male of the house.

In the days that followed he desired many a time to tear himself completely away from all that had been. Why, if he so wanted he could marry Fanutza! She was plump and beautiful. He could take her home with him to Chicago to spite Elizabeth, to spite all the world. And there he would rule his house just as he saw fit. He could marry her and take her away with him. But when he thought of it again he realized he would be doing both the girl and himself an injustice. He would be marrying her not for love but to spite another woman. Fanutza was pleasant to look upon, pleasant to touch, but it was the other woman he loved.

During these days of idleness the continual presence of the dog near him, the continual adoration of the mute, dumb eyes, annoyed him. He wished the dog would go elsewhere and not sit on his haunches looking into his master's eyes with his wet tongue hanging out of his mouth. Why wouldn't the dog get away and stay elsewhere as other dogs did?

Annoyed one day, he grabbed a stick and threw it at the dog. Tchiuku did not realize at first what had happened. The stick had barely touched his hind legs. But the pain was very intense, for it was the man he loved who had caused it. He yelped and whined so loud Yorga and the rest of the household came out to see what had happened. Upon realizing what it was they shrugged their shoulders and returned to their work under the shed.

Oh, it was between a man and his dog. It would be settled.

HAVING whined long enough Tchiuku returned to look in the eyes of his master, and when Charlie looked at him, at first with anger and then with annoyance, he could read in the dog's dumb eyes the question, "Why have you thrown a stick at me? Why have you hurt me? I love you."

The dog cocked his head on one side and looked at him questioningly and lovingly, trying to understand the man he adored, the man for whom he had shown willingness to do all the things he might desire. Why had this man hurt him? Charlie, ashamed and full of remorse, allowed the dog to lick his hands and lie down at his feet.

The days passed, but Charlie's peace of mind did not return. He was indifferent to all that was going on about him. For all the distance that separated him from the woman he loved, he was still as near her as he had ever been, still feeling the end of the lash with which she had hurt him. Fanutza and the other girls did not exist.

"I say she comes and lives with us. She is my mother."

THE men tried to console him, drinking with him, urging on the gypsies to play livelier music than they had ever played, dragging him into the dance, getting up another hunting party. Though the stranger never said a word they knew that they had not succeeded in distracting him. His mind was away, traveling paths they did not know.

There were days and nights in which Charlie was so oblivious of the distance that separated him from his homeland that he made plans to go and speak to her early the following morning, as if Elizabeth Gurley lived ten blocks away, and try to make up with her and forget.

And there were other days in which he was bitter, bitter against everybody, bitter against all womankind. On such days the dog was his only companion. Tchiuku followed him at a short distance, stopping when he stopped, accelerating his pace when the master accelerated his pace, trying to fathom his mood by playing around first to see whether the master would not play with him and falling back into silence and slow pace when the master had not responded to his cajolery. The dog seemed to have taken it upon himself to wail

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[WHAT LOVE IS Continued from Page Thirteen]

upon the man's moods and to watch him so that no evil befell him.

And then the snow fell. He had been sound asleep, Charlie, at night in his room, when the first flakes had come down to the earth. When he awoke early that morning he thought at first he had slept far into the middle of the day; the room was glaring white. When he looked out the snow was piled over the windows. It was only an hour after daybreak.

It was Charlie's first acquaintance with the Dobrogean winter. He was fascinated by its violence and energy. Having jumped into his clothes he hastily opened the door that led outside from his room, only to find it blocked by a mountain of snow. And deep down outside, near the sill, in a groove in the snow, lay the black furry body of Tchiuku, who received him with a loud howl.

There was another door from the room toward the rest of the house. After the first excitement of the novelty had passed, Charlie was appalled by the thought that he was going to have for months and months no other figures before him but the knobby face of Yorga, the knotted, gnarled figure of the old man's wife, the pink-cheeked Fanutza, whose black eyes were continually upon him, and the moist, liquid eyes of the dog that never left his side.

He could no longer go away and be alone and think his own thoughts. There was no place where he could chase the dog. All space had suddenly become cramped by white mountains of snow that grew every night taller and taller and moved capriciously from one place to another, like tents of a wandering, unseen tribe of monsters. All sound save the whistling of the wind and the howling of the wolves had suddenly become eliminated, and the people within the hut had suddenly become silent, their ears continually attuned to the sounds outside from which they measured both the force of the storm and the nearness of the beasts of prey.

AFTER the first snowstorm had somewhat abated, Charlie received at the post office a number of letters from Elizabeth, and she was calling him, begging him, to return. And there were letters from his mother urging him to come back, for Elizabeth had gone to her and asked her to join in an appeal to him.

Although Charlie looked upon the return of another snowstorm with terrible dread, he stubbornly refused to think of returning home.

The calm did not last long. A new snowstorm even more terrific and intense than the first one set in early one afternoon.

It took Charlie days and days before he realized why the people were so silent when the storm was howling. But soon he too realized the fascination of listening to the wind's different tunes. And there were so many tunes and so many rhythms that he could choose the ones he wanted to listen to through the intricate maze of sound. And it was as if a thousand orchestras were playing at the same time, and one had to sharpen one's hearing to listen to the tune one wanted to hear, while the others formed a background.

But whenever Charlie brought his eyes down, Tchiuku was near him, following his movements closely. The dog's continual presence got so on Charlie's nerves he dared not open his eyes. Not only Tchiuku but the sight of any one of Yorga's family almost drove him out of his mind.

Charlie was thinking Elizabeth had hurt him, therefore she did not love him. And he loved her.

That storm seemed to want to last forever. Impatient, Charlie began to go outdoors every day a little more than the others dared. Being outdoors seemed to quiet him, though he could not possibly leave the house for more than a hundred feet. The snowdrifts changed every day, leaving new valleys at the bottom, through which one could go.

In vain did the people warn Charlie not to go too far. He pointed to his gun and assured them that he was perfectly safe. All he wanted of them was to keep Tchiuku indoors while he was gone. He did not want to go off with him. He did not want anybody he had seen for such long hours near him again when he was outdoors. But it was impossible to shake Tchiuku. The master kicked at him, the master threw snowballs at him, the master cursed at him. The dog would roll in the snow and whine, but never lose sight of his master. For he knew.

IT was on a day in which Charlie had been more cruel to the dog than he had been before, because Tchiuku not only followed him, but kept running around him in narrower and narrower circles, yelping at him, jumping with his paws upon him. Charlie hit the dog with the flat of his hand several times. What the deuce did that brute want to do that for?

Zigzag valleys at the bottom of snow mountains enticed Charlie farther and farther. They seemed to beckon to him. He realized

that in a general way they were leading out of the village. He hoped they might lead as far as the post office. The dog had, after making several mad attempts to try to turn him back, continued to follow him from a distance, hiding every time the master turned around, so as not to be seen.

Just as Charlie was thinking of home and of the house he had been building, suddenly his blood stood still in his veins. From somewhere out of sight he heard the lugubrious call of wolves. It was a call from very near. He turned about, to realize on which side the danger was. And when he had turned he saw two huge beasts standing at different angles from him, only a few hundred feet away. They had slowed up their pace, attracted by the same quarry from different angles evidently. They were now resting in preparation for the final attack, their red tongues hanging loosely from their mouths, their cunning eyes looking at one another and then at the quarry that faced them.

Charlie did not dare turn his back upon them. His hands were numb and half paralyzed as he took the gun from his shoulder. The danger seemed to become greater while he was preparing to defend himself, for the two wolves had come down nearer to him, slowly crouching in the snow. The angle had narrowed so that at whichever wolf Charlie should shoot the other one could jump upon him.

But Tchiuku was waiting silently behind the master he loved. Charlie was not even thinking of his dog. He was convinced that he had finally succeeded in driving him away. And suddenly, when the angle had become still narrower, a piece of shaggy, dark brown fur sprang through the air from somewhere and landed upon the wolf on Charlie's right just as Charlie had succeeded in raising the gun to aim at the wolf on his left.

It took Charlie a second shot to rid himself of one of his enemies, and he quickly turned around and saw Tchiuku engaged in a terrific struggle to dispose of the other beast, twice his size and strength. Not before the muzzle of the gun almost touched the fur of the wolf did Charlie dare pull the trigger of his gun, for the body of his dog and that of the wolf were knitted together as they rolled upon the snow and clawed at one another.

When the second wolf lay still Charlie put his arms about Tchiuku, who was wounded in several places, and began to run homeward with him. And in spite of the pain that he suffered Tchiuku seemed to be happier than he had ever been before.

When Charlie finally burst in upon the home of Yorga, weeping, anxious, with the bleeding dog in his arms, Yorga said:

"But that dog is happier than he has been before!"

AND then Charlie understood what love was. A dog had taught him what love was. He had been hurting that dog. He had been cruel to the dog, and yet the dog had returned to him in spite of his cruelty, and had remained his friend, forgiving him every time, because he loved him. And now the dog, who had saved his life, was happy with the pleasure of having his master's hands bandage him. That joy was greater than the pain of the wounds.

What did it matter if the woman he loved had hurt Charlie! She could not have hurt him half so much if he did not love her so much. Why should he not be as happy in his love for her as Tchiuku was in his love for him? And suddenly he threw his arms about Tchiuku and began to kiss him, and found a lightness of heart he had not had in many years. He began to laugh and to cry for joy. Yorga and the rest of his people had all become beautiful and handsome, and even Yorga's daughter seemed much more beautiful than she was. Charlie was throwing his arms about them and telling them in their language:

"I'm going back home. But I take Tchiuku with me, you see?"

And they all nodded their heads. "Yes, yes."

"I am going back across the ocean again, and I am going back to the woman I love, and I take Tchiuku with me, you see?"

"Yes."

And suddenly they were all gay. It was as if the stranger had been sick and suddenly had come back to health. They understood. And Fanutza, Yorga's daughter, who had at the first words of the stranger felt insulted that he should announce his return home with such glee, Yorga's daughter now thought that at least the other girls would not be given a chance at him. And she was as happy as the others.

THE END

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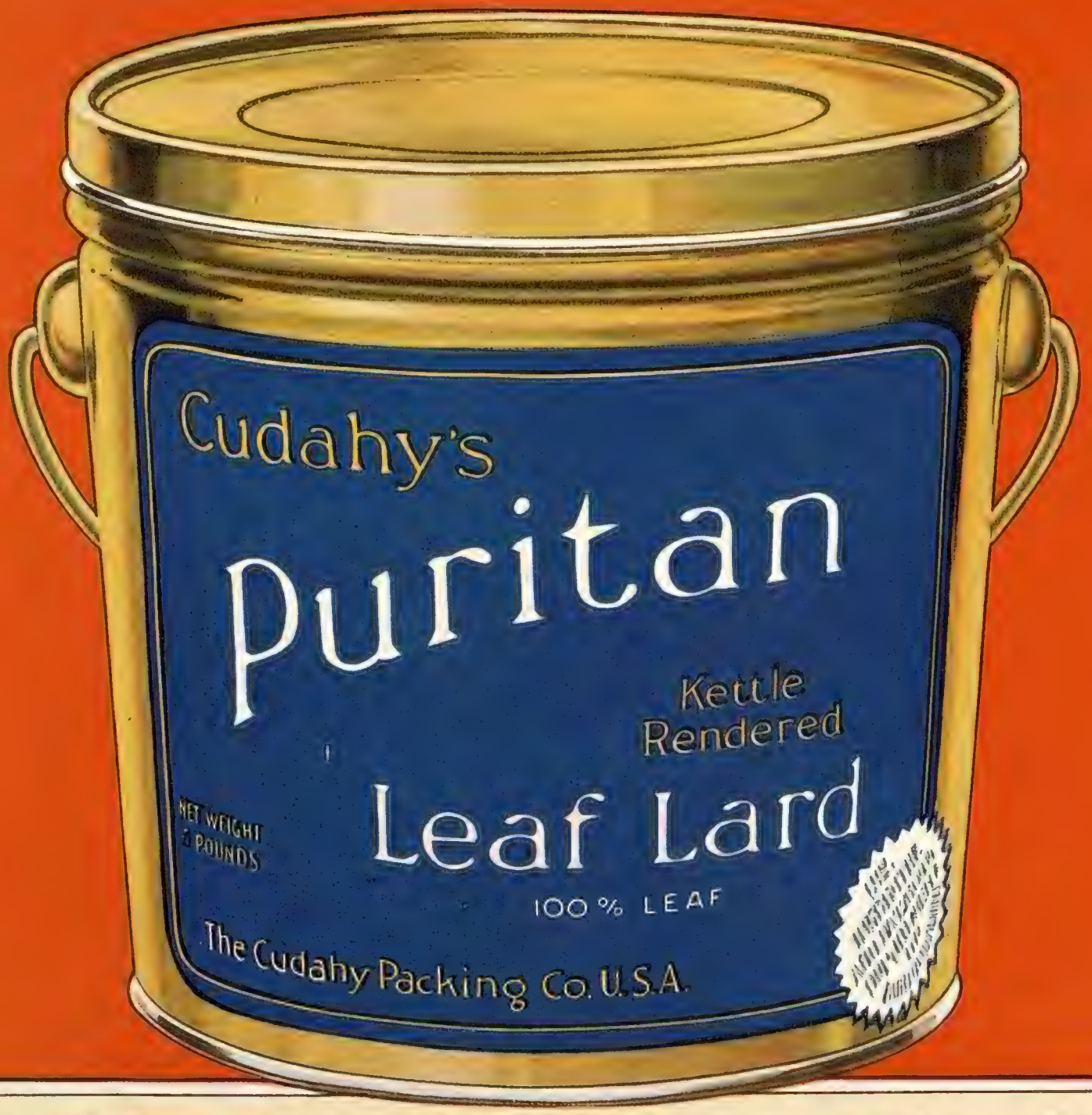

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THE

Diaries of WASHINGTON

I. YOUTH, COLONIAL SOLDIER *and* VIRGINIA SQUIRE

LIBERTY here begins publication of three installments of extracts from The Diaries of George Washington. A four-volume compilation of all the available diaries has been issued from the press of Houghton Mifflin Company of Boston and New York. It was edited by John C. Fitzpatrick, A. M., and published for the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union. These diaries make four fascinating volumes.

They begin when Washington as a youth of sixteen was attached to a surveying party sent by Lord Fairfax to his lands beyond the Blue Ridge. That was March 11, 1748. There are many years in which Washington did not keep his daily journal. Diaries for other years, if he wrote them, have been lost, but what was probably his last writing was entered in his journal December 13, 1799. The cold he had taken the day before, while riding over his plantations in a storm of snow and sleet, coupled with two bleedings as a cure, brought him to his deathbed December 14, 1799.

There are diaries for his trip to Barbados at the age of nineteen, with his tubercular half brother, Lawrence, for whose health the trip was taken. There Washington had the smallpox, which accounts for his later immunity when the disease swept over the negroes of his plantations. Extracts from the Barbados diaries have been omitted here.

There are diaries for his first contact with the French in what precipitated the armed struggle for the Ohio, the Mississippi, and the West, but none for the Braddock expedition and defeat.

He was unable, to his regret, to keep up his diary during the Revolution. In May, 1781, he tried it, but was able to continue it only through the campaign against Cornwallis at Yorktown and until November, 1781.

The extracts of this installment reveal his life and activities through warlike and then peaceful years before the Revolution.

It is interesting to notice the changes that Washington made in his style and spelling between the time when he wrote the first boyhood entries recorded here and the later portions of his diary. Starting out, for instance, with the old-fashioned "ye" for "the," he soon adopted the more modern form. The abbreviations which make the first sections a little hard to read were also abandoned later on and the general spelling showed great improvement.

Washington crossing the Allegheny River in December, 1753, while on his journey to the French commander on the Ohio with a letter from the Governor of Virginia.

1748 MARCH *Fryday March* 11*th* 1747/8. Began my Journey in Company with George Fairfax, Esqr., we travell'd this day 40 Miles to Mr. George Neavels in Prince William County

Saturday March 12*th* This Morning Mr. James Genn ye. surveyer came to us we travell'd over ye. Blue Ridge to Capt. Ashbys on Shannondoah River, Nothing remarkable happen'd

Sunday March 13*th*. Rode to his Lordships Quarter about 4 Miles higher up y. River [Shenandoah] we went through most beautiful Groves of Sugar Trees and spent y. best part of y. Day in admiring y. Trees and richness of y. Land

Monday 14*th* We sent our Baggage to Capt. Hites (near Frederick Town) went ourselves down y. River about 16 Miles to Capt Isaac Penningtons (the Land exceeding Rich & Fertile all y. way produces abundance of Grain Hemp Tobacco &c) in order to Lay of some Lands on Cates Marsh & Long Marsh

Tuesday 15*th* We set out early with Intent to Run round ye sd. Land but being taken in a Rain and it Increasing very fast obliged us to return it clearing about one oClock and our time being too Precious to Loose we a second time ventur'd out and Worked hard till Night and then return'd to Penningtons we got our Supper and was lighted into a Room and I not being so good a Woodsman as ye rest of my Company striped myself very orderly and went in to ye Bed as they called it when to my Surprize I found it to be nothing but a Little Straw-Matted together without Sheets or any thing else but only one thread Bear blanket with double its Weight of Vermin such as Lice Fleas &c I was glad to get up (as soon as y. Light was carried from us) I put on my Cloths and Lay as my Companions. Had we not been very tired I am sure we should not have slep'd much that night I made a Promise not to Sleep so from that time forward chusing rather to sleep in y. open Air before a fire as will appear hereafter.

Wednesday 16*th* We set out early and finish'd about one oClock and

[CONTINUED ON PAGE NINETEEN]

More Trouble!

IT always seemed to happen. Every time she met a man she really liked:

For a while the man would be an eager suitor; then mysteriously he would cease his attentions and turn to some other girl.

This time he had transferred his affections to one of her own best girl friends, who also began to "cut" her.

What could be the trouble? The thing had absolutely broken her spirit.

* * *

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

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LARGE TUBE
25 CENTS

THE DIARIES OF WASHINGTON

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

then Travell'd up to Frederick Town where our Baggage came to us we cleaned ourselves (to get Rid of y. Game we had catched y. Night before) and took a Review of y. Town and thence return'd to our Lodgings where we had a good Dinner prepar'd for us Wine and Rum Punch in Plenty and a good Feather Bed with clean Sheets which was a very agreeable regale

Sunday April 10*th* We took our farewell of ye. Branch and travell'd over Hills and Mountains to 1 Coddys on Great Cacapehon about 40 Miles

Monday 11*th* We Travell'd from Coddys down to Frederick Town where we Reached about 12 oClock we dined in Town and then went to Capt. Hites and Lodged

Wednesday ye. 13*th of April* 1748 Mr Fairfax got safe home and I myself safe to my Brothers which concludes my Journal.

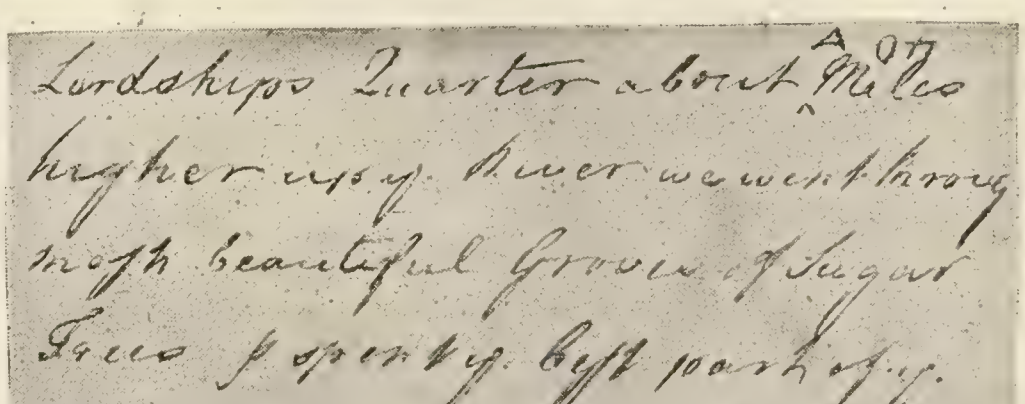
The French claimed the Ohio valley and the Mississippi by right of discovery. The English claimed the Ohio, because the territory had been conquered by the Iroquois who had been recognized as under the protection of Great Britain by two European treaties (Utrecht, 1713, and Aix-la-Chapelle, 1748). The French had built a fort at Presque Isle (Erie, Pa.), had built Fort le Boeuf on French Creek and Fort Venango at the junction of French Creek and the Allegheny (Franklin, Pa.). They were headed for the Forks of the Ohio (Pittsburgh) where the English of the Ohio Company were hastening to build a fort. Washington was sent to warn the French out of British crown territory. It was the beginning of the fight for the Midwest and the Mississippi valley.

[1753] [OCTOBER] *Wednesday* 31*st.* I was commissioned and appointed by the Honourable *Robert Dinwiddie,* Esq; Governor, &c., of *Virginia,* to visit and deliver a letter to the Commandant of the *French* forces on the *Ohio,* and set out on the intended Journey the same day: The next I arrived at *Fredericksburg,* and engaged Mr. *Jacob Vanbraam,* to be my *French* interpreter; and proceeded with him to *Alexandria,* where we provided Necessaries. From thence we went to *Winchester,* and got Baggage, Horses, &c; and from thence we pursued the new Road to *Wills-Creek* [Cumberland, Md.], were we arrived the 14th of *November*. . . .

The excessive Rains and vast Quantity of Snow which had fallen, prevented our reaching Mr. *Frazier's,* an Indian Trader, at the Mouth of *Turtle Creek,* on *Monongahela,* till Thursday, the 22d. We were informed here, that Expresses had been sent a few Days before to the Traders down the River, to acquaint them with the *French* General's death, and the Return of the major Part of the *French* Army into Winter Quarters. . . .

About two Miles from this, on the South East Side of the river, at the Place where the Ohio Company intended to erect a Fort, lives *Shingiss,* king of the *Delawares:* We called upon him, to invite him to Council at the *Loggs*-Town.

As I had taken a good deal of Notice Yesterday of the Situation at the *Forks,* my Curiosity led me to examine this more particularly, and I think it greatly inferior, either for Defence or Advantages; especially the latter: For a Fort at the *Forks* would be equally well situated on the *Ohio,* and have the entire Command of the *Monongahela;* which runs up to our Settlements and is extremely well designed for Water Carriage, as it is of a deep still Nature. Besides a fort at the *Fork* might be built at a much less Expence, than at the other Place.



A sample page of the Diary, March, 1748.

30*th*. . . . We set out about 9 o-Clock with the Half-King, *Jeskakake, White Thunder,* and the Hunter [these are names of Indian chiefs]; and travelled on the Road to *Venango,* where we arrived the 4th of *December,* without any Thing remarkable happening.

[DECEMBER] [4*th.*] . . . We found the *French* Colours hoisted at a House from which they had driven Mr. *John Frazier,* an *English* Subject. I immediately repaired to it, to know where the Commander resided. There were three Officers, one of whom, Capt. *Joncaire,* informed me, that he had the command of the *Ohio;* But that there was a General Officer at the near Fort, where he advised me to apply for an Answer. He invited us to sup with them; and treated us with the greatest Complaisance. The Wine, as they dosed themselves pretty plentifully with it, soon banished the Restraint which at first appeared in their Conversation; and gave a licence to the Tongues to reveal their Sentiments more freely. They told me, That it was their absolute Design to take Possession of the *Ohio,* and by G— they would do it; For that altho' they were sensible the *English* could raise two Men for their one; yet they knew their Motions were too slow and dilatory to prevent any Undertaking of theirs. They pretend to have an undoubted Right to the River, from a Discovery made by one *La Salle* 60 Years ago; and the Rise of this Expedition is, to prevent our settling on the River or Waters of it, as they had heard of some Families moving-out in Order thereto.

7*th* . . . At 11 o'Clock we set out for the Fort, and were prevented from arriving there till the 11th by excessive Rains, Snows, and bad Travelling, through many Mires and Swamps.

12*th.* I prepared early to wait upon the Commander, and was received and conducted to him by the second Officer in Command. I acquainted him with my Business, and offered my Commission and Letter: Both of which he desired me to keep till the arrival of Monsieur *Riparti* Captain, at the next Fort, who was sent for and expected every Hour.

14*th.* As the Snow increased very fast, and our Horses daily became weaker, I sent them off unloaded; under the care of *Barnaby Currin,* and two others, to make all convenient Dispatch to *Venango,* and there await our Arrival, if there was a prospect of the Rivers freezing: If not, then to continue down to *Shanapin's* Town, at the Forks of the *Ohio,* and there to wait till we came to cross the *Aliganey;* intending myself to go down by Water, as I had the Offer of a Canoe or two. . . .

This Evening I received an Answer to his Honour the Governor's Letter from the Commandant.

The French commander replied to Dinwiddie that he had his orders and would carry them out—that is, go down the valley and occupy the territory.

16*th.* The *French* were not slack in their Inventions to keep the *Indians* this Day also: But I urged and insisted with the King so closely upon his Word, that he refrained, and set off with us as he had engaged.

We had a tedious and very fatiguing Passage down the Creek. . . . We did not reach *Venango,* till the 22d.

. . . The day following [27*th*] just after we had passed a Place called the *Murdering*-Town (where we intended to quit the Path, and steer across the Country for *Shannapins Town*) we fell in with a Party of *French* Indians, who had lain in Wait for us. One of them fired at Mr. *Gist* or me, not 15 steps off, but fortunately missed. We took this fellow into Custody, and kept him till about 9 o'clock at Night; Then let him go, and walked all the remaining Part of the Night without making any Stop; that we might get the start, so far, as to be out of the Reach of their Pursuit the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE DIARIES OF WASHINGTON

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINETEEN]

next Day, since we were well assured they would follow our Tract as soon as it was light.

[1754] [JANUARY] On the 11*th* I got to Belvoir: where I stopped one Day to take necessary Rest; and then set out and arrived in Williamsburg the 16th; when I waited upon his Honour the Governor with the Letter I had brought from the French Commandant; and to give an Account of the Success of my Proceedings. This I beg leave to do by offering the foregoing Narrative as it contains the most remarkable Occurrences which happened in my Journey. . . .

The diaries from which the following extracts are taken were lost when Washington surrendered Fort Necessity. They were sent to Paris and published in French. They were translated into English and published. Washington said he knew things he had written had been left out and things he had not written had been put in. The French used them to sustain their contention that they had been attacked wantonly by the English.

The attack on Jumonville, as Washington relates it, is the one in point. The French had ejected the English from Fort Pitt and were making it Fort Duquesne. They came to meet Washington with superior force. His friendly Indians saw what would be the result and stood aloof. The Half King mentioned is so called because he ruled the Indians as a viceroy from the Iroquois, their "uncles" or superiors. Fort Necessity was at what was known as Great Meadows about fifty miles from Will's Creek (Cumberland, Maryland). The French and Indian War for the great midcontinent and Canada soon followed. France was defeated and lost the American empire.

1754 MARCH On the 31*st March* I received from his Honour [Lieutenant-Governor Dinwiddie] a Lieutenant Colonel's Commission of the Virginia Regiment whereof Joshua Fry, Esquire, was Colonel, dated the 15th, with Orders to take the troops . . . quartered at Alexandria under my command, and to march with them towards the Ohio, there to aid Captain Trent in building Forts.

April the 2nd. Every Thing being ready, we began our march according to our Orders, the 2nd of April, with two Companies of Foot, commanded by Captain Peter Hog and Lieutenant Jacob Van Braam. . . .

April 19*th.* Met an Express who had letters from Captain Trent, at the Ohio, demanding a reenforcement with all possible speed, as he hourly expected a body of eight hundred French. I tarried at Job Pearsall's for the arrival of the troops, where they came the next day.

April 20*th.* Came down to Colonel Cresap's to dispose the Detachment, and on my Route, had notice that the Fort was taken by the French. Two days later that news was confirmed by Mr. Ward, the Ensign of Captain Trent, who had been obliged to surrender to a Body of more than one thousand French, under the Command of Captain Contrecoeur. . . . Mr. Ward . . . delivered me the following speech which the Half King sent to me.

"Fort on Ohio, April 18th, 1754. A speech from the Half-King, Scruneyattha, and belt of wampum, for the Governors of Virginia and Pennsylvania. My Brethren the English. The Bearer will let you understand in what manner the French have treated us. We waited a long time, thinking they would come and attack us; we now see how they have a mind to use us. We are now ready to fall upon them, waiting only for your assistance."

April 23*rd.* A COUNCIL OF WAR held at Will's Creek in order to consult upon what must be done on account of the news brought by Mr. Ward. . . . It was thought a thing impracticable to march towards the Fort without sufficient strength; however, being strongly invited by the Indians, and particularly by the speeches of the Half-King, the president gave his opinion that it would be proper to advance, as far as Red-Stone Creek on Monongahela, about thirty-seven miles on this side of the fort, and there to erect a fortification . . . and there to await for fresh Orders.

Washington working as a surveyor at sixteen years of age, March–April, 1748.

May 27*th.* . . . About eight in the evening I received an express from the Half-King, who informed me, that, as he was coming to join us, he had seen along the road, the tracks of two men, which he had followed, till he was brought thereby to a low obscure place; that he was of opinion the whole party of the French was hidden there. That very moment I sent out forty men and ordered my ammunition to be put in a place of safety, fearing it to be a stratagem of the French to attack our camp; I left a guard to defend it, and with the rest of my men set out in a heavy rain, and in a night as dark as pitch, along a path scarce broad enough for one man; we were sometimes fifteen or twenty minutes out of the path before we could come to it again, and we would often strike against each other in the darkness: All night long we continued our route, and on the 28th about sun-rise we arrived at the Indian camp, where after having held a council with the Half-King, we concluded to attack them together; so we sent out two men to discover where they were, as also their position and what sort of ground was thereabout, after which we prepared to surround them marching one after the other Indian fashion: We had advanced pretty near to them, as we thought, when they discovered us; I ordered my company to fire; my fire was supported by that of Mr. Waggoner and my company and his received the whole fire of the French, during the greater part of the action, which only lasted a quarter of an hour before the enemy were routed. We killed Mr. de Jumonville, the Commander of the party, as also nine others.

June 27*th.* Detached Captain Lewis, Lieutenant Waggoner and Ensign Mercer, two Sergeants, two Corporals, one drummer and sixty men, to endeavor to clear a road to the mouth of Red-Stone Creek, on Monongahela.

This is the last notation in the diaries for this expedition. Washington had his men strengthen the works at Fort Necessity. The French came up in superior force and opened fire on the fort on the morning of July 3. The engagement continued until about eight o'clock in the evening when a parley was suggested by the French and Washington accepted it. Washington obtained all honors of war and marched out with his flags, arms, and baggage, but lost his diary.

The days reflected in the extracts following unquestionably were the happiest of his life. He was married. He was devoted to the management of his estates, experimenting with agricultural processes, endeavoring to make better implements, riding his plantations, hunting with the hounds, dining with his friends. When as soldier or statesman he was called away from the soil he went back to it as soon as he could and he died on it in just such activities as are here noted day by day. A few typical entries are given:

1760 JANUARY *Tuesday,* 1. Visited my Plantations and receivd an Instance of Mr. French's great love of Money in disappointing me of some Pork, because the price had risen to 22/6 after he had engaged to let me have it at 20/.

Friday, 25*th.* Wrote to Doctr. Ross to purchase me a joiner, Bricklayer, and Gardner, if any Ship of Servants was in.

Tuesday, April 1. Crossd plowd the Fallow Field to day wch. contains 3–2–38 wch shews that 2 Acres a day in Level ground already broke up may be easily accomplishd.

Thursday, 10*th.* Mrs. Washington was blooded by Doctr. Laurie, who stayd all Night.

AUGUST [1768] *Where & how my time is Spent.* 8. Went a fox hunting, but started nothing. Visited Plantations in the Neck and Mill.

25. Hauling the Sein upon the Bar of Cedar Point for Sheeps head, but catchd none.

SEPTEMBER *Observations* 6. My Ox Cart finishd drawing in the Wheat at Doeg Run, but during this time it was employd in getting home the Cyder from all the Plantations.

16. Anointed all my Hounds (as well as Puppies) which appeard to have the Mange with Hogs Lard and Brimstone.

DECEMBER *Where & how my time is Spent.* 1. Went to the Election of Burgesses for this County and was there, with Colo. West, chosen. Stayd all Night to a Ball wch. I had given.

31. Went a hunting and catchd a bitch fox—the above Gentlemn. with me.

The next installment will reveal how the Virginia squire recorded his activities as the Revolution drew near and what he wrote in his diaries when he was commander-in-chief.

A secret hidden in a patty

No lordly *chef* ever made Chicken *à la* King surpassing this masterpiece which we invite *you* to make—in a new and better way.

The secret of its delicious taste and texture is revealed in just two words—Carnation Milk. Try the recipe below, and see for yourself.

Chicken *à la* King is one of the many dishes that excel in flavor, richness, and smoothness when Carnation Milk is used.

Carnation is full-cream milk (unsweetened), evaporated to double richness. Its double helping of cream is *blended in*, making every drop *extra* rich and smooth.

That is why Carnation Milk produces results which otherwise could not be approached save by lavish use of expensive pure cream . . . Carnation's convenience and economy make it all the more indispensable.

Carnation Chicken à la King

1½ cups cold chicken cut in ½-inch dice; 2 tbsp. butter or chicken fat; 1 tbsp. flour; ¼ green pepper, shredded; ¼ pimento, shredded; ¾ cup mushrooms; 1 cup chicken broth; 1 cup Carnation Milk; salt and pepper to taste.

Saute slowly green pepper and chopped mushrooms in butter until tender (10 to 15 minutes), keeping covered while cooking. Remove mushrooms and pepper, and add flour, blending smoothly with fat left in pan; then add broth and Carnation Milk and cook until thickened, stirring constantly to prevent lumping. Place chicken, pimento, and mushrooms in upper part of double boiler, pour sauce over and continue cooking over hot water for 10 minutes. This mixture is sufficient for four large patties.

"My Hundred Favorite Recipes"—Write for this unusual little recipe book by Mrs. Mary Blake. It is free

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The Way to a Man's Heart

YOU know what makes a man happy—good, wholesome foods—the kind Mother baked thirty-five years ago when she first employed

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BAKING POWDER

Time has never changed the dependable purity—the honest value of this wonderful leavener. It's the same quality baking powder with the more-than-ordinary leavening strength.

Practice real economy; use Calumet and your bakings will always be uniform and delightfully wholesome.

Calumet is used by millions of Housewives, Leading Hotels, Big Railroads, Restaurants, Domestic Science Experts and Good Bakers.

Every ingredient used officially approved by U. S. Food Authorities.

Best by Test

Sales 2½ Times Those of Any Other Brand

AND SO WE BUILT A HOUSE

A Remarkable Lesson in Home Construction and Decoration by a Woman Who Found Out How to Combine Beauty and Economy

By CAROLINE S. KRUM

EXTERIOR view of ready-made home of Mr. and Mrs. Morrow Krum at Lake Forest, Illinois.

CORNER of dining-room in Mr. and Mrs. Krum's cozy ready-made home built under her supervision.

WE had always wanted a house of our own. The building of our dreams took on changing forms—an old New England farm in Connecticut, a dusky little cottage at Carmel looking through dark cypress trees to the aquamarine waters of the Pacific, a rambling 'dobe in New Mexico—until suddenly it materialized into the wisest kind of dream house—a quaint, funny little five-room bungalow in Lake Forest, Illinois, near the source of our bread and butter and yet far away from the hustle of Chicago.

It wouldn't have happened so easily if my mother hadn't decided that she, too, must have a permanent rooftree. She bought a lot a hundred and sixty-five feet by a hundred and eighty-five (it sounds more magnificent to say "about three-quarters of an acre" !) and then, so that I might have something substantial to discuss with generous bankers, she deeded me the west half of the property. It is there our house stands, its face to the east, looking across what we, in formal moments, call "the patio" to my mother's house.

The property transactions started last spring, but long before we had the final papers we had begun poring over catalogues of firms who put up ready-made houses, sectional houses, and portables. My aunt also had the fever, so there were three of us trying to match up plans and ideas. We began with grand schemes, but gradually reduced our demands of those millions of "absolutely necessary" things until the figures on the right-hand side of the sheet and the dimensions on the left began to fit into a working pattern.

My aunt chose a house from one firm; my mother and I found what suited us on a sectional page of another catalogue, that of one of the largest housebuilding companies hereabouts. My husband and I chose a white clapboard cottage, forty-four feet across the front and twenty-four deep; we drew our own floor plans. We ordered it by number; it appeared in Lake Forest on trucks and was dumped unceremoniously near the cement cellar already dug for it. It went up overnight, looking like stage settings, Coney Island, or a summer camp—we could never decide just which. But there it was, with the plumbing, masonry, heating, and lighting contracts let to local workmen, and the work, as the poets say, going on apace.

The digging began in June; late in July the houses mushroomed themselves into being; we were in and pretty well settled early in October, and the house was warm and weatherproof for the winter. The walls are of several thicknesses; the roof is asbestos shingles; roof and floors are insulated and air spaced scientifically, so that the part of the house not over the cellar (a twenty-foot square basement is luxurious, I assure you) will keep out the cold, and our hot-air heater won't have to take the chill off more than our share of Lake County.

I splurged on masonry, lighting, plumbing and those other contracts not included in the house erection, but when it came to the painting, I balked. In spite of the protests of various relatives and friends I decided that, with some slight assistance, I could manage it. Not the outside—that job I gave to a local man. But the inside walls (plasterboard) and woodwork I was sure I could do, and I set to work in September. I engaged my German gardener friend, Paul Strobach, to do the ceilings and final coats. Of course, he did far more than that before the task was finished; but with that brave plan in view, I set to work.

With the help of my husband, his energetic mother, Dorothy and Jack Pickering, Helen Rendtorff, and Jack Palmer—the last four of whom came to call and remained to daub—the first coats in the living-room and bedrooms were achieved; a bookcase, three beds, two chiffoniers, the ice box, several chairs and tables, and other occasionals were decorated. But it was a long and tedious task, and though we saved dollars, I'm not sure it was worth it.

IF ever the paint has to be scraped from those walls, our hearts' blood will go with it, for the plasterboard soaked up our energy and the paint with never-ending thirst. However, it's done now, and the struggle is gradually taking its place in the limbo of forgotten agonies.

My house puts on a brave front, with its pillared porch and its two main entrances, one of which opens directly into the large living-room, the other giving onto a hall that leads to the other rooms. The living-room is the whole south end of the house, with eight windows; four to the south, two to the east, and two to the west. My window boxes flaunted pink petunias and vines to the passing world the minute the outside

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

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for Economical Transportation

Improved! a Revelation in Low Priced Transportation

A type of performance never before approached in any low priced car — a new smoothness of operation—new flexibility—new swiftness of acceleration—new beauty—new comfort—these have been added to its already world-famous power and economy to make the Improved Chevrolet a revelation in low priced transportation.

Just take one ride in this remarkable car—and you will be amazed to find that qualities, heretofore the chief advantages of owning costlier cars, are now obtainable in a car of very low price.

The introduction of the Improved Chevrolet marks an outstanding achievement in the automobile industry, an achievement doubly emphasized because it is accompanied by a substantial reduction in prices.

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New Low Prices!

Prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan

Touring	$510	Sedan	$735
Roadster	510	Landau	765
Coupe	645	½ Ton Truck (Chassis Only)	395
Coach	645	1 Ton Truck (Chassis Only)	550

QUALITY AT LOW COST

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

paint was dry, and long before the interior was anywhere near done.

Between the two west windows is the fireplace, as large as the faithful Enmark, Lake Forest's mason de luxe (I know he's de luxe by the excellence of his work and the size of his bill) could make it.

The fireplace was fun. Enmark has ideas of style in that matter, and though I'd explained that I wanted it rough and cottagey, I came out from town after it was begun to find the mortar neatly smoothed off, expensive red brick being used, and a most tailored product in view. Up to the top of the grate opening the mortar is still smooth, but I got there just in time, and now above that it crinkles and oozes out between the bricks in an interesting way. Over a brick mantel, the chimney goes rambling to the ceiling; that is, it does to all appearances. In reality it's a fraud. With that slender wall construction and the great whitewashed chimney on the outer wall, the inside had to be appliqued to give the right effect. But it's charming, and I don't always give away the secret.

BECAUSE the living-room will catch sunlight the whole day, I chose pale green for walls and woodwork, a flat paint that looks like calcimine. It is a little bluer than the first leaves of spring—the window draperies match it exactly—and it is proving restful. The floor is covered with two coats of walnut stain and varnished. We use an oil mop on it every day, and it's acquiring a nice dark look.

The red brick of the fireplace has been brushed with a thin cream paint (the same used on ceilings throughout the house) that is beginning to get deliciously smoky from daily grate fires. Bookshelves are built in at the west end of the room, a great convenience for people who collect books.

The rugs are Orientals of varying hues, gifts from my mother's plentiful store; the other furnishings are scraps from members of the family—one or two small mahogany tables, a spindly firescreen and music cabinet, some armchairs, a couch covered in gay chintz, and two old lamps.

The dining-room with wide French doors opening from hall and living-room, has a green floor that also gets daily applications of oil. The walls, like those in the hallway and kitchen, are yellow. Quaint yellow hangings sprinkled with red berries and green leaves, harmonize the walls and my red-and-white china. The table is an old walnut piece, lent by a friend; lovely old maple chairs, lent by my aunt, a tea wagon, and the cupboard comprise the furniture.

The cupboard is a find—an old Dutch corner piece from Hagerstown, Maryland, whose smooth rubbed finish, wooden pegs, and musty interior all bespeak a past. It is the *pièce de résistance* of the house, and was a bargain, one of those things that happen once in a decade to the casual collector.

The kitchen is yellow and white—checked gingham at the window, and gleaming white ice box, sink, and cabinet. In the center of the floor (O shades of the little New England farmhouse!) is a trapdoor leading to the basement. But it is far more than a basement. It is my husband's den, his retreat, his workshop, and the pride of his heart.

He whitewashed everything in it one Sunday—walls, woodwork, pipes, to say nothing of himself. Along the south wall he built a carpenter's bench (he's really a newspaper man), with places for a thousand or more tools. He hung aviation pictures on the wall, interspersed with hammers and saws, strung up a double lighting effect and has already presented me with a beautiful mahogany typewriter desk, a windowed kennel for our police puppy, and a solid worktable.

Mrs. Caroline Krum before the new fireplace that was made to look old.

In one corner of the basement is our hot-air plant with its diminutive oil burner that hums hotly and merrily all the time. In another corner is the 250-gallon oil tank. Against the west wall are laundry tubs. The whole place is the neatest, sweetest spot in the house.

UPSTAIRS again, if you please, through the kitchen, dining-room, and hall into the east bedroom. There's pale green once more in this room. Lavender woodwork and furniture and a cold, pale-blue floor almost drove Paul mad until he viewed the finished thing. Now he approves. Both bedrooms have long, deep, built-in wardrobes, with a four-shelved linen cupboard at the end. Figured chintz is at the windows, and a tufted spread of unbleached muslin covers the bed.

Our room, a northwest corner, is cream colored. The floor is green, and the furniture and cupboard linings the brightest, cheeriest lacquer-red imaginable. The curtains are toile de jouy, quaint Watteau-esque figures in dull green on a creamy ground. An old glass lamp with a parchment shade boasting a real Godet print and two old Dunkard rugs (also from Hagerstown) lend interesting touches.

The bathroom is white, except for the gray-and-black-checkered linoleum on the floor. Sectional walls are thin for modern plumbing, so I had the carpenter cover the piping with wood and carry it out into a low, roomy cupboard, a convenient place for guest linens, medicine bottles, bath salts, and toothpaste tubes.

My friend, Paul, borrowed the cupboard door one Sunday, and when he returned it there was painted on it an exquisite bunch of marguerites and forget-me-nots (so I shall not forget him, he says; as if I could, dear Paul!) with a tiny butterfly fluttering in the corner.

Paul was a china painter for thirty years. Now that china painting is a bygone art, Paul paints walls and thinks flowers.

That is, I think, all that there is to our house. It is simple, it is small (though already I'm planning where I can add another room or two when we can afford it); it lacks all the grandeur of great houses not half a mile away, but when the hollyhocks and iris and tulips and daffydowndillies that are planted thick around it come up and bloom, when the flowering trees send out their waves of pink and white fragrance in the spring, when we nibble at lettuce and tomatoes and beans from what will next year be our own vegetable garden—I doubt if I shall envy anyone.

THE END

For those who want to see all this attractiveness and comfort reduced to dollars and cents, here's what the house cost us, without counting the furniture and trimmings, of course:

The House	$2,151.71
Erection	524.00
Building Permit	2.00
Cellar Excavating	85.00
Gas Piping	37.00
Water and Sewer	256.35
Soil Connection	4.50
Masonry	1,052.00
Plumbing (bathroom, kitchen, laundry, etc.)	679.00
Carpenters (wardrobes, cupboards, etc.)	425.84
Electric Fixtures and Wiring	206.96
Furnace	320.00
Oil Burner	135.00
Painting and Materials	468.40
Hot-Water Heater	115.00
Gas Stove	61.20
Insulating (balsam wool)	75.00
Screens	56.48
Shutters	13.70
Total	$6,669.14

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Four Entirely New 4 and 5-tube Radio Sets—Also the Crescendon

Never before has Crosley engineering and manufacturing genius been so brilliantly demonstrated as in this group of new Crosley sets.

Here, at prices so low as to be literally revolutionary, are three 5-tube sets and one 4-tube set—entirely new in principle, design, circuit, and appearance—entirely unique in the results they give on distant and local stations—entirely unprecedented in the values they now introduce.

On two of these sets is offered the Crescendon, a new and exclusive Crosley feature—an extra volume control by which average incoming signals can be built up or modified in a manner nothing short of amazing. Introduced on the new 4-29 and 5-38, the Crescendon principle makes its first appearance in the low price field, its use having hitherto been restricted to one set costing several times as much.

Particular emphasis is directed to the new Crosley RFL receiving sets that utilize an entirely new and patented circuit which provides true cascade amplification and closely approaches the theoretical maximum of efficiency per tube. Non-oscillating at any frequency and absolutely non-radiating, the RFL Crosleys are specifically recommended for use in congested areas and for satisfactory performance in the hands of inexperienced operators.

In addition to their truly marvelous selectivity, sensitivity, and purity of tone, these new Crosleys have been given a new order of beauty that cannot help but win the highest admiration.

We do more than urge you to go to the nearest Crosley dealer for a demonstration! We ask you to go prepared for the most startling revelation in radio ever announced in the entire history of the industry—and predict that your expectations will be more than satisfied!

The Crescendon
—an amazing new volume control exclusive to Crosley sets. Hear it!

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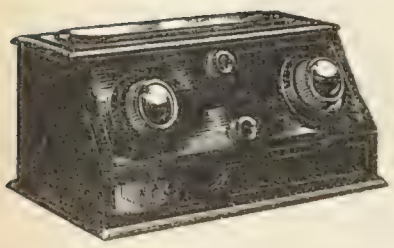
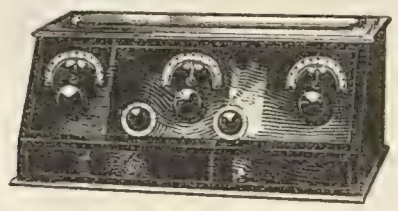
Owning and Operating WLW, first remote control super-power broadcasting station in America



The Crosley 4-tube — 4-29
in which the Crescendon is equivalent to one or more additional tubes of tuned radio frequency amplification . . . **$29**



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All the volume, selectivity, sensitivity and purity of tone available in the best 5-tube set—*plus the Crescendon* **$38**

The Crosley 5-tube—RFL-60
A set so marvelous in performance that its appearance on the market is bound to create a new standard of comparison.. **$60**

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For simplicity and speed in tuning, fidelity of tone, and decorative beauty—it stands unchallenged at twice the price . . **$75**

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CROSLEY · RADIO

BETTER · COSTS LESS

for the Entertainment Corner

The Heartbreak of a QUEEN

The Intimate Life Story of Alexandra of England—Europe's "Fairy Princess"—to Whom Destiny Gave Everything Except Happiness

[From Intimate Sources]

IT is an odd whimsy—and yet it is true—that Fate poised Alexandra of England upon a pile of hatboxes and lifted her from poverty and obscurity to be one of the most imposing figures in the world.

The late queen mother, the daughter of a lesser Danish prince, was quite without any expectation of greatness when Mlle. Rassmussen, a pretty Parisian milliner, came one day to the castle at Copenhagen to sell Queen Caroline, wife of King Frederick VII, a new bonnet.

For some time the childless condition of Frederick had been causing concern to the powers of Europe, because it left the succession to the throne in doubt; and after Frederick met the fascinating Mlle. Rassmussen and began an animated affair with her, the powers despaired that an heir acceptable to them would be born.

Their representatives accordingly met in London in 1852, when Alexandra was eight years old, to select an heir apparent whom Frederick would be forced to accept. For a variety of reasons their choice fell eventually on Alexandra's father—and out of that circumstance came a part of the happiness and all of the tragedy that surrounded her later years.

Apparently Frederick loved his pretty milliner; for he married her and, after he had failed to induce the European courts to accept her, commenced a series of political intrigues which threatened several nations with war.

To conciliate him became essential. So the powers induced Alexandra's parent, Prince Christian, and his wife the Princess Louise, to abandon their antipathy to the former Mlle. Rassmussen and to receive her into their home.

Speaight Photo

Edward, Prince of Wales, and Alexandra, Princess of Denmark, in their wedding robes.

There she taught Alexandra and her two younger sisters the art of making their own hats. It was one of these homemade bonnets which, oddly, Alexandra was wearing when a few years later she went to meet Edward for the first time.

The Prince, a critical judge of women's chic, was much impressed with both her beauty of face and smart appearance. And thus their romance began.

P & A Photo

Alexandra, Princess of Wales, with her pet cat.

PART II

HOW odd it is that fate should have appointed the Fairy Princess of Gule Castle to hold, for just a moment, the balance in which the fate of the world was to be decided.

And how much more curious and interesting it is, from our point of view, to realize that had she dared to touch the scales with just the tip of one of her little fingers, the greatest holocaust in history might have been averted. Had Edward loved her—had the gossamer stuffs of which her elusive romance was made been shot through with the tenacious threads of a real devotion—the world might have been spared the anguish of the great war of 1914.

Although the things of which I write rest so far back in the dusty times of history that their existence is almost forgotten, they are engaging to recall—even if they serve only to remind the younger generation that no age stands quite alone. The vigorous activity of the present owes its stamina to the more circumspect past. We carve our destiny with broader strokes, but often with less precision,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"The Worst Birthday in a Man's Life"

"What we need at fifty is a little more common sense, a realization of the facts; then no excuse for self deception, but an honest admission and a readjustment...The span of life is lengthening and it is very largely in our own hands to determine how long we shall live and enjoy life!"

EDWARD W. BOK in the Atlantic Monthly

An inspiring message from an outstanding man who has turned fifty . . . "the worst birthday in a man's life!"

There are a lot of important things in this world—education, and money, and friendship, and home life. But when he discusses the worst birthday in a man's life Mr. Bok talks chiefly in terms of health.

It is true that the span of life is lengthening. The *contagious* diseases are on the run! That is the bright side of the picture.

The dark side is this: Many of the diseases that threaten people of middle age are definitely on the increase.

They are not the diseases that we "catch" from others, but that we give to ourselves. By wrong eating. By lack of exercise. By lack of fresh air. By lack of sleep. Worst of all, perhaps, we unthinkingly load our bodies with artificial stimulants meal after meal.

A stimulant such as caffein contributes nothing in food value. Yet it *seems* to give new energy. It does this by deadening the sense of fatigue, and robbing energy from the body's reserve store.

There is no "cure-all"—but there is a big step in the right direction that you can easily take: Eliminate caffein from your diet! Change to Postum!

Postum is made of whole wheat and bran roasted to bring out the full, rich flavor. This is a drink you can enjoy every meal of the day, with no fear of the nervousness, sleeplessness, headache, and indigestion that so often follow the use of caffein. Postum contributes to your health and well-being, instead of tearing down!

"*The span of life is lengthening, and it is very largely in our own hands to determine how long we shall live, and enjoy life.*"

See to it that you realize your full possibilities for health, and years of happiness! We give you an easy way to eliminate one recognized form of abuse. Accept the offer of Carrie Blanchard, famous food demonstrator.

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"I want you to make a thirty-day test of Postum. I will send you, free, one week's supply of Postum for this test, and my own directions for preparing it—for yourself, and with hot milk, for children.

"Or, if you wish to begin today, you can get Postum at your grocer's. It costs much less—only one-half cent a cup.

"Please indicate whether you prefer Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."

FREE—MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

P.—LIB. 2-26

POSTUM CEREAL CO., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM (prepared instantly in the cup) . . . . . ☐ *Check which you prefer*

POSTUM CEREAL (prepared by boiling) . . . . . ☐

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd. 45 Front Street East, Toronto 2. Ontario

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Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

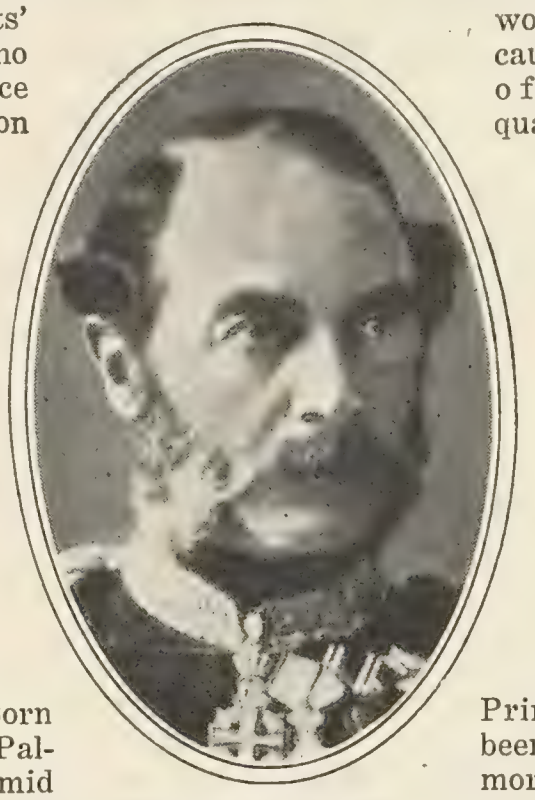
[THE HEARTBREAK OF A QUEEN] Continued from Page Twenty-seven

in these hurried years than when Alexandra of Denmark became a pretty pawn in the great game of empires three-quarters of a century ago.

It is horrifying to think of innocence put upon the auction block—even upon the auction block of empires. Yet I regret to say that that is what, when Alexandra became a bride, most royal marriages amounted to.

THAT she became the consort of Edward willingly, that her courtship and marriage were surrounded by the colorful chimeras of a charming illusion rather than the dread shadows of political bondage, were accidents of circumstance. For the fate of princesses was then (as now) to contract alliances to further their countries' political ends; and their hearts' dictation was of no more consequence than the weather on their wedding mornings.

Alexandra was sixteen years old when Great Britain became greatly exercised over the choice of a wife for the son of Victoria. In Parliament, where the question was debated with the same solemnity as the Irish situation and the Corn Laws, old Lord Palmerston said (amid loud applause) that whoever the bride should be she must be "young, handsome, and a Protestant."



King Christian IX of Denmark.

There were in Europe only seven ladies of royal blood who were Protestant, only five of them qualified with youth, and only two with beauty. One of these was German, the other was Alexandra.

She was hard at her lessons—because books were not easy for her—in Gule Palace, where a tiny staff of poorly paid but carefully selected tutors, led by good Mathilde Knudsen, imparted to her the somewhat narrow education of that time, and her mother, an ambitious person, watched her development with jealous eyes.

Her recreations were as simple as they were few—a walk with her father on the Lange Linie, the promenade above the harbor of Copenhagen; a canter on one of the family's three fat horses in the deer-park at Bernstorff, at which—by the grudging courtesy of King Frederick—Crown Prince Christian, Louise, and their children spent parts of their summers.

There was no hint that Alexandra ever had an early suitor, or that the rigid discipline of her mother was much relieved by any other major circumstance, except, perhaps, by the engaging visits of the former Mlle. Rassmussen, King Frederick's morganatic wife.

Three elderly servants were all her parents could afford. That meant that the daughters of Christian and Louise must needs turn their hands to bedmaking, sweeping, and cooking, which they did with commendable expertness, while the former Parisian milliner, whom Frederick had married, taught them the art of making their own hats.

The manner in which Edward and the Princess were brought together makes a pretty tale.

It has been so often told that it partakes of the nature of a legend; but even if it were not true (and I believe it is) it would be worth recording because it is expressive of the whimsical quality of Alexandra's romance.

While the Prince was a student at Cambridge—an indifferent student of the arts and sciences but clearly a leader socially—he was lounging one day in the rooms of a young nobleman who was engaged to be married. The Prince's name had been associated by rumor with one of the princesses of the German court, and (assuming a certain affinity of interests) Edward's host invited the Prince to look at a photograph of his own fiancee. As he drew the portrait from his pocket, another came with it and dropped to the floor. Edward picked it up.

"A beautiful girl," said Edward, gazing at the picture. "Who is she?"

He knew the Danish royal family, but not at all intimately. He had heard of Christian's beautiful daughter, but had never seen her.

"Princess Alix of Denmark," replied his friend, using the shorter form of her name, which was common among her intimates.

It was the face that provoked Edward's admiration. No peasant could have been more simply dressed. A small straw hat—which was quite different from the chic bonnet of her own manufacture she wore to meet him a few months later—perched on her abundant hair. A narrow ribbon bound her throat. A plain jacket and skirt adorned the young figure.

"I'd like to keep this," said Edward, pocketing the photograph.

A few days later, when a guest of the Duchess of Cambridge, he came upon a beautifully executed miniature of the same features, and thus the curiosity of the young Prince was further piqued.

But Victoria had other plans for an alliance which were rooted in her pronounced German sympathies, and she had sent her eldest daughter, the Princess Royal, who was a year Edward's senior, to Berlin to survey the marriage market there. Unfortunately for Victoria's plans and Prussia's cherished ambition to ally itself matrimonially with England, the Princess returned to London dissatisfied.

Queen Louise of Denmark, mother of Alexandra.

At the court of St. James's, the clever and resourceful Lady Walpurga Paget, nee von Hohenthal, thereupon espoused Alexandra's cause. "The prettiest, the nicest, the most charming Princess Alix," she told Victoria, "and as good as she is pretty."

"You know her, of course——" suggested the Queen; but Lady Paget didn't. Alexandra's virtues were a matter of hearsay only. So Victoria, in her usual imperious manner, dispatched her to Copenhagen.

"I FIND her," wrote the astute Walpurga to Victoria a few days later, "like a half-open rosebud—so simple and childlike in everything, and living in a family so happy and united together in such natural, healthy, and simple surroundings."

Victoria, slow to surrender her German hopes, remained only half convinced, while Albert, her German consort, was altogether skeptical. But Lady Paget was invited to sit at Albert's side at the Prince of Wales' birthday dinner soon thereafter, and into his ear she poured such glowing praise of Alexandra that even he was at last partly reconciled.

"We shall have to act quickly," said Walpurga. "Already there is talk of marrying Alexandra off to the Czarevitch."

But the Prince of Wales did not capitulate immediately. There were many pretty faces in the world—particularly one in Antwerp, for which he cherished most lively enthusiasms. And there were other ladies at Dieppe, Paris, Marseilles, Biarritz, Lucerne, Cannes, Nice, Monaco, and Mentone — and a somewhat obscure countess at San Remo, and an actress in Brussels.

No man, not even a Prince of Wales, may thus chase butterflies without attracting attention. The French newspapers were vastly entertaining with their innuendoes. One published an especially brisk account of an entertainment to all the ladies of a popular light opera. There were more than fifty to be entertained, but their host made a noble (nay, regal!) job of it. He feted them singly, in pairs, and en masse. He gave them jewels, kisses, sweet phrases and, perhaps, a promise or two.

THE press described him as the Kind Stranger, the Grand One, and the Friend of the People. Paris laughed, but London shuddered. Victoria stormed and ordered him home. Who may tell what she said to him? What Albert said to him? Be assured, however, he eschewed Paris for a long time—for him. He stayed away from the French capital for eight months.

It seemed to Victoria that the safest plan was to get Edward married as expeditiously as possible to a woman whose beauty would completely captivate his imagination. Alexandra had that quality—and something more. She knew so little of the world that Victoria realized she would not look lightly upon caprices by Edward after she had become his wife. Poor Alexandra!

Yet one may not rush a Prince and a Princess to the altar helter-skelter, and something had to be done in the interim to keep the Prince out of mischief—a problem which Victoria solved by deciding to send him to America for a few weeks, where, she was sure, there would be such fuss made over him that he would have little time for romantic escapades.

He sailed for the United States in 1860, when the country was bogged in a political morass out of which Abraham Lincoln was destined to salvage it. Edward was feted beyond the dreams of even his mother. Of his behavior, and of its prophetic relation to the more recent adventures of the present Prince, I shall have more to say on a later page.

It is sufficient to report here that when he returned to England he found his mother and father prepared to present him with Alexandra, provided that young woman raised no strong objection—which they had many reasons to believe she wouldn't.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Run your tongue across your teeth. You will feel a film . . . a slippery, viscous coating that dulls and clouds their beauty.

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It acts to curdle the film and remove it. Then to firm the gums.

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Results are quick and convincing. Largely on dental advice the world has turned to this new method.

A few days' use will amaze you. The difference will be noticeable. You will note it. Those with whom you come in contact will note it. You owe clear teeth to yourself. Send the coupon before you forget.

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[THE HEARTBREAK OF A QUEEN]
Continued from Page Twenty-nine

It was planned to have Edward and Alexandra meet at once. Alexandra was packed off to visit her grandmother, the Landgravine of Hesse-Cassel at Rumperheim near Frankfort, while Edward was sent to Germany to observe the army maneuvers, a privilege he would gladly have foregone.

The meeting took place "by chance" in the cathedral at Speyer on the Rhine. Speyer, as you know, is the capital of the Bavarian Palatinate, where in 1529 the religious reformers of the day met and took on the name of Protestants. Architecturally the town is notable principally for its cathedral, a huge Romanesque structure of red sandstone, whose gorgeous frescoes Alexandra was viewing when Edward encountered her.

Queen Victoria of England.

Both of the young people were accompanied by chaperons and aides, but the latter, immediately upon the presentation, stepped away that the Prince and the Princess might talk frescoes and other things without embarrassment.

He was the the beau ideal in bearing and raiment. He had the *savoir-faire* of the man who knows his world. She was shy, almost coy. But she was worth beholding.

A LITTLE less than seventeen, tall, straight, and sparkling, she wore a tiny, close-fitting bonnet with its velvet strings tied under her young chin. A big, hard cape with a collar standing high in the back covered her shoulders and fell stiffly to her waist. Her skirt of crinoline was a prodigious thing, taking on a circumference of twelve feet or thereabouts. Her waist was wasplike, as fashion dictated, and so voluminous and sweeping were her petticoats, one had to take it for granted she had feet.

The Prince wore side whiskers and the harsh formal clothes of the young man of that day.

He was delighted with Alexandra and showed it. The frescoes thoroughly inspected, the Prince and Princess parted. They met next day in a glove shop in Heidelberg where the Prince quite outdid himself in his addresses. His first words were Romeo's:

"That I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek."

She tapped him with her fan—ladies did that then—lowered her eyes, and blushed.

The actual betrothal did not take place until September, 1862, at Windsor. To Lady Paget Edward confided, somewhat oddly for a young man whose interest had been so signally piqued a few months before:

"Now I will take a walk with the Princess Alix in the garden, and in three-quarters of an hour I will escort her into the grotto, and there I will propose. And I hope it will be to everybody's satisfaction."

They were married with vast pomp and circumstance on March 10, 1863, and Alexandra found herself as popular as Edward, but less promiscuously. The very nicest people followed her lead in clothes and manners; whereas the more populous gay world—particularly the men thereof—acknowledged Edward as its beau ideal.

Being constantly under Victoria's eyes was not an easy life. England, eager for court splendors and tired of the austere grayness of Victoria and Albert, looked to Alexandra to inject sparkle into the official life of London; and Alexandra, fully alive to the possibilities opened by this rich marriage, was quite prepared.

Edward, too, was overjoyed at the prospect—more than willing that he and his bride should take over the more spectacular business of royalty. But Victoria became querulous; she manifested distinct feelings of pique. The riotous welcome London had given Alexandra had not pleased the Queen, who inspired respect but not enthusiasm.

Alexandra, Princess of Wales, in an elaborate gown with the prevailing "bustle."

Alexandra found Victoria's attitude hard to understand. She was the naive country girl, new in the great city, and dazzled by the lights, the crowds, the noises, and the splendor. Why should anyone be unkind to poor her?

All London realized that Victoria was jealous before it dawned upon Alexandra. And then Alexandra was frightened. Victoria had been a mighty monarch while she was doing chores around Gule Palace. Alexandra had been taught that the most dreadful possibility in one's life was to incur royal displeasure. And she now found the Queen of England, her mother-in-law, morose, snapping, and all but discourteous.

Victoria belabored her with interminable and dull lectures upon conduct and behavior—how she should act, whom she should encourage and whom she should discourage, what to do with Edward when he manifested a desire to roam. It would be Alexandra's fault, Victoria intimated, if Edward were to do anything his father and mother would disapprove of. A wife (particularly the wife of the future King of England) had but two missions: to bear children and keep her husband aright.

Poor Alexandra tried. Surely no woman's wifely deportment could be more secure from reproach. But Edward was no "home body" as Alexandra was to learn. What with his mother's inability to condone in anybody else tastes she did not share, and Alexandra's surrender to her will, Edward seemed to feel outside sympathy necessary to his complete happiness.

SUCH was the anomalous position of Alexandra when the first great crisis of her career arose to confront her.

In previous pages of this narrative I have told of the infatuation of the Danish King for the former Parisian milliner, Mlle. Rassmussen, which finally moved the powers to choose the man who would rule Denmark after the death of the childless Frederick.

It would have been a delicate sentiment had the diplomats who met in London in 1852 selected Alexandra's father, Prince Christian, because the latter was a direct descendant of King Christian III, the sixteenth-century monarch who led his people out of the havoc of religious wars.

But neither this naive motive nor, apparently, any especial aptitude for statescraft on Christian's part moved the powers to make him Frederick's heir apparent.

King Edward VII as he looked shortly before his death.

Their eyes peered past him at his six children who were needed for the royal marriage market of Europe.

Royal marriages have always been difficult to arrange, as the poor health of many sovereigns testifies. They were especially difficult during the middle of the last century, because the powers were even then busily creating the Frankenstein monster of intrigue which sixty years later was to bring on the World War.

To the Danish provinces of Schleswig and Holstein, Prussia looked for an outlet to the sea, perhaps even then foreseeing the strategic value of the future Kiel Canal. It had, indeed, taken covert steps to acquire this territory; and hoped by royal marriage to cement friendship with England—a treaty having been rendered impossible by English popular opinion. Yet the marriage of Edward and a Germanic princess—besides holding the prospect of sinister complications with Russia and France—threat-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

This OIL *exclusively for Fords* gives 8 *definite economies*

Note to Liberty Readers: **Every reader of Liberty Magazine who owns or drives a Ford car will be keenly interested in the story told on this page. It describes a new way to make your Ford operate more smoothly and with greater economy—a method that more than a million Ford owners have already approved.**

PERHAPS you have never read the simple explanation of how your Ford is lubricated. This is something you should know about—because it reveals an important fact that has caused many thousands of Ford owners to change their habits of buying oil.

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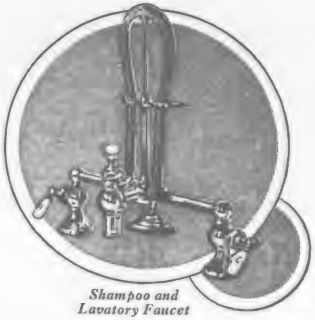

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY]

ened a renewal of the British public's hostility to the Crown which had marked the opening years of Victoria's reign.

Accordingly it became England's duty at the London conference to have an eye to Edward's future as well as to the fate of Denmark when Death, at its pleasure, should put an end to Frederick's gay career.

When the negotiations were concluded, France and Russia accounted themselves successful. In 1848 Alexandra's father had helped suppress an insurrection in Schleswig which Prussia had inspired, and could not be accounted, in consequence, to have perceptible Germanic sympathies—yet Prussia had seemed reconciled.

NOT until twelve years later, when Christian had barely settled himself upon his throne, following Frederick's death, and Alexandra had been eighteen months a bride, did Bismarck reveal the true nature of his coup, with one of those bold, dramatic, and ruthless gestures which earned him the *nom de guerre* of "The Iron Chancellor" and made him master of Europe.

Relying upon his knowledge of Victoria's character, Bismarck presented Denmark with an ultimatum which involved either the surrender of Schleswig and Holstein, or war.

Both because Alexandra was the Princess of Wales and because there was a great popular outcry in England against Prussia's cold aggression, Christian expected support and elected to fight. When, however, Prussian troops invaded his territory, and he appealed to the powers for help, none came. Napoleon III was not unwilling to assist him; but the astute Bismarck, still depending upon the German sympathies of Victoria to keep England out of the conflict, offered the Emperor territorial compensation for France's neutrality—which, incidentally, he never paid.

Meanwhile, in the strange great court of St. James's, Alexandra—as was inevitable in the circumstances—was torn by love, uncertainty, and fear. She knew what a desperate gamble her father had engaged in, and to what extent he relied upon her to sustain his hand—not only because her marriage implied a quasi-political alliance with England, but because they were devoted to each other.

But already Edward had begun to tire of the naivete of his Danish Princess. The simple pleasures that seemed so delightfully engaging to Alexandra fatigued the Prince as heartily as his mother's interminable lectures. Toward him the scintillant Paris, the scene of so many fascinating nights of gayety, was extending beckoning arms; and Alexandra, whose ears had at first been deaf to scandals, was beginning to realize the real nature of her situation.

Had she been by nature less a wife and more a mistress, had she not recoiled with all the horror of which she was capable from the thought of lending her beauty to seduction, she might have exercised over Edward the power which, in the hands of other and less scrupulous women, has so often left its imprint upon the destiny of nations.

Alexandra in the days of the crinoline.

But her weapons—the obvious weapons of a sweet and simple womanhood—had been dulled in her first conquest; and now that her real extremity had come they failed her.

Before her, too, stood the grim Victoria, descendant of a long line of Hanoverian kings, whose consort was the Prince of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and who would hear of nothing anti-Prussian. Lacking Edward's support, Alexandra omitted even to make a gesture, notwithstanding Victoria's own ministers were outspoken in her father's cause.

King Christian, with shattered hopes, sued for peace after the first passage at arms, and Prussia won a gateway to the sea—the first essential step in a long program of conquest.

Alexandra forfeited two more opportunities to influence history. In 1866, when Bismarck made his Seven Weeks' War on Austria, the masses in Denmark and England seethed with anti-Germanic sentiment; and again in 1870, when Germany brought about the conflict with France, the English people would have sanctioned aid to Napoleon. But Victoria—unfortunate, short-sighted, and self-opinionated Victoria — prevailed against the combined wisdom and sentiment of her country; and Germany forged onward toward the zenith of its greatness—and the great war in which both England and France fought for their very existence.

That it lay within Edward's ability to comprehend the evil portent of his mother's policy is revealed by the aptitude he later showed for statecraft. For it was Edward who concluded the ententes with Russia and France which determined the alignment of powers in the World War.

Had Edward, under Alexandra's influence, thrown his weight in the scales at an earlier date, his mother might have yielded.

LOOKING backward upon the transactions of Alexandra's early married life, one wonders at Victoria's total want of sympathy for her, as much as at the consequences which her attitude entailed. It would have been more natural for Victoria to have been kind; for there was a certain identity in their experiences.

I refer to the series of scandals of which Victoria herself became the center when she was just her daughter-in-law's age. The scandals which resulted in the unpopularity that overshadowed her rule for years.

The beautiful Lady Hastings, to whom I have referred, was a maid of honor to the Duchess of Kent. Gossip, circulated by several of the ladies of Victoria's bedchamber, made it appear that she was guilty of immoral conduct, and the young Queen's personal physician, Sir James Clark, insisted upon an examination.

For the young woman it was an experience of utter horror. It vindicated her honor, but the combined effects of her ordeal and a later illness caused her death within a few months.

Efforts were made to hush the scandal. It became public, however, when her mother, the Marchioness of Hastings, demanded in letters written to Lord Melbourne, one of Victoria's closest advisers, that her daughter's traducers be punished.

Popular sympathy endorsed her demand, and while this subject was still being vigorously discussed, the Sims incident brought Victoria into an unpleasant light of another color.

The woman, Sophia Sims, ap-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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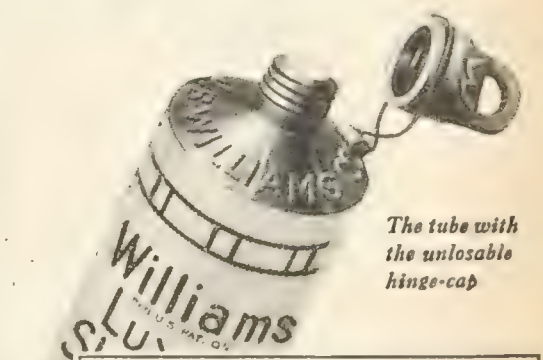

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"ONE WOMAN TELLS ANOTHER"

[THE HEARTBREAK OF A QUEEN Continued from Page Thirty-three]

pealed to the Lord Mayor of London for assistance in proving her claim to be Victoria's sister. Among persons of sophistication her pretentions were not seriously considered; but the common folk, always predisposed to credit stories of the improper, clandestine alliances to royalty, lent ear to the story.

The net result was a cabinet crisis, in which Sir Robert Peel—displacing Lord Melbourne—attempted to form a new ministry. He failed when Victoria refused his preliminary demand to dismiss from her suite the women who had accused Lady Hastings.

The public labeled these episodes the "Bedchamber Plots." It deduced that Victoria had fallen into the power of a little coterie of sinister intrigantes. Sentiment assumed such proportions that riots lasting ten days occurred not only in Birmingham, but in Newcastle, Manchester, Bolton, and a variety of other places in the kingdom.

The suppression of these disorders by the military brought Victoria into further unpopularity, which her subsequent marriage to Albert did little to minimize, because the British public was becoming aware of Germany's increasing commercial rivalry. Nor can there be much doubt that the repeated attempts made upon Victoria's life over a great number of years, were due primarily to the furore which Lady Hastings' death and the subsequent events created.

Yes, it would have seemed that Victoria would have been kind to Alexandra. But the coldness of Victoria was by no means the most ironically fateful of the circumstances that attended the little Danish Princess' career.

What were the romantic escapades of Edward in the United States in 1860? And how were they paralleled by certain adventures of his grandson, the present Prince, during his recent American tour?

Was Alexandra a victim of the "wild inheritance" of the English royal streak, which descended to Edward and made him a wayward husband? These and many other aspects of the late Queen's dramatic career form the material for next week's installment of this intimate narrative.

The royal yacht arriving with Princess Alexandra of Denmark for her marriage to the Prince of Wales on March 10, 1863.

Sandringham House, Queen Alexandra's favorite country home.

"'Gin'ral, get off—th' bonfire is ready,' says some wan. 'Is it in me honor?' says the hero. 'It is,' says the enthusyast. 'Ye'll be right in th' centher iv it.'"

Mr. Dooley on Football

The Furore Over Red Grange Prompts the Famous Philosopher to Recall When Homicide Was Rampant on the Gridirons

A New Series of Weekly Articles Written Exclusively for Liberty

By

FINLEY PETER DUNNE

Pictures by ALBERT T. REID

"I SEE," said Mr. Hennessy, "that th' colledges ar-re thinkin' about abolishin' futball. But I don't believe it."

"I wudd'nt if I was you," said Mr. Dooley. "If th' pa-apers printed th' truth they'd be suppressed an' th' iditors hanged. 'What is truth?' said Punchus Pilate with a laugh. 'I give it up, judge,' said th' iditor iv th' Jurusalem *Vindicator* who was standin' by. 'An' wudd'nt publish it if I knew. I'm not lookin' f'r th' whole popylation iv Judee to sue me f'r libel.'

"Instead iv futball bein' took off th' curryculms iv our univarsities it is more likely ye'll hear that th' futball squad has abolished th' chair iv Sanskrit as tendin' to occupy too much iv th' students' time fr'm study iv th' thriple pass an' make profissyonal Hindoos out iv th' faculty. Thin what's th' throuble about, says ye? I'm very glad to tell ye. That's what I'm here f'r, as th' thrile horse said whin th' champeen hit him. It is a rale pleasure to me to eloocydate th' problems iv th' day to th' dumb masses. Ivry American citizen ought to study an' masther th' gr-reat questions that our naytional existence hinges on, so that he can undherstand thim, or annyhow talk about thim. An' how is th' moron goin' to know onless some wan like mesilf tells him?

"Well thin, th' conthrovarsy started over a red-headed young student fr'm Du Page County—a fellow counthryman iv Judge Gary—who cud tuck a futball undher his arm an' run faster an' farther thin anny other seminaryan in anny county in North America. Nachrally, that made a hero iv him. An' f'r th' first time in his young life he was in danger. It's a bad thing to promote a man to hero whin he's immachure. It's wan iv th' most difficult jobs in th' wurruld to hold. A man has to be aged, tough, an' crafty to get away with it, an' thin be lucky too. Th' rule among our gin'rous people is hero today, martyr tomorrow. Th' stake is just around th' corner fr'm th' reviewin' stand. The popylar idol is no more thin past th' stand whin some wan grabs th' bridle iv th' horse an' says: 'Gin'ral, get off—th' bonfire is ready.' 'Is it in me honor?' says th' hero. 'It is,' says th' enthusyast. 'Ye'll be right in th' centher iv it.' Th' first thing a hero ought to do is to get himsilf fireproofed.

"So it was with Brick Top. In th' middle iv th' autumn whin his fellow colleejans hoisted him on their shoulders it was to show him how much they loved him. But whin they did it in Decimber it was like as not they were goin' to take him down an' throw him in th' river.

"We can always find an excuse f'r makin', or makin' away with, a darlin' iv th' popylace. Th' raison f'r lynchin' Red was that he thried to get a job f'r himsilf suited to his ijacation an' his need iv money. He declined th' chair in Romance Languages at Osawoosa at a sal'ry iv thirty dollars a month. He had delivered ice durin' th' summer, but winter was comin' on an th' ice business, like th' ground hog, was hibernatin'. Th' prisidincy iv th' United States was held down by an old Amherst boy who'd played halfback on th' debatin' team in his day, an' he showed no sign iv givin' it up, so what was Brick to do? A futball star is like an ex-Prisidint—there's hardly anny way he can 'arn his livin' an' keep his dignity. There was nawthin' left open to this hero but a job as profissyonal futball player or sellin' rale estate in Floridy. He was competent f'r ayether. To sell Floridy rale estate a man has to be muscular an' fleet iv foot. He must use the stiff right arm to sell th' lot an' he must hurry to th' bank with th' check.

"Well, sir, th' minyit th' sorrel-top gladyator decided to do something, an' I f'rget now what it was, there was an outburst iv rage fr'm wan end to th' other iv this gr-reat

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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I will give you the same offer I made to Christopher Vaughn, whose earnings have reached *$125 in a week*, and Frank M. Brown, who accepted my offer and was amazed to find that he could make *$27 in one day*. You will have exactly the same opportunity as John Scotti, who started without experience and made *$97 his second week*, and Mrs. K. R. Roof, who, in her spare time, has made *$50 in a week* and *$15 in a single afternoon*. Yes, your chance to make big money will be just as good as these people had. The opportunity is waiting for you. Do you want it?

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Just send me your name and I will tell you how to get started. I will tell you how you can make $10 to $20 a day, or $5 to $8 a day in spare time. This is your chance to get ahead. It should mean thousands of dollars to you. And you are not called upon to risk a penny. You have nothing to lose and everything to gain. So act promptly—write immediately. Don't wait until someone else gets in ahead of you. Don't delay until it is too late. *Mail the coupon NOW*.

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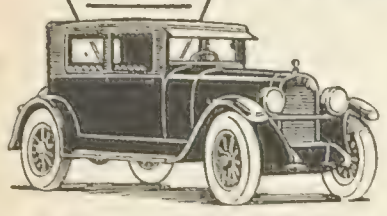

In addition to cash profits of $10 to $20 a day, my proposition offers you a new automobile as a bonus. The car is given to you without any restrictions and becomes your personal, permanent property. Mail the coupon for details of this generous offer.

[MR. DOOLEY ON FOOTBALL Continued from Page Thirty-five]

land. 'It's a naytional scandal,' says th' public. 'It brings discredit on our institutions iv larnin' whose proud boast it's been that they turn out nawthin' but amachoors in ivry line.' Manny remedies were offered to cure this here canker that was atin' into our body politick. Some was in favor iv abolishin' futball. Others iv closin' th' colledges. Billy Borah inthrajooced a risolution into th' Sinit to investigate this cryin' evil, an' th' Prisidint was ordhered be th' Anti-Saloon League to proclaim a day iv fastin' an' prayer to stave off th' consequinces iv this hurt to our counthry's honor.

"It was tur'ible while it lasted. I cudd'nt sleep nights thinkin' iv it. I wanted to raise a fund f'r Red so's he wudd'nt have to dishonor th' ol' flag be doin' f'r money what he'd done all his life f'r nawthin' or swappin' an orange grove f'r a ticket back to Chicago. But it didn't last long, thanks be to Hiven. Like all th' gr-reat questions that shake th' hearts iv th' American people it was soon f'rgot. We pass fr'm wan convulsion to another. We have a fit ivry day about something. Forchinitly, whin we come out iv wan we don't remimber what it was all about. I don't know what Red Grange is doin' now.' But I bet ye that if wan iv th' indignant souls that wanted to have him broke on th' wheel last Novimber if he didn't put on his rompers an' go back in th' ice business, if he met him today wud grab him warmly be th' hand an' say: 'Where did I hear ye'er name?'

"SO futball is safe an' a young man who enters wan iv our univarsities can be pretty sure he's goin' to come out well grounded in th' fundymintals iv knowledge iv what to do in his contact with th' wurruld whin somewan gives him a kick in th' shin. If he can't do anny betther he larns to cheer an' to sing an' to throw his hat over a goal-post—no mane accomplishments f'r a youth who has to make his way in life.

"Annyhow, it's glad I am that th' infuryated pathrites didn't abolish th' game. F'r th' time bein' there won't be anny Nineteenth Amindment to suppriss th' for'ard pass. Ye can't tell what th' next amindment will be about annyhow. It might be wan thing or another. A man who studies th' Constitution nowadays don't bother about what Thomas Jefferson, George Wash'n'ton or Binjamin Franklin put into it. He skips all that hokum an' starts in at th' amindments to get an idee iv what Tom Heflin or Norris or Mrs. Catt thinks.

"But f'r th' time bein' th' game is safe an' th' first pleasant day in October will find ye settin' in th' gran'stand wavin' a flag an' givin' ye'er college yell iv 'Kill him' whin ye'er little Packy hurls himsilf at th' joynt gyard iv th' Christyan Brothers. Ye're proud iv that All-A-rchey road full back. I niver see ye so stuck up about annything since ye led th' A. O. H.'s in th' p'rade as ye've been since that quar'lsome infant got onto th' team. Ye'er fondher iv him thin ye ar-re iv all th' r-rest iv y'r grandchildher put together. Weren't ye in here last year an' I said to ye: 'How's Aloysius gettin' along? That was a fine oration he made on l'avin' school about standin' on th' threshold iv th' sea iv life an' this an' that. What's he goin' to be?' 'Oh, I don't know,' says ye, 'a colledge profissor, or a lawyer or something. His head is that full iv l'arnin' he can't think. Ivry time he thries to ketch a baseball it bounces off his nose.'

"'AN' how's that little ruffyan Pathrick Sarsfield Hinnessy? Is he anny brighter thin he was? Can he undherstand wurruds iv wan syllable?' says I. 'Now,' says ye, 'ye're talkin' about th' flower iv th' flock. Ye'll hear fr'm that boy some day. He ain't much good as a scholar, but nayther was I whin I was his age. But, by gorry, he can kick a futball as though he hated it, an' last year I see him slam a Saint Francis Xavier twic't his size over th' boords on his head an' I don't think th' fellow has come to yet. He's a splindid boy, little Packy. I don't know what he intinds to do whin he gets out iv colledge.' 'Ye needn't bother,' says I. 'He won't get out in ye're lifetime. Both th' charackter iv his scholarship an' his futball will keep him there till his beard is a yard long,' says I.

"If ye want to find whether futball is goin' to be abolished ask ye'ersilf why ye injooced his father to sind him to colledge. Did ye shoot him into th' higher idjacation because ye wanted him to larn about zoophily, parsin', an' th' square on th' hypothesis, an' what Joolyus Cayzar said whin he was killed at Quebec, an' all about Epaminondas, an' who was Marcus Vergilius Ahendabarbus, if I have th' names right, an' that Marathon was a battle whin ye know well it's an annyul fut race that holds up th' throlley cars? Ye say ye did, but ye didn't. Ye sint him there to play futball or baseball or row a boat or run th' hundherd in less thin tin. Whin he comes out he's called a Bachelor iv Arts because he ain't wedded to thim but has on'y been flirtin', but ye don't care about that. It don't get him nowhere. He wudd'nt have anny patients if he hung out a shingle: 'P. Hinnissy, B. A. Arts mended while ye wait.' No, sir, but if he wint into Gargan's bank with a big letter on his

sweater, he'd be put to wurruk sellin' bonds before he asked f'r th' job. An' that's th' objick iv all colledge idjucation. Manny a banker wud be made to ate th' bonds he'd sold if he hadn't disposed iv thim through an old All-America tackle weighin' two hundherd an' twinty-five pounds with a fist on him th' size iv a shovel.

"NO, sir, futball will niver be abolished while th' fathers iv th' land have annything to say about it. They'se no futball enthusyast that's as wild as a man who niver took more exercise in his life thin sprinklin' th' lawn, if he has a boy at colledge. Whin Aloysius come home with spectacles on an' told ye he'd passed th' examination in coonic sections, ye said: 'Splendid. Ye take afther me. I was good in joggerphy, too, whin I was young.' An' thin ye f'rgot about it. While th' day Patsy turned up with stickin' plasther on his nose ye wint through th' roof. 'Who give ye that?' says ye. 'Young Grogan,' says Patsy. 'I'll go out an' hand that rowdy's gran'father a talkin' to,' says ye, grabbin' ye'er blackthorn cane, which is a gr-reat help to conversation on fam'ly subjicks in this neighborhood. 'Ye'll find him in th' hospital,' says ye'er little gran'son. 'What's he doin' there?' says ye. 'I hope th' poor man ain't hurted.' 'He's waitin' at th' hospital till Felix's leg is set,' says the kind little fellow. 'Ye didn't break it, did ye, ye rough young divvle?' ye says, grabbin' him in ye'er arms. 'No, sir,' says Packy; 'it was th' fence did it,' he says. An' that night didn't I see ye walkin' arm in arm with th' assassin past Grogan's house?

"'Twas th' same way at grajation day. Whin I was a boy none iv th' male popylation iver got beyant third reader. 'Twas thought effiminate to go anny further. Th' girls wint right through to be school teachers, but it didn't do no wan good in a blacksmith shop to know how to bound Mitsopotamya. So afther a battle with th' thruant officer mother's darlin' was sint down to Clancy's to pump th' bellows. But nowadays 'tis different an' ye'er humble home is not complete without a warnin' fr'm some colledge that Aloysius Malachius Hinnissy is at large. So I wint to see Aloysius grajated. It was th' first grajation I iver see an' 'twas a good show. I'll say that f'r it. It was a good show an' free. I wanted to see ye'er gran'son put on th' ways an' shoved out on th' sea iv life, but befure his turn come, th' colledge gave degrees to a number iv larned men in th' bankin' business. Th' prisidint iv th' colledge told each wan iv thim why he give him a roll iv pa-aper with a ribbon tied on it, but he said it in Latin an' I cudd'nt always make out what he meant an' nayther cud th' doctors iv laws or annywan but th' pro-fissor iv Latin. An' he wrote it. I remimber in wan case th' prisidint excused th' dignity in some such wurrds as 'Propter donating three thousan' to th' pro-fissors' fund.'

"Jawn D. give no money to th' colledges befure football was inthrajooced."

"I NIVER knew till I seen an' heerd Aloysius why they always say iv a boy grajatin' that he's launched upon th' sea iv life. But that day I see he was exactly like a ship, slippin' down th' ways without masts, spars, sails, propeller, steam, or cargo. Were ye intherested whin he told what th' class iv twinty-five was goin' to do whin it met th' wurruld? Ye were not an' nayther was th' wurruld, which, be this time, has got used to these threats. Whin he'd finished his challenge ye were in a hurry to get over to th' futball field. 'Wait a minyit,' says I. 'Don't be in a hurry. What's that he's got on his head?' 'A mortar board,' says ye. 'Come along.' 'Can't ye wait till he gets

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The Curl Stays in My Hair

When I Use the Lemon Rinse

By MADGE BELLAMY

"After I shampoo my hair a curd from soap is left on it which rinsing with plain water won't remove. My hair is sticky and limp, and will not retain a wave or curl as most hair should do.

"My way is this: I add the juice of two California lemons to an ordinary washbowl of water and rinse with that, following with a clear water rinse. All of the soap curd is taken out immediately. A mild and harmless acid in the fruit does it. My hair is really clean, soft and lustrous. And the curl stays in it."

Madge Bellamy

Most beauty shops know this, so they advocate the California Lemon Rinse. Millions of women who wash their hair at home employ it. Practically all moving picture stars in Hollywood depend upon it.

Try it next time you shampoo. See how it improves your hair.

MADGE BELLAMY
Well Known Motion Picture Star

How To Do It

Add the juice of two California lemons to an ordinary washbowl of water (about 4 quarts) and rinse with this, following with thorough rinse in plain water.

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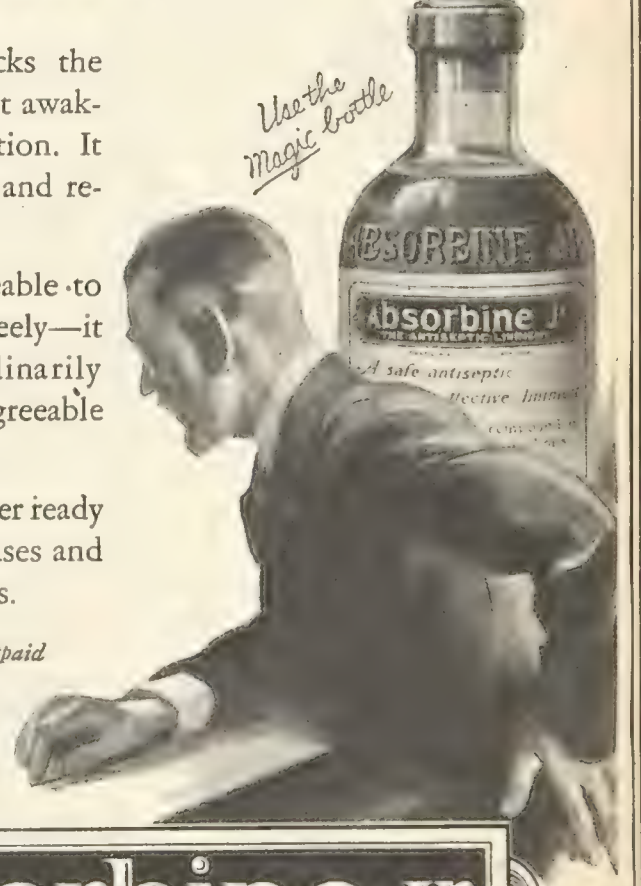

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[MR. DOOLEY ON FOOTBALL
Continued from Page Thirty-seven]

his hod?' says I. But ye didn't hear me pleasanthry but towed me over to where Patsy was practicin' signals, thim bein' th' on'y form iv higher mathymaticks th' hope iv th' Hinnissies iver took an inthrest in. An' there we stayed till dark.

"I'm with ye on all ye say about that infant. He takes to assault an' batthry with th' nachral eagerness iv his race an' fam'ly. Th' on'y dhrawback to it in his mind is that in futball it's legalized.

"No, sir, th' on'y rale inthrest th' American public has in th' univarsities is in futball. Ye can bet on that. Whin th' young fellow grajates no wan looks to see whether he's got a bunch iv keys iv th' Pi Upsy Omadhon on his watch chain, but if he has a letter on his sweater he's welcome ivrywhere.

"An' that night didn't I see ye walkin' arm in arm with th' assassin past Grogan's house?"

"IVRY year we—I say we, Hinnissy, in a ginral way—give millyons iv dollars to th' higher ijacation. Most iv it comes fr'm th' rich or onijacated classes. Th' grajates are reluctant about partin' with annything but song an' cheers f'r Almy Mather. It takes a revival meetin' with th' dure locked to injooce a former inmate to donate actual cash. Jawn D. Rockyfellyer, who was sellin' kerosene be th' pint whin Hogan was armavirumqueing, give as much money to th' Chicago Univarsity as wud lave ye or me free to knock off wurruk f'r a year an' th' on'y mimber iv th' faculty that I iver heerd iv is Pro-fissor Alonzo Stagg, a larned an' scholarly man.

"Jawn D. didn't mind whin th' pro-fissor in Agyptology pulled a boner in thranslatin' th' epytaph on King Tut's tomb; 'Accidents will happen,' said he smilingly, 'in th' best regylated business.' But he was much humilyated whin his little Baptists were tumbled be th' followers iv George Fox on th' futball field. Jawn D. give no money to th' colledges befure futball was inthrajooced.

"TH' thruth is, Hinnissy, that most iv us, aven those iv us who niver went to colledge, ar-re onijacated. We think: 'A little larnin' is a dang'rous thing. What must a great dale be?' As a nation we are intilligint, but we don't know nawthin' an' we don't want to. How can ye prove to wan iv our merchant princes that four years in a dormitory at New Haven will make a young man more compitint to sell tires? Ye can't.

"Iv coorse we're ashamed iv our ignorance. But all th' time young Cy is off burnin' th' midnight oil or th' dean's woodshed, ol' Cy is puzzlin' to know where he's goin' to get his money back. But whin he sees young Cy's name in th' pa-aper runnin' th' futball eighty yards, he says to himsilf: 'That's a gran' game. It's th' kind iv spoort that makes an active, aggressive American business man. An' it's good advertisin'. Whin son grajates I'll put him on th' road.' If ye ask anny l'adin' go-getter who's his ideel American, Prisidint Eliot or Hinnery Foord, he'll say Prisidint Eliot, but he'll think Hinnery Foord. An' Hinnery niver passed a colledge without feelin' faint an' he don't know whether it was Benedict or Matthew Arnold that bethrayed his counthry or was it Arnold Winkelreed? Which iv th' two wud you rather be?"

"Well," said Mr. Hennessy, "if I had Foord's money, I'd rather be Eliot."

"Ye cudd'nt have wan an' be th' other," said Mr. Dooley.

Short skirts and legs and the sprightly grandparents of today furnish Mr. Dooley with a rare target for his humorous shafts in the next issue of Liberty. The genial Irishman is at his best in this article on "Youth."

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Saw the Soft White Beauty of Her Underarm

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MANNEQUIN

By FANNIE HURST

A Serial of a Girl's Destiny and the Law

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

THE first day of the trial, it had almost seemed to Orchid that she must drown in the sea of faces—the faces of the crowd that filled the courtroom to bursting.

This trial, in which Orchid Sargossa was accused of murdering Terry Allen, was the tragic climax in a life of vicissitudes. Kidnaped from her parents, John and Selene Herrick, as a baby—brought up in a New York slum—mannequin in the big importing firm of Drecotte's, she had at last found happiness when she fell in love with Martin Innesbrook. Martin was a young journalist, nephew of Max Innesbrook, who owned a chain of newspapers.

Orchid and Martin planned marriage when the younger Innesbrook was taken on by his uncle to write a series of articles condemning American juries for refusing to convict women killers.

Then Terry Allen—hard-drinking, a young bounder—came into Orchid's life. She loathed his advances. One evening, despite her protests, he drove her home in his car from a May-day fete at which she had worn a unique French frock. A frock that had a jeweled dagger as a shoulder ornament.

On the ride home Terry grew more persistent in his hated love-making.

After Orchid had slammed into her boarding house, leaving him outside, and had undressed, he entered her room through the window. A struggle! Terry pitched forward to his death on the point of the jeweled dagger. It was an accident. But the police thought it plain murder.

Ironically, Martin's articles, asking stern justice for women murderers, had fanned public prejudice to white heat and were likely to prove the greatest obstacle to Orchid's acquittal.

Poor, desperate Orchid felt a gleam of hope when the girls from Drecotte's were ordered to the stand. They might tell something about her real relations with Terry.

"GOOD God, girl, help me!" cried Deneen, showing Orchid the newspaper cuts of herself—trying to make her understand the wisdom of wearing the black dress.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

ONE by one the mannequins came to the witness stand. Toto and Cyd and Denise and Myrrh. Usually only for an instant. A "yes." A "no." But what they said in just the "yes" and the "no" made things seem so different. It was as if suddenly, now, clouds were coming up on every side. And Orchid, as though anesthetized through it all—numb—unable to feel that

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MANNEQUIN
Continued from Page Thirty-nine]

anything mattered. It was simply incredible. All this. Simply incredible.

Myrrh felt that she must thaw. She must thaw. Must tell them the truth. For Martin. For herself. For the jury.

Myrrh had just sat as stiffly as if hypnotized, answering without taking her eyes from the terrible district attorney's. How he barked. How he meowed. How he twisted up his face. To frighten.

POOR little Clarice had looked so bold and painted to the jury. But she had wanted to cry. Of pity. And of fright. Orchid could tell, the way her nose quivered at the corners. The district attorney barking so. All of them, bold, painted, naughty-looking girls. Wanting to help and yet, by their very externals, gaudy and naughty. The clouds coming up. Ah, there was Martin. Now. Now. Dear Martin, you tell them—dear Martin—you tell them—why didn't they let Martin talk?

Objection—objection—objection sustained. Why, they were not letting Martin talk. Just the yeses and the noes. Poor Martin, in his flurry, in his worry, tossing himself so about in the chair and throwing out a gesture, only to be caught up—held there—silenced there—only objection sustained—objection sustained—never mind, dear. As if it really mattered—only there were so many things—so many things that Martin should have told them. And now Martin was only a next. Martin had had his say. "That will be all." And they had not let him have his say. How white Martin was. How pastily, frighteningly white. "Next!"

Mrs. Emanie Snuggs. Why, there was Mrs. Snuggs, who kept the rooming house—all in black taffeta, looking like an embalmed woman who had stepped out of her coffin into the midst of the wake. Mrs. Emanie Snuggs.

Now, what was Mrs. Snuggs to talk about?—why, about you, of course. What Mrs. Snuggs was going to say would be about you. And why was Martin looking all white again in that terrible, that pulled way of a lace curtain on the stretcher? Dear Martin, he had done his best, wanting to testify. Only Deneen and the district attorney—they fought so—and the objections—the objections sustained. Just "Yes." Just "No." Why? Why? And now, here was Mrs. Snuggs.

"Indade, sir, not to be wantin' to answer except whin I'm spoken to—thim was goin's-ons. For a woman tryin' to run a respectable house, thim was——"

"At what time did you first notice high words and disturbance in the room of the defendant?"

"It's hard to say, sir, what time they got goin' that night of April the second. I was a-sittin' over a midnight cup of tay in my sittin'-room, sir, and all of a sudden over my head, like to split it, like they was jumpin' divils, I——"

"Could you identify the voice of the defendant here?"

"I could that, sir."

"Were any other of your lodgers or neighbors disturbed by the sounds from the room of the defendant the night of the party in question?"

"There was complaints comin' in to me all of the nixt day and a crowd a-gatherin' that night out on the sidewalk."

"Then what happened?"

"Bein' a self-respectin' woman, known foi runnin' a respectable house, I——"

"To the point. Then what happened?"

"I wint up whin the noise got deefenin' and knocked on the door."

"Did the defendant open it?"

"No, sir, nobody opened it, the noise bein' that deefenin'."

"Then what did you do?"

MARTIN stood outside the cell, with stripes down his face—sootiness—stripes which were bars between them.

"I opens the door and walks in."

"What did you see?"

"Such goin's-ons, I'm too respectable a woman to——"

"Did you see the defendant?"

"The who?"

"Miss Sargossa?"

"I did that."

"What was she doing?"

"She was a-sittin' in Mr. Allen's lap—God rest his soul!—and—and——"

"And what?"

"And he was a-rockin' her like a baby and—and——"

"And?"

"And she was a-clappin' her hands paddy-cake against his chist."

"That will do. Next."

"Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh, Mrs. Snuggs!" Orchid, before she could control it, calling out, reaching out, pleading out.

Gavel. Gavel. "Order in the court."

IT was terrible. Orchid's hands could not clutch tightly enough. To sit there with the hot irons gouging into her and turning her around and around on them like the fowls on spits in the rotisserie windows. As if the stretched face of Martin and the lighthouse eyes of Mrs. Herrick didn't make it unbearable enough, there were the bloated faces of the sea. Sniggering out there. But it was terrible. There must be a way not to hear any more. It was as if she were a hunted thing. Looking here. Looking there. Twisting her handkerchief. Letting her eyes dart along the double rows of the jury box. The walrus. The tomato and the Slatt. The immobile jury box. The craning forward jury box.

The doctors. Two of them. One of them looked like Shakespeare and the other like a potato on two toothpicks. They kept talking and drawing with their forefingers in the air and—no, no, no!—there was the ornament—the rose quartz and filigree gilt dagger—the ornament—no, no—take it away! Something was closing down. The doctors. Allen must have been stabbed, the doctors were saying—lying face up—dagger plunged in—Mr. Allen must have been stabbed. Martin's face was all pulled by the curtain-stretcher into just a smear, and Mrs. Herrick's eyes—the eyes that had been lighthouses—were going out. Mr. Allen—Mr. Allen had been stabbed. . . .

"Mr. Allen, if you please, had *not* been stabbed!" cried Orchid, rising and striking out. "You see, it was this way——" rising and swooning as she rose.

The rushing, as of water. . . .

THAT was the night that, by hook and crook, by means of a hired motor car that broke down at Yonkers and a bribed farmer's truck the rest of the way, Martin, by more hook and crook with servants, back stairs, and the horn-rimmed glasses riding down on a nose slippery with perspiration, managed to walk in upon his uncle, just as that personage was pacing a garden path behind the hothouses with Celeste, before turning indoors for bed.

"Uncle, what luck that I've caught you!"

"How the devil!" said Max Innesbrook. "Must have climbed in like a poacher." And then, "Umph! Umph!" And walked on, with his hand plunged into the front of his coat like Napoleon, and without turning his head as he spoke.

"Father—it's Martin!"

"Can't see him tonight. Turning in. Sorry. No argument."

"But, uncle——"

"No argument."

"Father," said Celeste, patting his arm and mouthing. She was a little in love with Martin. Always had been, but with the willing kind of hopelessness that can characterize women like Celeste and her sisters and mother. Celeste gloried a little in being hopelessly in love with Martin.

"Father, if Martin has come all the way——"

"I've got to see you, uncle. About something almost as important to you as to me."

"I suppose another matter of life and death?"

"Yes."

"Some more of your fine quixotic, idiotic schemes to buy up editions, eh? When I told you to get out, those two or three times, you came to see me like a madman. What probably did not penetrate was that I meant you to stay out."

"Celeste, tell your father to quit talking to me as if I were a damn fool."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

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The pen that you want *most* is the pen that will write the *best* for you. Wahl Pens are made first of all to write exceedingly well. They have perfect balance, extra ink capacity, and a solid gold point tipped with precious iridium, so that in your hand your choice of them will prove the easiest, smoothest, nicest writing instrument you ever held √ √ This finest of fountain pens is offered you in a variety of materials and styles, in solid gold and sterling silver—gold- and silver-filled—and hard rubber, black, red or mottled √ √ Grecian, Dart, Colonial and many other lovely patterns, in sizes ranging from the big "balloon" type to the ladies' miniature, that holds a heartful of endearing little words in a single filling √ √ And in Wahl nibs precisely the point that is suited to your hand: fine, medium, stub, oblique and Wahl standard Signature. All of Wahl quality, which means all there is of good design and lasting durability in any fountain pen. At Wahl Pen and Eversharp counters everywhere

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MIAMI, FLORIDA

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40 Miles of Water Front

GEORGE E. MERRICK

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A different box indeed, for a different girl—and Valentine's Day affords the opportunity.

APOLLO CHOCOLATES *are made by* F. H. ROBERTS CO., 128 Cross Street, Boston, Mass.

a holiday's Apollo day

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY]

"I'll quit when you are worthy to be talked to in any other manner."

"Father!—Martin!"

"If you will let me come into the library, uncle, for five minutes and talk with you, I'll promise you that either I'll get out at the end of that time or you'll be begging to put me up overnight."

"Father, five minutes——"

"I object to your manner of coming here as if to bullyrag some old ogre. If you've anything to say to me, say it out here and say it quick."

"I'll go in, father."

"Stay where you are, Celeste. If what he has to tell me isn't for your ears, I don't want to hear it."

"It's about this article here in my briefcase, uncle."

"You and I don't discuss any more——"

"I've just finished it and rushed out here with it on the chance that I'd catch you and give you first opportunity. Here it is, uncle. I want to give you first wallop at it. For the Innesbrook chain."

"Keep it and thanks. I've had about all the editorial cowardice out of you that I can take care of. I suppose tomorrow morning you'll come mewling around trying to buy it back or buy up the morning editions. You've a damned impudence even to approach me after——"

"Uncle, it's a big man will admit to a change of heart. I haven't changed my mind; I've changed my——"

"Yes, any idiot will undergo the kind of change you did. Lost your nerve because—don't go, Celeste—because of a ragtag of a woman you're mixed up with."

"Uncle, if you weren't almost fifty years older than I——"

"FATHER, please——"

"Bah! It wouldn't surprise me if a gang of low-lives and murderers should turn out to be your running mates."

"Uncle, a man's respect for gray hair can go only so far. Don't goad me to—to something I'll regret."

"You've already committed journalistic suicide in a manner to regret all your life. Looks rotten to me. No other way to explain what took place the night you came mewling out here to me like a raving, tearing lunatic. Recall editions. Steal manuscripts. Buy back—that finished me with you."

"I hope you don't mean that, uncle. This article here——"

"You can keep. The fact that your series has had a big success doesn't warrant me in continuing negotiations with a madman. I suppose, next, you will not only be wanting me to renege on those articles of yours, which happen to have caused pretty much of a ripple, coming right on top of this Sargossa-Allen case, but you'll be asking me to print some on the importance of taking into consideration the peculiar psychology of women murderers——"

"That is exactly what I want you to do——"

"Well, I'll see you further than Sam Hill saw chicken thieves before I'll stand out here in the damp night air and talk to an idiot."

"WHAT chance, uncle, has a woman in the courts of this country if the psychology of the moment is one that is too meticulously going to take into account her sex—and convict her *because* she is a woman, where before——"

"Stirred up a forest fire, haven't you, and now want to put it out. Should have had more foresight than to get yourself mixed up with a gang of——"

"—where before I wrote those damned torches of articles the tendency was to do just the opposite. I'll be guilty of that woman's murder if she's convicted, and it looks to me like she's going to be, unless the tide of hysteria I've kicked up is stemmed."

"You've turned the tide, all right."

"That woman is on trial today before a jury of men who are afraid *not* to convict her."

"Possibly."

"Well, uncle, this article will square that. Have you the guts to print it? Are you big enough to come out and admit that you've turned the scales too far?"

"You——"

"If you aren't, then, by God, I'm going with this article, under my signature, over to the Cavannagh papers and let them shoot it in the New York *Tattler* and sixty-five papers the country over. I don't care if it makes you editorially a nincompoop. I don't care if it means I am committing journalistic hari-kari. What I do care about is the justice of getting this message to the people before a human life is sacrificed to a passing and overheated mood of public psychology. Be big enough, uncle, and take the plunge. If I'm willing to do it under my signature, are you willing to——"

"You dirty, scalawag backcrawler. You can take your article and go to hell."

"I'll go. But not there. I swear, so help me God, if you don't print this article I'll make you ridiculous the country over by contradicting myself and you, under the name Innesbrook, in your greatest rival papers—the *Tattler* and every other paper of the Cavannagh chain."

"You can get the hell out of here and——"

"Father!"

"Take your turncoat, slobbering articles with you. And if you don't understand that I'm through with you, I'll post sentinels at my gates to impress you further. Now, you get out. I don't know what your game is. I suppose you're in cahoots with the woman, and, by gad, I don't even care about the disgrace of that. I never expected much from you, and I might have had enough sense to know that what I finally thought was real ability was only a flash in the pan——"

"Father!"

"At least your father was an idealist who kept his head high. Yours is in mud. Now, you go to your gang. You get out of here and you get out fast. I'm through. I'm finished. You got yourself tied up with this mystery-woman-murder business and now you have to go out and square yourself with your gang. You get, young fellow, and get quick.

"Celeste, open that door. And you, young fellow, see to it that you're off these grounds and pretty damn quick, too."

"Father, couldn't Martin use my little roadster to get back to town?"

"Go up to bed."

"I'll get, as you put it, uncle. There is nothing much I can say to you without lighting in and saying things I'll have cause to regret. Only you hear me out this far: You have a closed, mean old mind from being surrounded by 'yes-yes' every minute of your life. And when you wake up out of your tight-fisted sleep tomorrow morning, every Cavannagh paper in America, from the New York *Tattler* to the West Coast *Times*, is going to be running this story. It'll cost me pretty nearly everything, I guess, except—well, except something that you won't understand. It'll cost heavy, but I don't give a damn. I'm going to get it printed."

"MR. ALLEN, if you please, had not been stabbed!" cried Orchid. "You see, it was this way—" rising and swooning as she rose.

II

IT was the day. The terrible day. To Wilder Deneen it was as if he had been talking against the granite side of the image with

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

Thousands say of this book:

"This is just what I have always wanted!"

Simply Mail the Coupon

A FEW years ago a young business man penetrated the inner sanctum of a famous New York newspaper editor and said: "You know so much about life, tell me what is the matter with me. I can't read worth while literature. For the past two weeks I've been trying daily to read the works of Carlyle, yet I—"

"Stop," exclaimed the editor. "Have you ever tried to eat roast beef three times a day, seven days a week? That is what is the matter with your reading—you need variety, *daily variety*. Then you'll find the reading of immortal literature one of the most thrilling pursuits of your life. Yes, and the most profitable."

Everybody knows that in the reading of the masterpieces is the surest, quickest way to broad culture. It is more broadening than travel, for it reaches more countries than any one could visit in the longest lifetime.

But where to begin is the question. There is such a multitude of famous writings. We have only enough time to read the most important ones.

The Tremendous Problem

Even if we do make a start at reading, the next question is, How can we keep it up? How can we avoid monotony? How can we get the daily variety in reading that makes the minutes speed by like seconds? This has stopped thousands of would-be readers. They have started to read; they have fallen by the way.

It is the question that baffled educators, brilliant men of letters, University presidents, editors of magazines and newspapers.

And then, recently, suddenly, by a stroke of consummate genius, a group of the most famous men of letters did strike upon a plan which threw open the doors of literature's treasure house. It made reading of the worth while things one of the most entertaining of pastimes.

Thousands Acclaim It

The inspiration that came to these men was a Daily Reading Guide—an outline which would schedule for each day's reading an entertaining variety of prose and poetry, of fictional writing and historical description, of the world's finest selections of flashing humor, of penetrating pathos, of masterly eloquence.

This variety was so arranged that the selections fall upon anniversary dates in each reader's calendar. Thus on July 14, the anniversary of the Fall of the Bastille, the reading is from Carlyle's History of the French Revolution. Or on February 12th, you read Abraham Lincoln's whimsical and little known account of his own life, and some of his important speeches. Each day is full of such timely interest.

The Daily Reading Guide requires only twenty minutes of reading a day. It is for busy men and women. One year's reading brings you broad culture.

Already this Daily Reading Guide in book form has solved the reading problem of thousands. They praise it for the pleasure and the profit derived from it. It is found in the library of the millionaire and on the table of the student—man or woman.

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In the interest of good reading it has been decided to distribute a limited edition of the Daily Reading Guide to all who apply. You are asked only to help defray the expenses of handling and mailing by enclosing 25c with the coupon. The Daily Reading Guide, bound in rich blue cloth with gold decorations and containing 192 pages with introductory articles and essays by the famous editors, will be sent to you entirely free of all other costs or any obligation, present or future. Accept it in the interests of your pleasure.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

silence carved into its face, after the hours and the hours closeted with Orchid in the cell of cot-bowl-and-bucket, that evening before she was to take the stand. An imperturbable image without porousness.

Orchid felt it, too. Wanting so desperately all the while to heed and to feel and to profit. But locked in the granite. Locked in the granite of not being able to care.

They wanted her to wear the black dress, where her neck came out so clearly and so whitely from the cut-away square. All right. But as if it mattered. There were newspaper pictures of her, it seemed, in the black with the square-cut neck. Hadn't there been talk somewhere, though, about just that? Remotely back, somewhere. Sex appeal in justice. Women can get away with murder. Of course—she and Martin! Screen around the ankles. It wasn't nice to wear the black with the square of neck. But why? It was so hard to think. Poor Deneen, showing her the newspaper cuts of herself and trying to make her understand the wisdom of wearing the black dress that, somehow, made her so small and so very, very white. So pitiably small. . . .

"GOOD God, girl, help me. Cash in on your God-given points. You've got to counteract, with all the personality appeal in the world, these articles that have so stirred up public opinion. You're innocent and you must look it. You're beautiful and you must show it. You've legitimate weapons and you must use them. Now let the district attorney yodel and scream and dervish his way through this trial. We've the firm, cold, dramatic material of truth."

Yes. Yes. Yes. Of course. Poor Mr. Deneen. The hours of the drilling and the rehearsing for the drama. The drama of the big scene. The big scene of taking the witness chair. O, God, let me care enough! Don't let me fall to little pieces. Let me care enough what happens to me.

The rose-quartz dagger had been plunged in, said the wise doctors. The doctor who looked like Shakespeare. The potato-of-a-doctor-on-toothpick-legs. Help me to make them see, O God—the twelve of them from the waist up—that it was not like that. I turned him—face up—you, out there—bloated sea—you in the jury box—waist up. You hear! If only I had not turned him. But I didn't know, you see. He lay there so—still—oh, Martin—dear Martin—can't you help me—I'm so tired—Martin, dear . . . so tired . . ."

Martin had written something. There was talk about it. Clank. Clank. In the corridors. Outside the cell where Martin stood, with those stripes down his face—sootiness—stripes which were bars between them. Clank. Clank. Deneen was surprised and elated. He came hurrying in and the talk beat about so. Something quickening had happened. Deneen spread open the *Tattler* and you tried—tried—you tried to be interested. You tried to care enough to read—enough to listen——

The something that accelerated everything at the last minute was what Martin had written. There were two editions of the morning

Tattler sticking out of Deneen's side pocket and the one on the cot in the cell. It was nice that Martin had written the something quickening. If only it were not so hard to care. So hard to care.

. . . . .

Couldn't. Couldn't. Couldn't drag in the legs that were made of granite. The granite legs of the graven image. The legs that were to lead to the witness chair.

"You have nothing to fear. With your simple and straightforward directness, you are going to tear down the structure of false evidence that has been built up against you."

You have nothing to fear. You have nothing to fear. That was right. How could one to whom nothing meant anything have fear? And yet Martin, dear, dear Martin, with his face pulled that way on the stretcher, and the dear, dear eyes of the Lighthouse—there was pain to fear for them.

III

THERE had never been such a sea of faces. The boiling sea of the faces being pushed back by the officers with clubs. Figures like flies that clung to the high window-sills. Smell of humanity. Rushings. Comings. Goings. The running down aisles of the clerks and the stenographers and the court attendants. The buckling and the unbuckling of briefcases. Scrapings of chairs. The sea of the bloated faces, boiling, this morning, in a kind of high tide. The high tide of expectancy. The high tide of climax. The high tide of the defendant about to take the chair.

The State versus *Orchid Sargossa*. Fancy that! The great big State.

DENEEN whispering. Deneen whispering: "Keep your pluck and your nerve and your head and remember you have the situation in your hands. Tear down their false testimony. Remember every high spot. Emphasize. Don't forget, dear Miss Sargossa—please—please—don't forget the incident of why you sat on Allen's lap that night. You were dragged there. You were struggling, by beating him against the chest, to get free from where he had forced you. Fight back against the lying old landlady's testimony. Make them see the way you rolled him over. Lay your heart bare. You are your own best defense, Miss Sargossa. Fight. Fight your way into the twelve hearts of your twelve jurors."

Fight. Fight. If only there were a way just to crumple and lie down and sleep and wake up somewhere far—in a garden—the garden of a Davanzati Palace—far away—away.

The district attorney was shouting again. It was horrible. His shouting. He was all screwed up like a howling dervish.

Who had plumped you down so in the yellow oak chair with the arms? Of course. The witness chair. The sea of the boiling faces. Not boiling any more. Stagnant. The wet lips of the women, stagnant. The faces of the men propped on collar points. Stagnant. The boiling sea that had stopped like a frozen sea. Martin, don't let them jam you so against the wall. The eyes—don't let them go out in the frozen sea. Deneen. Let me be! I know what I want to say. . . .

"Your honor—your honor—this is the whole, the simple, the terrible truth of the way the—thing happened."

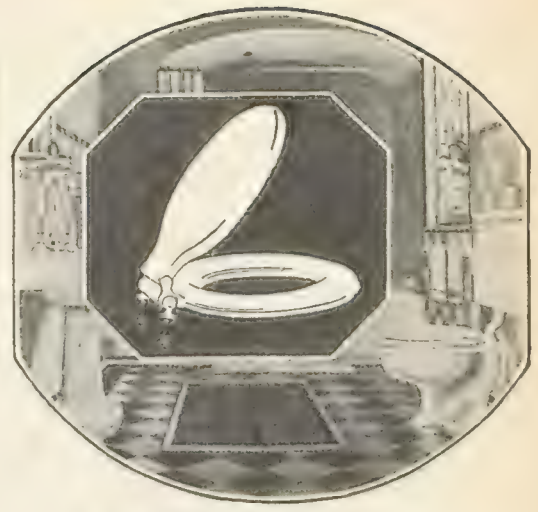
There was somebody sitting down in the middle of a cistern, talking in such a cold, clear, hollow-sounding way. It was you, sitting in the middle of a cistern, and the cistern was the frozen sea.

"You see, your honor, my whole life has been—you might say a—my mother, as you know—my mother—as you know—somehow, while she was good to me—she—she was not—she was not—what shall I say?"

"Go on, Miss Sargossa; you are doing very well."

Drone. Drone. Drone. What would Mr. Deneen do and say? Orchid was forgetting. All the coaching. Where to be dramatic. The part about the Parma violets for Cyd and the evenings in the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



A bathroom luxury everyone can afford

IF YOU lived in one of those palatial apartments on Park Avenue, in New York City, where you have to pay $2,000 to $7,500 a year rent, you still couldn't have a better toilet seat in your bathroom than they have—the Church Sani-White Toilet Seat which you can afford to have right now.

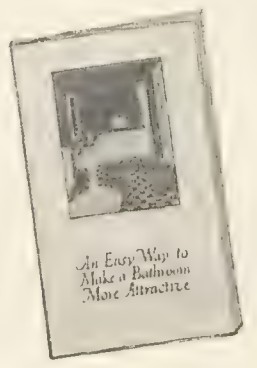
Adds new beauty

THE improvement in appearance made by a spotlessly clean, all-white toilet seat is certainly surprising. Its beauty and refinement are qualities every woman wants in her bathroom—a room she can be proud to have guests use.

The Church Toilet Seat is all-white and stays white permanently—a sanitary seat that washes as easily as porcelain. Its white surface is neither varnish, paint nor enamel, but a durable sheathing as handsome as ivory. It won't crack, splinter, chip, wear off or stain. You can install it yourself on your toilet in a few minutes and easily take it off and reinstall it if you move to another house or apartment. Obtainable at all plumbers.

SEND FOR "An Easy Way to Make a Bathroom More Attractive"

THIS is the title of an attractively illustrated little book of sixteen pages just off the press, that tells the story of the interesting way in which one woman discovered how to make her bathroom more attractive. If you have sometimes wished that your own bathroom looked a little more attractive, this book will certainly be of value to you, and it is FREE. Send for a copy, together with a free sample of Sani-white Sheathing. Tear out the coupon now and mail today. C. F. Church Mfg. Co., Dept. 01, Holyoke, Mass.



Church Seats
sani-white
LOOK FOR THIS NAME ON UNDER-SIDE OF SEAT

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Dept. 01, Holyoke, Mass.
With no obligation on my part, please send a free copy of your book, "An Easy Way to Make a Bathroom More Attractive" and a free sample of Sani-white Sheathing to:

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Street .....
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A Sweet Heart For Your Valentine

WOULDN'T someone's heart beat just a little faster for you if this gay red box of *Artstyle Chocolates* arrived on good Saint Valentine's Day?

From the tip of its perky satin ribbon to the last delicious chocolate, this *Artstyle* package will plead your cause. Let these luscious confections of chocolate, nuts, creams and bonbons be your offering on this day of valentines.

Artstyle Chocolates are so good because they contain onlythechoicestingredients. Moderate in price too. Sold only at Rexall Drug Stores.

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The Rexall Store — Stockholder United Drug Company

You will recognize it by this sign
Liggett's are also Rexall stores

[MANNEQUIN
Continued from Page Forty-seven]

reference rooms. Orchid wanting to feel enough to cry for the jury. And only talking to the judge instead. So simply. So very simply. The big, kind, impartial eyes of the judge. As if he had trained them like two faithful watchdogs to be held in leash. The leash of any possible emotion. Oh, dear Mr. Deneen, don't be angry. I want to be dramatic. Only I am sitting in a cistern talking to the judge, and no other words will come. The simple words of the simple truth. Told simply. Isn't that what you said? Don't you think they will understand? The walrus, the tomato, and the Slatt? Sing-a-song-of-sixpence—no, no, no! As I was saying, your honor . . .

.

WELL, there you were, out of the yellow oak chair, and Deneen was whispering and patting your hand and the sea of bloated faces was full of the flutter of handkerchiefs.

"I forgot. So much. Please, Mr. Deneen—I couldn't think—I couldn't see—only, maybe the judge, he—he knew——"

"It's all right. You did better than the dramatic thing. You did the simple thing."

Why, the Eyes—the Eyes out there—the dear Eyes of the Lighthouse were shining. Shining with wet. And where was Martin? Martin was gone from where they had him pinioned to the wall.

And now! Bang. Bang. Bang. The district attorney. Summing up. Martin, where are you? I need you now. He's summing up. Bang. Bang. Bang. The twisted face. The screwing face. The twisted, screwing face, untwisting. Making everything horrible. Why, those words — those words were Martin's words! Your words and Martin's words! The words you had planned out together.

> "Give the woman murderer her chance to take her punishment like a man. What is sex equality if not that? Don't let the women of this country literally get away with murder. Let the woman of today stand and fall on her own. She will have more respect for you. The women of America must secretly despise the male jury. They must laugh up their sleeves at the spectacle of a judge ordering a screen placed around the ankles of the fair defendant. You men, you citizens, you fathers of families, can you sit back and not only see yourselves made ridiculous but your government travestied and the well-being of this democracy imperiled on the rock of sex? Two doctors have told you, gesture by gesture, how this woman plunged a rapier into a moving, beating human heart—the heart of a man. Is sex equality a joke?"

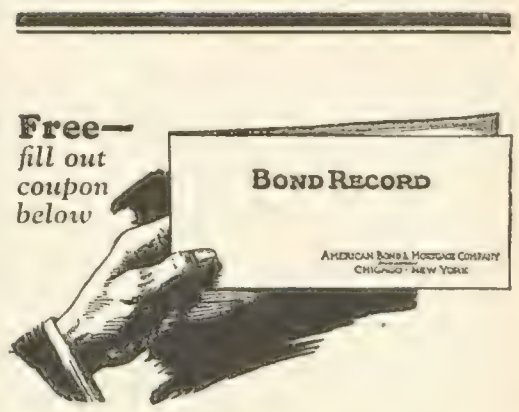
Why, Martin, Martin, those are your words! The words we talked out together back there in the dear, old, strangely remote days. Martin, is that what you call the pyre you built under us? Those are our words, dear. Isn't it fine that the district attorney—everybody—should be quoting you!

And now Martin had written something else. In the rival newspaper. The *Tattler*. That was strange. But everybody was talking about it. What was it everybody was talking about? Bang, bang, bang. The district attorney was still summing up. One must listen. The terrible district attorney. Shouting so at the jury. The frowning jury. The nervous, almost trembling jury.

> "Men—you! This is a case of justice, not sex. See that you do not fail your sense of duty, of honor, and of fair play by condoning this murder just because it was committed by a woman. If this woman goes free, you are as guilty as she is."

AND now, Mr. Deneen. You dear man. Up there near the witness chair, where I just was. Pleading for me. Thank you—oh, thank you! I wanted to tell them that, but I forgot. I wanted them to know the horribleness of Mr. Allen holding me down on his knee, not like Mrs. Snuggs said—I was beating him, not patting him; beating him to get him off. Dear Mr. Deneen, tell them. I was—I was too full of shame. Tell them, too, how I rolled him over — I told them, but you tell them again; you tell them again and again. How I rolled Mr. Allen over. Tell them about my Nana. Poor old Nana. Maybe that would help. Dear, good, kind Mr. Deneen, all of the things I couldn't tell them down in the cistern, tell them about for me. Oh, Mr. Deneen, make them believe—God, you make them believe!

Life—or death? The whole of Mannequin has been leading up to the great scene which lifts this serial to a towering climax and settles Orchid's fate. You'll find this scene in the concluding installment, in next week's Liberty. Don't miss it.



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As part of our service to investors we have prepared such a booklet in convenient pocket form, for listing securities to show maturities, rates, denominations and normal tax paid. A copy of this Bond Record Book will be sent on request free of charge. The supply is limited and the demand is active.

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RIDING the Engine OF THE 20th CENTURY

A rush and a roar, with a thrill every second in the cab of the world's most famous flyer

By PAUL KINKEAD

WHEN I was about twelve years old Sennet Barker, engineer on the "branch" which connected my home town with the rest of the world, let me ride with him down to Russell's. Coming back he permitted me to sit in the driver's seat and pull the throttle back a little. Gee! I was scared, afraid to move the lever more than one notch; and the thrill that came when the engine lurched forward with a little more speed never has been forgotten.

The other day the same thrill came back as I rode in the engine of the most famous train in the world—the Twentieth Century Limited—and sped around mountains, through tunnels, over bridges, around breath-taking curves, and through big cities on the run from New York to Albany.

I suppose almost every person has longed to ride on a locomotive, especially on one pulling one of those traveling hotels that flash across nearly half the continent in less than a day and link East and West.

You cannot all ride in the engine. In fact, if the railroads were to permit everyone who wanted to ride in the engine, the trains would have to be all engines, with no passenger cars.

I was lucky enough to be one of the half dozen persons who have received permits to ride in the engine of the Twentieth Century, most of the others having been moving-picture stars, Presidential candidates, and other prominent persons.

"Looked like a bank clerk"—Charles Chase, dressed for guiding the electric engine of the Twentieth Century.

"The REAL THING in railroading"—Johnny Daniels, engineer, and Jacob Kisselbach, fireman, of the Twentieth Century Limited.

Pitt Hand, the publicity man of the New York Central, fixed it for me. Pitt is the listening post of the New York Central. He listened and, after a time, gave me a little yellow slip of paper with a few words scrawled on it.

That yellow slip was better than a stateroom reservation with all the extra fares paid. It took me straight through gates and to places where ordinary passengers are reminded to "git t'ell outa here."

Far up at the head of the first of the three sections in the Grand Central Station—twenty-seven cars in all—I found Charlie Chase, the engineer who was to take the first section on the first lap of the run to Chicago. I had been told Mr. Chase was an engineer and was surprised when I met him. He looked like a pros-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Only 75c NOW
For a Pair of BOTH

Ustikon Soles and "ReNu" Heels

This Cuts Your Shoe Repair Bills to Almost Nothing

For while most shoes will outwear two sole and heel renewals, costing about $4.00 (about $1.50 each time for soles and 50c each time for heels)—Ustikons usually outwear the shoe and are easily applied by anyone to any shoe, old or new.

Put up in a combination package containing both a pair of soles and a pair of heels—complete with Solefix cement which puts them on to stay.

You'll Like Them; Invisible in Use, Lightweight, Waterproof, Non-Slip

Men's only, 4 oz. per pair

Child's, adapted to either flat or heel shoe

Women's Featherweight, only 1 oz. per pair

Ustikons retain leather next to the foot with tire tread rubber for real foot comfort, better health and greater wear. They save wearing rubbers, prevent catching colds, save slips on pavements, relieve nerve strain.

To Salesmen

You can make good money on whole or part time selling Ustikons to established stores. Also opening Ustikon stores and Auburn business in your district. This is a real sales opening. Write in quick. Give references. Send an outline of your sole and heel with a dollar bill and we will send you a pair to wear and another pair to show—so you can start right in.

To Everybody

If not on sale in your stores just send a pencil outline of the shape of your sole and heel—with 75c men's, 70c women's, or 60c child's (check, silver, stamps—or you can pay postman). We'll send a pair of both soles and heels postpaid. If not pleased, money back if you want it.

AUBURN RUBBER CO.
Dept. 11 Auburn, Indiana

Makers of Super Quality Tires and Tubes

[RIDING THE ENGINE OF THE 20TH CENTURY Continued from Page Forty-nine]

perous young architect or bank clerk. One doesn't expect to find engineers in neat sack suits with buttonhole bouquets, or wearing derby hats.

PRESENTLY Charlie glanced back, caught the signal, and, pulling a lever, started. With nine heavy cars behind us, we moved as easily as an automobile starts. A steady movement, without a jar. Then, almost before I realized it, we were gathering speed. Less than a minute later we plunged into the tunnel under Park Avenue and roared northward under buildings and towering apartments.

The light shining down from the sun of a perfect autumn day through the openings at intervals in the tunnel roof gave an effect of a flickering movie film as we rushed along. Five minutes, then far ahead a white light shone, with red and green signal lights around it. The white light grew and spread, and suddenly, with a change of tone, the train roared out of the tunnel into daylight.

The rush of the electric engine was as exhilarating as the flight of a climbing airship, without the noise. We took the curves across the Harlem River, slowed slightly at the maze of tracks where the Central and the New York, New Haven and Hartford part ways, and, twisting and winding along the river bank, sped on.

A glimpse through a little valley extending from the hills—a flash of Sleepy Hollow, with the old Dutch church and the graveyard beyond—the old Manor House, the bridge of the Headless Horseman.

Waiting at Harmon, ready to pull that all-steel caravan, was a battery of three monster locomotives, one for each section of the Century, puffing slowly as if they were athletes drawing deep breaths before a race.

I was in luck. The engineer who drew me as his more or less welcome guest was "Johnny" Daniels, a veteran, although he cannot be past fifty-five, with clear, steady eyes. His fireman was Jacob Kisselbach, who shovels coal every two or three minutes from Harmon to Albany.

Here is the *real* thing. No business suits or derby hats—this is overall work. Maybe there is more power and a more steady drag in an electric locomotive, but romance and steam go together.

I climbed, it seemed, fifteen feet up the side of that monster and secured a perch behind the fireman on the left side of the engine. The only orders were to sit tight and not speak to the engineer. We backed up, coupled, and Daniels opened the throttle slowly. A little slip of the wheels, a catch, a slight jar, and then slowly, and with gathering power, the Pacific began to settle to her stride.

We were running through some of the most beautiful country in the world. Across there, under the grim gray walls almost built into the cliffs, is West Point. That little dot over there is the island where Arnold crossed in his effort to betray his country. Over there, on the sloping hillside, the stone house where Washington had his headquarters for a year.

A composite description of the ride would be: lurch, jar, lurch, clatter, a long roll, an instant of steadiness, a leaning as the train tears around a curve, over and over again, always with that streaming line of steel flowing toward us.

Under the great span of steel connecting Anthony's Nose with Bear Mountain I glanced up at the human flies on that steel web framing the Hudson, and with a roar we plunged into the tunnel.

Those short tunnels had a queer effect upon me. It was like seeing a shell alight near by and opening one's eyes just as it explodes. The engine plunged into a dark hole, shivered, and then burst out into the mellow afternoon daylight.

In the cab of a racing engine one sees the fireman or the engineer pull down on a lever, sees a sudden cloud of steam, and hears a faint, quickly passing whistling

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

TRAIN LANGUAGE

HERE are some of the whistle signals that make up the language of trains. The engineer uses them to talk to trainmen on the train and at wayside stations. The conductor, through his signal cord, uses them to talk to the engineer. Listen for them the next time you are traveling and see if you can recognize them.

Two short blasts when the train is standing still—Start.

Two short blasts when the train is running—Stop at once; the emergency signal.

Three short with the train standing—Back up.

Three short when the train is running—Stop at next station.

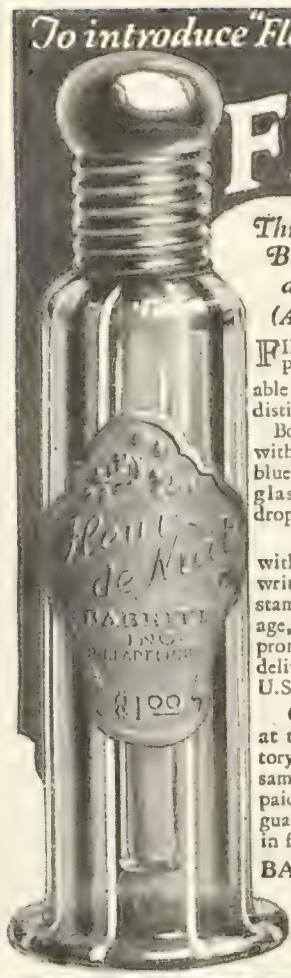
Four short with the train running—Reduce speed.

Five short blasts while running—Increase speed.

Six short blasts with the train running—For heaven's sake give us more heat; the passengers in the sleepers are kicking. (This signal is given on the cord pull by trainmen.)

Two long and two short blasts—Approaching a grade crossing.

To introduce "Fleur de Nuit"
FREE



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FILLED with Fleur de Nuit Perfume, the new, fashionable odor — exotic, charming, distinctive.

Bottle is of crystal clear glass with vertical stripes of sapphire blue; gold-finished cap; ground-glass stopper and special dropper; regular price $1.00.

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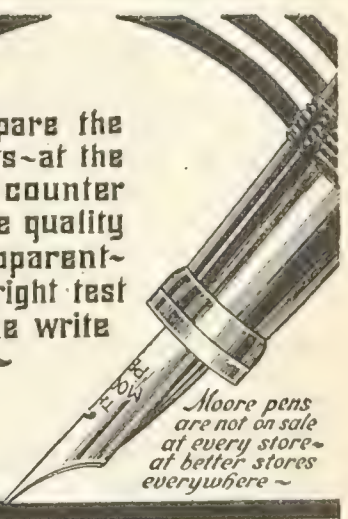

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Sent postpaid in U. S. for $3.50

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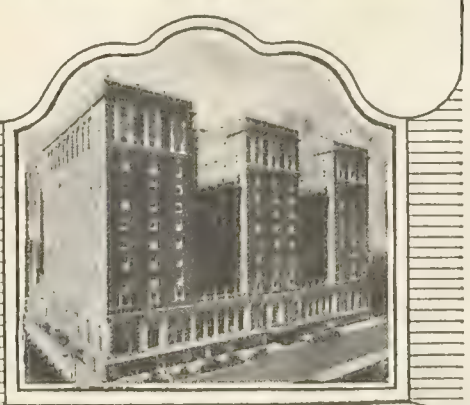

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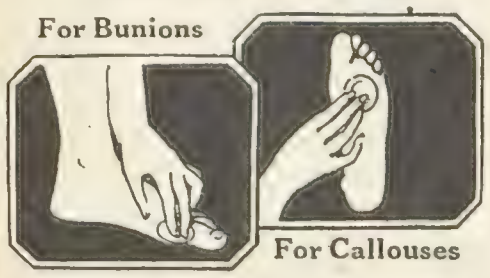
Easy to apply. Careful people everywhere now follow this **new, safe, sure** way. You can get Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads at your druggist's or shoe dealer's. For **free sample,** address The Scholl Mfg. Co., 213 W. Schiller St., Chicago.

Special Sizes for Bunions, Callouses and Tender Spots

For Bunions



For Callouses

Try this safe, antiseptic treatment for painful bunions, callouses and tender spots See how quickly it stops the pain and clears up the irritation.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

"Put one on~the pain is gone"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY]

sound; but the shrill screams of warning that arise frequently from the engine's whistle and startle the countryside are almost inaudible to one in the cab.

THE majority of signals are messages from conductor to engineer, or vice versa, although most of those the public hears are warnings.

There is another sensation that makes the cold chills come to the greenhorn riding on an engine, and that is taking water on the fly. The water is taken at full speed from long, shallow troughs between the rails. The fireman, sighting ahead, lowers the scoop at the exact second the flying train gets to the trough. As the scoop dips into the water there is a jar, a shiver which shakes the whole train, and a sudden slowing of speed. At the end of the trough, after hundreds of gallons have been forced into the tank, the engine leaps forward again as if refreshed by the drink.

It is amazing how many folks are traveling these days. Before we reached Harmon and changed to steam power we jarred past the New York and New England express, and within what appeared to be only a few miles around Poughkeepsie we jarred past the Metropolitan, the Knickerbocker Special, and the Lake Shore Limited. I speak of it as "jarring past." That is exactly the sensation of two trains rushing at each other—a sudden jar, a rolling of the engine, a clattering roar—and your own engine seems to bound ahead again as a football player does after shaking free from a tackle.

We had passed six fast trains—and two more, we knew, were rushing on toward New York—when we struck the long, straight run from Hudson up to Albany. The Century was slowly increasing its speed.

The hills receded to the east. Ahead was level country. The river, instead of one majestic channel between mountains, was a series of channels, with low green islands, lagoons, and widening stretches.

The rolling and lurching of the engine became less as we shook free from the hill barrier and stretched out for the run. Far ahead, a steel network against the glowing sky, was the great Castleton cut-off bridge, spanning the Hudson. The engine speed had crept up and up until the rush was one long, breathless period, like the steady flow of a great wind at sea.

The speed was close to seventy miles an hour and seemed less than when doing fifty-five around the curves on the lower river.

And then, out of the North, came the express known as the New Yorker, rushing cityward almost as fast as we were going away from it.

The line of steel along which the iron-shod wheels were hurling us seemed to end right at the hole in the misty half darkness from which the New Yorker was pouncing upon us. For an instant I was paralyzed. I turned eyes toward where Johnny Daniels was sitting. He had not moved.

An instant later, with a sudden lurch sideways, followed by a reverse stagger, a screaming roar, and a whirring noise, we ripped through the gathering night past the New Yorker. I gulped and tried to look unconcerned, glancing guiltily across the cab, and was relieved to find neither Daniels nor Kisselbach had noticed that for an instant I had been nearly scared to death.

THE shadows were growing longer as we raced under the Castleton Bridge. The train roared on toward the maze of tracks and switches opposite Albany. The train still was running sixty miles an hour, but the changed sound indicated that the power was being slowly eased off. The speed dropped to fifty miles as we swung around the curve to ascend the bridge approaches and an instant later we rolled up onto the bridge—with Albany, already lighted, before us.

The sky over the hills to the west was a glow of red and pink. The lower edges of the clouds were rimmed with the red of dying peat fire. The sun had set, but the fire from below still shone upon the clouds. The mists had settled upon the Hudson until, as we rolled with slowly decreasing speed over the bridge, we seemed to ride upon fleece clouds.

The flare of torches marked the terminal. Half a dozen drug stores seemed to line the tracks, so numerous were the signal lights. An instant later we rolled into the train shed, almost through it, and stopped—while from my perch I gazed down into the busy streets of the city and the swarming platforms of the station.

"All right," remarked Daniels. "Nice run—twenty-eight seconds ahead of time."

And that night, when I closed my eyes and tried to sleep, I kept rushing on and on, riding the choo-choo, and waking surprised to find the bed stationary.

THE END

A lovely Valentine is Jane Cowl

JANE COWL, beloved actress, receives hundreds of Greeting Cards on St. Valentine's Day from her admirers.

From all over America they come, these Valentines—proving that Romance is not dead, in this hustling commercial age, and that deep down in our hearts is just as much sentiment, and just as much desire to express it, as in the good old days when every gallant picked some lovely lady for his Valentine, and paid homage to her on the merry Saint's day.

What a delightful custom! And how fitting that we should send Valentines—not only to our friends and relatives, and of course, to the children—but to those we admire—the writers, the artists, the actors, the singers, the musicians, all who have given us happiness and inspiration through their artistry, and to whom we surely owe some debt of gratitude.

In fact, it has become an accepted social custom to use Greeting Cards regularly in the countless little amenities of life.

We have prepared a book which gives authoritative information on these points of etiquette—and which, in addition, includes fifteen pages for lists, arranged most conveniently. It is sponsored by Anne Rittenhouse, the well-known social arbiter. Send 25c for a copy. The Greeting Card Association, 354 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

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Enclosed is 25c. Please send me, prepaid, "The Etiquette of Greeting Cards."

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The Secret of Health at the TIP of Your Tongue

By EILEEN BOURNE

There Are Thirty-two Good Reasons Why Everyone Should Read and Follow This Advice

Muray Studios Photo

Miss Brenda Bond, movie-picture star, whose "Perfect 32" helped her to a quick rise to fame.

WITHIN the next decade, it is predicted, the perfect thirty-two will supplant the perfect thirty-six as the important numeral in measuring female loveliness. At the present rate of reducing, it may be that all of feminine persuasion will be perfect thirty-sixes by that time. So another criterion necessarily would have to be assumed. In any event, the perfect thirty-two is the more desirable standard since it represents a perfect set of teeth. Thirty-two sound, white, gleaming jewels set in firm, pink, healthy gums.

The prediction is ventured on current evidence that the past indifference of a general public is quickly being replaced by a feeling of pride in the possession of a beautiful set of teeth.

Not so many ages ago the smile of a man or a woman was not considered a menace to social or business success if it disclosed a filmy cloud, a mended incisor, or even a brightly gilded cuspid. Today you are a social pariah doomed to that pyorrhea gallery where hang the mouth-covered photographs of four out of five of our millions of American citizens—unless your parted lips disclose teeth of pearl and gums that vie with coral.

Such is the march of dental progress, with a healthier, happier, and certainly a more beautiful world as its goal.

Years ago teeth were treated as though they had no relation to the rest of the body and could not affect the general welfare of the individual. Modern bacteriologists, physicians, and dental pathologists have proved beyond shadow of doubt that dental infections are closely allied to disease of the body and responsible for serious ills in many cases.

The Mayo clinic, world famous for its high standards and conscientious treatment, requires a thorough investigation of the mouth of every patient. Infections must be eliminated and the mouth put in proper condition before any other treatment is undertaken. Other conscientious physicians include in their diagnoses a careful investigation of the condition of the mouth and teeth. Life insurance companies insist upon examination of the mouth before considering an application a fair risk. Large industrial establishments employ dentists to examine and treat the teeth of employees, thus preventing loss of time through illness.

So much for the recognition of teeth in relation to health.

As to success, business or social, neglected teeth are a humiliating exhibit of bodily neglect. Anyone who is careless in a matter so intimately connected with his own interests is very likely to give the impression of negligence in other matters. One cannot fail to associate unhealthy looking teeth with a general carelessness in the conduct of business and social affairs.

As to beauty—who can resist the smile made radiant by a row of dazzling white teeth? A face otherwise unprepossessing is immediately transformed.

We know that our modern diet, lacking in vitamines and calcium salts, is largely responsible for decay of teeth and for that scourge of our time, pyorrhea. We know that important constituents of our food are destroyed by fabrication, refining, and intensive cooking; that our epicurean taste for highly concentrated foodstuffs deprives our grinders of exercise and our gums of natural stimulation. We know that primitive peoples living under natural conditions and subsisting on coarser, hardier foods are practically free from dental caries and pyorrhea.

A historical review will readily disclose that the ravages of dental disease increase in proportion to the advance in civilization. Dental ills were unknown among the Egyptians

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-FIVE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE FIFTY-TWO]

so long as their diet consisted of vegetables, fruits, and esculent roots. Pyorrhea became rampant among them, as well as among Greeks and Romans, simultaneously with the introduction of elaborate cooking and excessive feasting.

DECAY of the teeth is rare even today among peoples who live in remote spots, inaccessible to commerce or untouched by civilization, where the diet is confined to the local supply of food simply prepared. The staple foods of African negroes, the Maoris of New Zealand, and some of the South Sea Island natives consist of native fruits and grains and the roots of plants. The teeth are depended upon for a final preparation and, therefore, are given considerable exercise. Among many of these people, fresh water after every meal is a habit — in some cases, a tribal custom.

Immigrants coming from the agricultural sections of Europe have strong, healthy teeth, caries being the exception rather than the rule. Their diet consists mainly of coarse food, plenty of vegetables and fruit. Their bread is dark and never eaten fresh. White flour and refined sugar are luxuries indulged in on very rare occasions. Many state that they have never used a toothbrush.

If everyone in prenatal, childhood, and adolescent periods of growth could have adequate food which provides tooth substance, and if in adult life the diet consisted freely of hard chewing and fibrous foods, there would be little need for brushing the teeth.

But until errors in our modern diet have been radically changed and food is selected, manufactured, and prepared according to the needs of the body, it will be necessary to resort to artificial means to prevent the common diseases of the teeth from which civilized man suffers today.

The best results are obtained by giving the teeth the right care every day, supplemented with treatment by a dentist every six months.

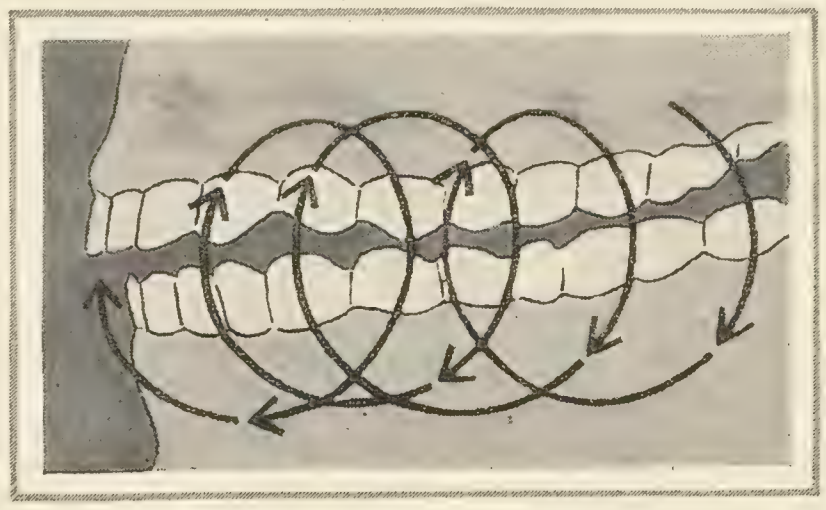
Every self-respecting individual owns a toothbrush. Not everyone, however, knows how to use it to counteract the bad effects of a soft diet and to encourage the healthy flow of blood in the gums.

The brushing of the teeth has a double purpose. First, it removes the soft deposits which gather around the gum margin, between the teeth, and in defective places, and, secondly, it increases the blood circulation in the gums and other mouth tissues.

There are a number of good toothbrushes on the market. Rather a stiff brush with uneven bristles well set apart is desirable. Some make the mistake of trying to use a brush too large for the mouth on the theory the larger the brush the more thorough the work.

Dental hygienists urge the purchase of several toothbrushes at a time and alternating daily in their use. This gives each brush a chance to dry thoroughly before being used again.

A traveler in India observes that the Hindus brush their teeth every day and never twice with the same toothbrush. Their religion teaches them to cut a twig from a special tree that has an astringent sap, and to use one of these with plenty of water. Their teeth are white as ivory.



The proper way to brush one's teeth.

THERE are many reliable tooth pastes and powders on the market. Your dentist can and should advise you about these and recommend special dentifrices and washes for diseased gums and pyorrhea.

Dr. Alfred C. Fones, pioneer in oral hygiene work and firm believer that clean teeth will not decay, established in the public schools of Bridgeport, Connecticut, a system of mouth hygiene that reduced dental diseases there to a minimum. He advises you to brush the teeth four times a day—before breakfast with clear water, after each meal with a tooth paste or powder. As most of the decay takes place during sleep, he cautions that the teeth must be clean and free from food before going to bed.

Brush two minutes each time, two minutes by the clock. It takes two minutes of brushing properly to stimulate the gums and thoroughly cleanse the teeth. Do not use pressure with the brush. A fast, light stroke is best. Do not brush the teeth crosswise.

In brushing the teeth there are four surfaces to be considered: The outside surface of the teeth and gums of both upper and lower jaws. The inside surface of the lower teeth and gums. The inside surface of the upper teeth, the gums, and roof of the mouth. The chewing surfaces of the teeth and posterior ends of the arches, upper and lower.

Do not brush the teeth crosswise. The crosswise motion does not successfully remove food particles from between the teeth, nor does it give the gums the needed stimulation.

PLACE the toothbrush inside the left cheek and on the upper gums and make the brush go backward and downward to the lower gums, then slightly forward and upward, until it has traveled a complete circle. This circular motion must be done rapidly so that the gums will be stimulated and cleansed of food. Keep up this fast circular motion and brush all the teeth on the left side, as well as the front teeth.

Then brush the right side with the same circular motion, reversing the circle if found more convenient.

Brush the roof of the mouth and the inside gums and surfaces of the teeth with a fast in-and-out stroke, reaching back on the gums as far as you can go. Go back and forth across the roof of the mouth with this in-and-out stroke at least four times.

Brush the inside of the lower teeth and gums with the circular motion. Then tip the handle of the brush up and give an extra brushing to the gums back of the lower front teeth.

Lastly, brush the teeth with an in-and-out stroke on the chewing surfaces, as the food must be removed from the grooves or fissures of the molars.

Because four-fifths of the decay of teeth takes place on the surfaces between the teeth and on the chewing surfaces, the practice of using dental floss is strongly recommended as a final precaution.

If it is inconvenient to brush the teeth during the day, the mouth should be rinsed out, particularly after the luncheon meal. A glass of orange juice or an apple will cleanse mouth and gums.

Even after the most conscientious brushing there may still remain on the surfaces of the teeth or between them a gluelike deposit known as mucin. If this is not removed, bacteria will gather there. A mouth wash should be used. Lime water is one of the most effective solvents known.

When tartar accumulates on the teeth it should be removed by a dentist. This hard deposit irritates the gums and is among the most common predisposing factors of pyorrhea.

THE END

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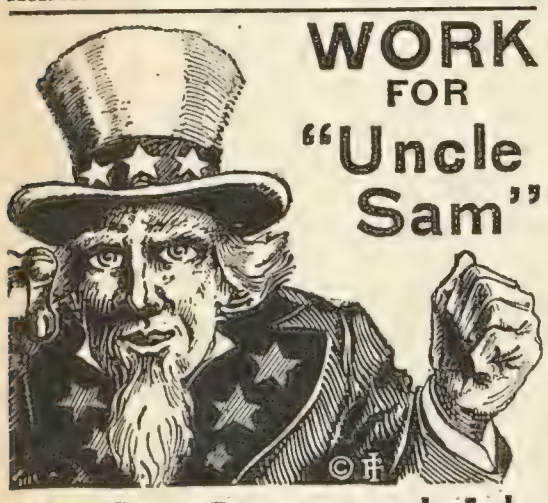

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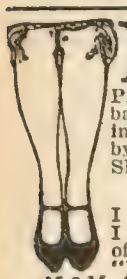

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HATRED—

She leaped to her feet. "Kill it," she said savagely. "If the chance comes to you, kill it without mercy. If you find it sleeping crush its head with a great rock—as you would a snake."

"What is this thing?" Harries demanded. But again she was silent. . . .

LOVE—

The hand which he held tightened about his fingers, gripped them, pressed them so that he winced. She drew him toward her, then, suddenly, thrust him away.

"I love you," she said fiercely, "so that I could kill you if you did not love me in return." . . .

. . . She sat erect, head back, tense, vibrant, hands pressed to bosom; the posture of a woman who gives herself to love.

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Sharp Tricks in SPORTS

By Hugh Fullerton

Pictures by Harold Lund

ON the tenth green he had a mere four-foot putt and was about to make it when his opponent suddenly slapped the calf of his leg and uttered a half-suppressed "Ouch!"

MORE games are won by trickery in modern sport than by any other means. Whether it is called "psychology," or "outsmarting them," or "goat getting," the net result is the same. Whatever name it may be called it is sharp practice or trickery, and calling it "generalship" does not change the fact that it is accenting winning as the chief end of sport. The idea that the game is the thing, that it is better to lose with honor than to win by trickery, is commencing to be old-fashioned in American sports.

Much of the criticism heaped upon sports, especially football, is due to the fact that the critics, particularly faculty members, realize something is wrong. They charge that it is "overstressed," that too much emphasis is put on athletics. The professors would get further in their campaign if they knew more about what actually takes place.

The ethics of the prize ring, the baseball field, and all professional sports is invading the amateur field. The ethics of each sport differs. The ethical standards of each nation in sport vary. It is ethical in a lumber-camp fight to stamp on the face of a fallen foe with hobnailed boots. It is unethical in golf to take a deep breath while an opponent is putting.

The varying codes of different sports offer a wide field of opportunity to violate the spirit of a sport without transgressing the letter. The increased and still increasing importance of winning financially, and in the field of publicity has encouraged the spirit of winning at any cost. To quote one football coach: "To hell with them moral victories and defeats with honor! Give me a winning team."

The use of what is called "psychology" in games has enabled coaches and players to get away with violations of the spirit of sportsmanship more than any one thing.

It has been used for a long time in professional sports, and not called by that name. Billy McCarney tells a yarn of how he used it as effectively as ever a Münsterberg could.

He was managing Battling Nelson, and "Bat" had a habit of not training hard when he thought his opponent was easy. He was matched to box, in a small town in Illinois,

Desire to Win Is Driving Athletes Dangerously Near the Foul Line.

a tough, rugged boy, without much reputation, but with a dangerous right hand. "Bat" figured on winning easily and scorned the idea of training, so on the night of the fight Billy had visions of his champion being knocked cold by a second-rater.

He determined to use a little psychology. Knowing that neither the boxer nor his "rube" manager knew him by sight, Billy got a black Prince Albert coat and a pad of paper and bustled into the dressing-room where the opponent was dressing for the battle.

"I'm from the coroner's office," Billy announced in deep tones.

"From where?" asked the startled boxer.

"Coroner's office," said Bill. "Mere formality, of course, but we have to do it. Of course, you never should have gone into this; but you're in and I hope nothing serious happens."

"What?" asked the boxer.

"Now," said Bill, "your full name, please."

The boxer gave his name tremblingly.

"In case of fatal consequences whom shall we notify? Your mother, eh? What is her name and address?"

Having secured the information Bill shook hands solemnly, said he hoped it would not result fatally, and walked out.

That boxer spent six rounds covering up and running away and when he finally got hit he went down and stayed there.

That goes in boxing. Has it any place in college sports? For years Yale coached its players and instructed them that, if they attacked Princeton fiercely and roughed in the first plays of a game, the Tigers would break. They did, for years. Then a Princeton coach told the players of the Yale tradition, and informed them that if they used the same tactics Yale would be surprised and would break. The first two minutes of that game were about as fierce as ever were played. The teams jumped at each other. Yale, taken aback by the ferocity of the Tigers, broke and was beaten.

In baseball anything excepting physical injury of players is considered ethical and included under the head of sportsmanship. Let players of one team discover some weakness of another player, and they "ride" him with spurs. Jacques Fournier, for instance, has been an extremely sensitive fellow.

When he joined the Chicago White Stockings opposing coaches played upon his weakness until Fournier scarcely knew what he was doing. He seemed to have conquered his sensitiveness, but last season the Brooklyn fans, with their "razzing," almost drove him out of the game.

But it is not only in baseball and fighting, but in tennis, golf, and other games that this unsportsmanlike use of "psychology" has become rather common.

EVERY golfer is familiar with it, and every club has some pest who is addicted to the habit of winning matches by unnerving opponents.

Chick Evans, the perennial champion, would scorn to violate a rule or to overstep the strictest etiquette of golf, yet his smile has upset as many opponents as his mashie niblick ever did. Chick's unchanging, Cheshire-cat type of smile was maddening to some opponents and after watching it for twelve or fifteen holes any golfer was liable to commence missing putts.

In the finals of the amateur championship played over the Brookline course in which Evans and Jess Sweetser met, Sweetser refused to look at Evans, but would walk to the edge of the green and look the other way. On the thirteenth hole Jess sat down on the edge of the green and looked out at the crowd while Chick putted—and for the first time Evans' grin commenced to fade.

A timely cough or a sudden movement has been known to turn golf matches upside down. At Olympia Fields, Chicago's great golf plant, I witnessed an incident in a match between a shrewd player and a nervous golfer. The nervous man ordinarily can give that fellow

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[SHARP TRICKS IN SPORTS Continued from Page Fifty-seven]

ten strokes handicap and beat him.

The nervous player started well and at the end of the first nine holes was three up and apparently winning. On the tenth green he had a four-foot putt and was about to make it when his opponent suddenly slapped the calf of his leg and uttered a half-suppressed "Ouch!" The putt overran the cup six feet.

"Sorry, old man," said his opponent. "A bee stung me on the leg just as you putted. Did it affect your putt?"

"Oh, no!" said the nervous one. "Didn't mind it."

Strangely enough the nervous man's opponent had the same experience at the seventeenth hole and he won the match at the eighteenth. His nervous opponent got a look at that much-stung leg in the shower bath but couldn't see a mark. Later, he told of the incident to an acquaintance, who said:

"That's darned strange. That fellow must attract bees. He got stung on the leg twice while playing with me last fall."

WALTER HAGEN, who is perhaps America's greatest golfer, is a skillful "goat getter." Coming down a fairway Walter looks like a young bull, and his swaggering self-confidence drives opponents wild. Oddly enough, the little cork centered Gene Sarazen appears to have Walter's "goat." Golf professionals who consider Hagen the better golfer, will, at the same time, admit that Gene probably can beat Walter almost every time in match play. Sarazen's smiling, unperturbed self-confidence seems to upset Hagen.

Among the professionals it is asserted that Hagen talked Mike Brady out of a championship at Boston, when, on the final day, and several strokes behind, he upset Mike's game by his superb self-confidence—and by remarking, every time he pitched his ball close to the cup, "There! Get inside that one, Mike."

In tennis, trivial incidents upset players frequently. I remember one player who would repeat, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry," after each shot. He won a match from a much better player one day and the defeated player entered the locker room in anger.

"If that confounded parrot doesn't quit saying 'I'm sorry,' I'll break a racquet over his head," he said.

In boxing, of course, everything is considered ethical except hitting foul, and much that is unsportsmanlike is indulged in. Many will contend the chief reason for Jim Jeffries' defeat by Jack Johnson was due to the presence of Billy Delaney in Johnson's

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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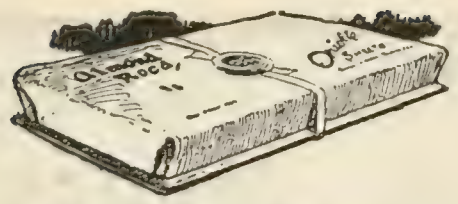

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE FIFTY-EIGHT]

corner. Delaney had trained, coached, and seconded Jeffries for years and then they had fallen out. The unannounced appearance of Delaney as a second to Johnson appeared to upset Jeffries tremendously.

Jack Britton, who was one of the wiliest of boxers, used all sorts of tricks to help him in matches. In the language of the ring, he "outsmarted them." After he had passed his prime, Jack found himself one night tangled in a match with a rugged boy he could not handle. Jack was anxious to win. The big electric lights over the ring made an intense heat. Every time they clinched, Jack hugged the youngster, glanced up, and asked: "Don't those lights hurt you?" He repeated the query several times and finally the youngster took one look up at the lights—and at that moment Jack cracked him on the exposed jaw and he saw a lot of lights besides those above the ring.

IN baseball, any trick to divert the attention of an opponent from the game is considered legitimate. One of the strangest instances I ever witnessed was when Rube Waddell was pitching for Chicago under the management of Tom Loftus. Loftus knew Waddell's peculiarities, and he knew Fred Clarke's cunning. Clarke was managing Pittsburgh and before the game Loftus told Waddell he must not pay any attention to Clarke.

"He'll try to get you mad or get your mind off the game," Loftus said. "Pay no attention to him; don't speak a word to him and you'll get his goat."

Inning after inning Clarke tried to distract the attention of the big left-hander, but "Rube" ignored him. Clarke tried raillery, ridicule, abuse, and everything else, and failed. Clarke seemed to abandon the attempt and for an entire inning did not speak a word to Waddell. As Rube was starting out to pitch the next inning Clarke, coming from the coaching line, walked alongside him and said:

"What are you going to do after the season?"

HIS manner was friendly and Rube fell.

"Hunt," he replied.

"Got any good dogs?" asked Clarke.

Loftus was yelling from the bench, but Waddell was hooked hard. He started to tell Clarke about his dog.

"I've got a corking good pup," said Clarke. "I wish you'd take him and break him. Why not come out to my place in Kansas and shoot? We have three fine pups out there and I'll give you one."

Loftus' shouting finally broke up the talk and Rube shuffled out to the slab. But his mind was no longer on baseball. He was thinking of the hunting field, the whirr of quail, the tense bodies of dogs pointing—Pittsburgh made five runs before Loftus yanked Rube out and permitted him to dream of hunting in the clubhouse while the team was beaten.

Where the line is to be drawn cannot be determined. Just what difference there is between winning through applied psychology and hitting below the belt, is not clear. Certainly the spirit of sportsmanship has no place for either method.

THE END

"Got any good dogs?" asked Clarke. Loftus was yelling from the field bench, but Waddell was hooked hard.

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TOO MUCH acid in your stomach—"hyper-acidity"—is the thing that brings about digestive distress.

You can relieve that condition with soda bicarbonate or preparations containing it. But there's one objection to alkalines of this class.

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This new Weil massaging belt not only makes you look thinner INSTANTLY—but actually takes off rolls of excess fat in a short time. It does the work of a professional masseur—at a fraction of the cost! Flabby fat cannot exist under its gentle, massaging action. It's easy. No diet—no drugs—no tiresome exercises.

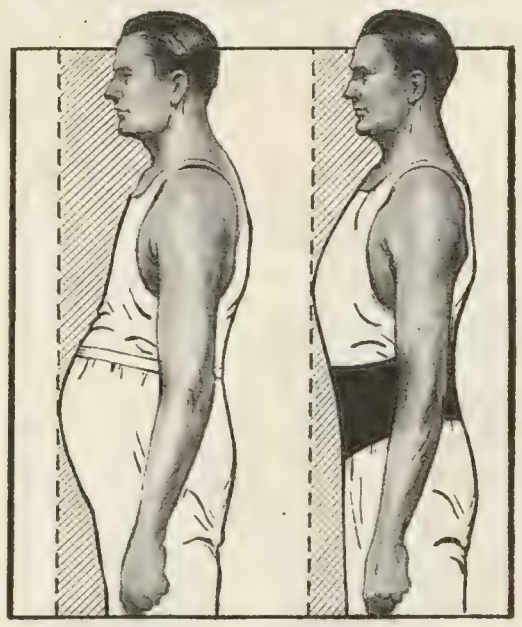
DIET is weakening—drugs are dangerous—strenuous reducing exercises are liable to strain your heart. The only safe method of reducing—the only scientific method—is massage. This method sets up a vigorous circulation that seems to literally melt away the surplus fat. Massage is highly effective, but the services of a masseur are expensive. The Weil Reducing Belt takes the place of a masseur. This wonderful new belt, made of special reducing rubber, produces exactly the same results as a skilled masseur, only quicker and cheaper.

Every move you make—walking, climbing stairs, even breathing—causes the Weil Belt to gently massage your abdomen. Results are remarkably rapid because, unlike the masseur, this belt never ceases to act. **It works for you every second.** Watch your bulky waist vanish.

Fat Replaced by Normal Tissue.

From 4 to 6 inches of bulky useless, flabby fat usually vanishes within just a few weeks. Only the good, solid, normal tissue remains. You will find yourself standing erect, chin in, shoulders back, chest high—just as Nature intended. You will breathe deep, walk with a firm step and experience the thrill of vigorous new life. You will look and feel 10 to 15 years younger.

Thousands of men who were once disfigured by bulky, sagging abdomens have not only vastly improved their appearance at once with the Weil Reducing Belt but in a few weeks have easily acquired a normal waistline. Made of the same scientifically treated rubber that is used by hundreds of professional athletes for reducing fat safely. Physicians everywhere endorse it because it not only takes off fat but corrects stomach disorders, constipation, backache, shortness of breath and puts sagging internal organs back into place.



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Gentlemen: Please send me complete description of the Weil Scientific Reducing Belt, and also your Special 10-day Trial Offer.

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Liberty's Nut-Cracker Contest!

HERE are the winning solutions of the Nut-Crackers published in the January 9 issue of Liberty. This is the final announcement in this competition.

Final Winners

$100 Coupon No. 1

Tom Payne and his buddy *one* day
Were planning *that* hookey they'd play,
But their every word
By the teacher *was* heard,
The denouement was Payneful, they say.

L. T. BROOKING,
426 East 7th St., Hastings, Neb.

$100 Coupon No. 2

With a tray full *of* dishes, packed high,
A waiter *was* hurrying by,
When a clumsy guy's *foot*
In *his* pathway was put
What the waiter said wasn't "Oh, my!"

H. W. CROSS,
P. O. Box 15, Metuchen, N. J.

$100 Coupon No. 3

A rich speculator *in* grain
In his foot *felt* a terrible pain,
But the Doc smiled *and* said,
When he found *him* in bed,
"Don't play the rye market again!"

Dr. JOHN M. McEACHERN,
Milwaukee County Hospital, Wauwatosa, Wis.

$100 Coupon No. 4

A salesman whose *name* was Bill Locke,
Always worked with one *eye* on the clock,
But his boss knew *his* ways,
And when asked *for* a raise,
He shelved him, like all surplus stock.

H. STEAD,
79 Pleasant St., North Andover, Mass.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

This Weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright sayings of a child. Address the "Bright Sayings Editor," Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Could She Smell a Yard?

George, aged four, watching his mother at her sewing, saw her measure a yard of tape by holding it at arm's length and measuring from her outstretched hand to her nose. "Mother," he asked, in a puzzled tone, "how can you smell a yard?"—E. M. T., Amsterdam, N. Y.

* * *

Wasn't He the Proud One!

Artie wandered into the neighbors' yard just as they were having homemade ice cream on the side porch and was offered a generous helping. Artie proudly drew himself up to his full height and put his hands behind his back, stating as he did so:

"No, thank you. My pa works and earns a dollar a day. I can buy my own ice cream."—M. E. L., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Plenty of Money!

GET out of the rut and make *real* money! You can do it easily by selling

NOGAR Utility Clothing

Enormous demand for this *original* GUARANTEED utility clothing and extensive national advertising make it a surefire seller. Imitations only emphasize its superiority. We want agents *everywhere.*

Good men are making *$100 to $200 a week.* Every man you meet is a prospect. No experience necessary, but if you *have* selling experience you should be a knockout! Men who have sold other things say they never handled *anything* that sold as easily as NOGAR Clothes. Even spare time work pays well.

Imagine suits that sell for *only $12.50 to $13.50,* but outwear two or three ordinary suits! For work, business, or sports. Topcoats, too. You don't know a man who doesn't need one.

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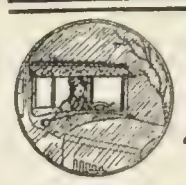

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NO-BLUR FOR WINDSHIELDS

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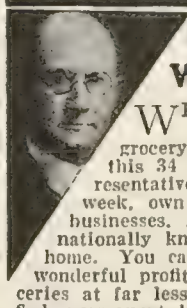

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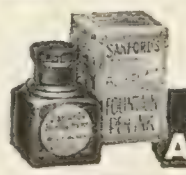

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McDonald made $58 in one week! Hampton made $7.65 in 4 hours—just wearing this beautiful Hand-Tailored Taylor Cap.

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ARCHIE *and the Old* Porcupine

Pictures by NANCY FAY

By SETH CLARKSON

In Which Our Hero Stages a Spectacular Come-Back After the Girl's Father Had Kicked Him Out

EVERYTHING, as the song-writer said, is hotsy-totsy now.

PERHAPS it is just as well that Archie did stuff Reuben, the elevator boy, into the refrigerator and go joyriding in the Ormsby Club elevator that night. It wasn't exactly a clubmanlike thing to do, but it was the making of Archie.

As the net result of that playful gesture, Archie and Gladys are now comfortably situated in a cozy, fourteen-room Spanish-style bungalow at Miami Beach, overlooking a large quantity of surf and one-piece bathing suits, and enjoying an incredible income. Everything, as the song-writer said, is hotsy-totsy now.

For a while there, however, things looked extremely dark for Archie, he being a Bumple—the Fifteenth National Bank Bumples, you know—and on his mother's side the Hartwells of Savannah, and having a position to maintain in Atlanta society. Although we were all more or less used to Archie's escapades and his absurd fondness for elevators, this piratical seizure of the Ormsby Club car at the moment when several hundred guests were waiting to descend from the ballroom assumed the proportions of felony and could hardly pass unnoticed.

Of course the house committee took some action, but it was too late to have much of a chastening effect on Archie.

Gladys Rance had already beaten them to it.

The morning after Archie's perpendicular carouse, that young lady, who had already endured three diaries full of embarrassing situations as the result of Archie's alcoholic exuberance on other occasions, summoned him to her front door.

"Please go away," she said gently but firmly. "I can't endure it any longer. Our engagement is definitely off forever—I—I mean unless you can give up shaving lotion and look me in the eye with a clear breath. Please, for my sake, leave town."

"Yes," came the voice of Philemon J. Rance, Gladys' hard-boiled and immensely prosperous father, hidden in some inner recess of the residence, "go away and do not ever return. Is that clear?"

"The old porcupine," muttered Archie under his breath. Then aloud to Gladys, as he placed his hat on his head at a too jaunty angle: "Oh, very well. Very well, then. I will go to Miami and make my fortune in real estate."

Gladys smiled at him sadly.

"When you make your fortune at anything, Arch," she said in a mildly pitying tone, "don't write—telegraph! I will consent to be Mrs. Bumple any day."

"Hmph. Maybe you won't have the chance. Maybe you think I can't get someone else. Maybe——"

"Is that disreputable young sot still at the door?" demanded Mr. Rance's thunderous bass, rumbling through the house with the terrifying resonance of a ten-ton truck going through a cathedral. "If so, tell him to leave at once and forever. Do you hear me, Gladys?"

"Silly question, isn't it?" inquired Archie with a short, bitter laugh. Then he departed for Miami to make his fortune.

During the first eight hours in Miami, all went well with Archie. The fingers of his right hand were resting reassuringly against the one-hundred-dollar bill which his father had given him, along with several thousand dollars' worth of advice, when he spied old Scad Harris, his erstwhile college roommate.

THEIR reunion was a touching one, as are all reunions of men who have gone through college together and worn each other's socks.

"What are you doing here?" demanded old Scad, placing an affectionate arm around Archie's smoothly coated shoulder.

Archie smiled a sad, weary smile.

"Starting life over, old fellow," he answered with the far-away look of one who sees beyond the horizon of mundane things. "Starting life over. Gladys has given me the wide, wide world to roam in."

Old Scad did not seem particularly depressed by this bombshell.

"Bully," he replied. "Bully. Now, I'm

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[ARCHIE AND THE OLD PORCUPINE
Continued from Page Sixty-one]

leaving for South America tomorrow and a chap I've been chummy with here is pitching a small but sinister party for me at his apartment tonight. You are coming too."

Archie had arrived in Miami armed with stern resolutions against flowing bowls, elevators, and refrigerators. He demurred at Scad's invitation.

"It's no go, old boy," he said firmly. "On the wagon. Sorry."

Scad snorted in disgust. "Come on now," he grumbled. "Don't go back on me. What's one woman, anyhow? All they do is eat and buy hats. Remember, I'm going away tomorrow."

IT was a trying situation for Archie. Here was old Scad. Archie and old Scad were college chums. They were fraternity brothers. They might never see each other again. How could Archie refuse this parting favor to a man whose friendship he had shared down to the last whole sock?

It was unthinkable, he decided.

The following morning was a beautiful, sunny Florida day, with the Balmy Climate doing its stuff in most industrious fashion, but young Mr. Bumple was viewing the world with what might fairly be called a jaundiced eye. That is, he was viewing as much of the world as was available for viewing purposes from the iron bunk on which he sat, being unable to view more because of a heavily barred door which someone had placed between him and the corridor leading to the main room of the Miami police station—and to liberty. To put the thing brutally, young Mr. Bumple was in the jug.

Not only did the fact that he had again brought disgrace tumbling down on the long-suffering Bumples of Atlanta—not to mention the Hartwells of Savannah—prey upon Archie's usually preyproof soul, but he was also excessively depressed by the distressing financial condition in which he found himself. Although he had searched his clothes diligently several times, he had been unable to uncover as much as a postage stamp.

Then there came to him the dim recollection of several young men, in varying states of dishevelment, seated about a card table—and Archie knew what had become of his hundred-dollar bill.

His lugubrious reflections were interrupted finally by the large, florid man in golf knickers who had been pacing to and fro for the past hour since court.

"This is a punk jail," the large man announced dismally. "Worst I was ever in. Am I right, brother, or am I wrong?"

Archie was somewhat cheered by the presence of this companion in misery. He looked like more or less of a gentleman—even if he did wear golf knickers to jail.

"You said a pailful," he agreed. "It would be better not to have any jail at all. It gives the town a black eye."

"Exactly. In a live, up-and-coming burg like this with twelve or thirteen hundred subdivisions, thousands of miles of plain and fancy streets, sewers to match, assorted sidewalks, eight or nine hundred hot-dog stands and a hundred thousand real-estate men, you'd expect something nifty in the way of a jail, now, wouldn't you?"

"Absolutely," Archie agreed. "Billiard tables and a squash court or two. Something to rehabilitate the poor warped souls, eh?"

"WESTGLOW MANORS!" he sobbed hysterically. "Westglow—not Westlook! I knew there was a west in it somewhere and when I saw that map on the wall I never dreamed it could have been anything else."

"Certainly. But this place——why, it's nothing but a common, ordinary jail. By the way, brother, what did you get?"

"Pickled to the ears," acknowledged Archie frankly.

"I mean, what fine did he give you?"

"Fifteen dollars or ten days."

The florid one laughed in a deprecating way.

"Oh, well! You can pay out. That's——"

"I cannot pay out," corrected Archie bitterly. "I have on deposit with the desk sergeant one dollar and a corkscrew the retail value of which is approximately fifteen cents. My only friend in town has left for South America. I don't remember Roscoe's last name and I don't remember where the apartment is. I'm in a hell of a fix."

The large man nodded thoughtfully.

"I grasp the situation fully," he said. "You were at Roscoe's apartment and they raided it."

"No, they didn't raid it. I don't remember much about it, really. All I remember is the officer tugging at my ankle and saying 'Come on down, now. That belongs to the phone company.'"

"A phone pole!" cried the large man in a triumphant tone. "That's what it undoubtedly was—a phone pole. Well, brother, you could have done worse—a whole lot worse." He shook his head ruefully.

Archie was about to encourage him politely, but it was unnecessary, for his companion was not of the type that must be pressed to tell about themselves. (It later developed that he was a real-estate man.)

"Look at me," the large man challenged. "I'm in this joint for ten days straight without the option of a fine. Just because I went to a little party at a friend's house last night—the wife being away, and all. Personally, I never touch the stuff myself—that is, not often. You know."

"I know," murmured Archie. "You're like me. You can take it or let it alone."

"Exactly. Well, we hung around and hung around till about 2:30 this morning and finally the party broke up and I started home in my beautiful new sedan and the next thing I knew I had collided with a man's house."

A SHADOW of resentment crossed his ruddy features.

"They didn't have a single light going," he added grumpily.

"Perfectly rotten," sympathized young Mr. Bumple. "It's that sort of thing's giving the town a black eye."

"Certainly. Well, it was my third offense, so I couldn't get off with a fine. I surely do play in rotten luck. I have to pay for the damage to the house, too." He lapsed into a gloomy silence.

"By the way," he asked in his big, booming voice after a moment, "what business are you in?"

Archie eyed him with mild contempt. The man had seemed, until this last question, like quite a sensible fellow.

"Real estate, of course," replied Archie, a trace of amusement in his tone. "What business is anybody in?"

"That's right. My mistake. Been here long?"

"Well," answered Archie judiciously, "that depends on the way you look at it. I've been here quite some time—oh, twenty-eight or twenty-nine hours, I should say."

At this, the large man adopted the confidential manner of a person who is either about to reveal a War Department secret or attempt to sell some insurance.

"Listen," he commanded, looking about to make sure that none of the other prisoners could overhear. "You look like a bright, honest chap. Would you like to get out of this cooler?"

"I wouldn't like to get out of anything else," said Archie emphatically.

"Very well, then." The florid man suddenly

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTY-FIVE]

Going . . going . . *gone!*

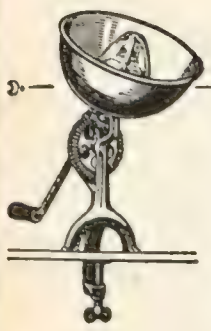
There is no difficulty getting the little folks to drink all the orange juice they need if the juice comes from Seald-Sweet oranges. For Seald-Sweets are Florida's sweetest and finest. They are the prime fruit that has ripened leisurely on the trees until they are fairly bursting with golden, healthful juice. Just ask the man for Seald-Sweet oranges and get one-fourth more juice.

All Florida Seald-Sweet oranges are sweeter and juicier, "brights" and "goldens" as well as the "russets." Just look for the Seald-Sweet label. Pay no attention to the color of the skin.

FLORIDA CITRUS EXCHANGE, TAMPA

Seald Sweet

Florida's finest Oranges



The *Seald-Sweet Juice Extractor* gets all the luscious juice from each Seald-Sweet orange or grapefruit. Its regular price is $3.00. We will send it to you for $1.50 and 36 Seald-Sweet wrappers. The *Seald-Sweet Recipe Book* by Christine Frederick, famous domestic science authority, tells many delicious ways of serving this famous fruit. Just check the coupon and we'll send it free.

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A Clean Bill of Health

THE X-RAY, invaluable tool of modern dentistry, can look right through your gums and search out any hidden pockets which menace your health. Consult your dentist at least twice a year and avoid the penalties so many pay for carelessness!

Pyorrhea strikes

FOUR out of every FIVE

FORHAN'S for the Gums is perhaps the most scientific dentifrice yet contrived for the protection of your teeth and gums.

It not only cleans your teeth thoroughly, without the dangerous abrasion of grit, but it firms up the gums and prevents pyorrhea or checks its course.

If you have tender bleeding gums, sure symptoms of pyorrhea, don't waste a day. See your dentist at once and follow his advice carefully.

Brush your teeth morning and night with Forhan's for the Gums. It contains a small percentage of Forhan's pyorrhea liquid which has been used by dentists for the last fifteen years in their treatment of pyorrhea.

Forhan's is a fine dentifrice for all the family. Let the children use it. They will like its pleasant flavor and it will safeguard their teeth and health.

Remember! Four out of five is pyorrhea's toll among people past forty and many younger.

Resolve to be the lucky one in five who escapes this dread disease!

All druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.
Forhan Company, New York

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . . *IT CHECKS PYORRHEA*

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-TWO]

appeared to be undressing with the mad haste of one who has discovered that the laundress neglected to pull all the sandspurs off his underwear. Archie was about to enter a vigorous protest when the other extracted from a point about amidships of his body a handful of currency.

"Take this sixteen hundred dollars," he directed in a whisper, thrusting the money at Archie out of a clear sky. "Go to the office of the Golden Chance Realty Corporation, in the First Mortgage and Trust Building. See Mr. Smith."

He leaned forward impressively.

"Put fifteen hundred down, as a binder on lots five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, and fourteen of Westglow Manors, at a total price of thirty thousand dollars. Get that? Try to get sixty days to close the deal after delivery of abstract. Keep the other hundred for yourself. How's that?"

Young Mr. Bumple gurgled feebly.

"That," he declared, after he had regained his senses, "is just dandy!"

"Fine," resumed the large man, slapping him on the shoulder with one hand and extending the other for a formal shake. "My name is Morgan —John C. Morgan, of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, the finest town in the whole United States. Here is my card. If Smith asks why I didn't come myself, tell him I am—er—unavoidably detained."

"Five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, and fourteen?" mumbled Archie.

"Correct. I'll tell you something confidentially — something Smith doesn't know. I have absolutely accurate information that the new railway depot will be built within three blocks of this property. I must tie it up before the location is announced. I got it straight from the stenographer to the secretary of the railroad president's personal representative here."

Archie shoved the bills into his trousers pocket.

"Five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, and fourteen," he repeated. "Five, six, seven——"

ARCHIE emerged from the First Mortgage and Trust Building with the brisk, hard-hitting manner of a rising young man. The only trace of a fly in his ointment was the slow, sinister smile with which Mr. Smith favored him as he presented him with a lengthy receipt for fifteen hundred dollars on account of the purchase price.

Mr. Smith was a cadaverous, cynical person, with a cast in one eye, whom one suspected vaguely of being full of dark secrets and aspirin. Archie was glad to be away from him, but the man's unpleasant attitude gave him a lingering sense of depression. As he turned into the sunshine and bustle of Flagler Street, however, he brushed aside the last shreds of worry and whistled his way along Miami's principal business artery. He found his fancy lightly turning to thoughts of food, and he swung gayly into the nearest cafe, which chanced to be that of the Porphyrus Hotel. But as he stepped inside he halted in a sudden alarm.

Arising from a table and grabbing a large suitcase with one hand while he jammed a discolored straw hat on his head with the other, was Philemon J. Rance, Gladys' demon banker-parent.

Archie instinctively dodged behind a pillar and peered furtively as Mr. Rance passed out of the restaurant. Archie, somewhat ashamed of his sudden fright, glanced guiltily at the head waiter and then took the table that his one-time father-in-law-to-be, if you get what I mean, had just left.

A waitress arrived, swept Mr. Rance's crumbs from the table, picked up an ash-dish, whispered something to it, replaced it with professional accuracy and gave a malicious giggle.

"That old bird tickles me," she announced in her best New York accent.

Archie glanced at her reproachfully.

"You shouldn't tell such things," he admonished.

"PLEASE go away," she said gently but firmly. "I can't endure it any longer. Our engagement is definitely off forever. . . ."

"Whadd'yamean I shouldden tell those things?"

"Not at table, anyway. It isn't nice."

"Why, whadd'yamean it isn't nice? I just said he tickled me."

"That's just it," explained Archie. "Who is he?"

"Who is he? How should I know? I never even seen um before."

"There!" cried Archie triumphantly. "You don't even know the man and yet you admit that he tickles you. It's positively indecent!"

The waitress eyed Archie queerly.

"Say—" she began, then broke into a golden grin that fairly dazzled her customer. "Aw, I know you, John. You're a kidder."

She lashed genially at a final crumb.

"Say," she volunteered amiably, "the veg'table soup today is perfly elegant. Whyncha try some?"

"Why," asked Archie, ignoring the lure of the vegetable soup and fixing the girl with a stern, disapproving eye, "should that old porcupine tickle you? Why should a human anteater like that tickle anybody? Answer me if you can." He looked at her searchingly.

"Aw," confided the waitress, "he's another of those poor simps that thinks they know where the new railway depot is going to be. He thinks it's going to be out in Westlook Park. I heard him talking about it to a fella was in here eating with um a minute ago. He wants to buy up all of Westlook Park if he can. Hmph! He tickles me!"

THE young man straightened in his chair and plunged into thought.

"Well, I tell you," he said at last, munching thoughtfully on a soup cracker, "that elderly lout in three letters who does all this promiscuous tickling around here happens to be one of those individuals who fully comprehends his henfruit. Didn't he strike you that way?"

The waitress sniffed.

"These people would run you crazy around here talking about where the depot's going to be and where it ain't going to be. I can tell you one thing for certain, though, mister—it ain't going to be in no Westlook Park."

"Really?"

"I got it straight from the girl who massages the stenographer to the secretary of the railroad's personal representative here."

Archie stared incredulously.

"It's gonna be out by Westglow Manors and that's all the difference in the world, because Westglow Manors is out on Flagler Street and Westlook Park is 'way up in the north end of town. Why—what's the matter, mister?"

Archie, quaffing idly from his tumbler, had leaped to his feet in midquaff, given a loud gargle and was shedding a gentle spray of ice-water across the tablecloth. He reached frantically into an inside pocket and pulled out the receipt which the sinister Smith had given him.

"Westglow Manors!" he sobbed hysterically. "Westglow—not Westlook! I knew there was a west in it somewhere and when I saw that map on the wall I never dreamed it could have been anything else! I'm ruined! Morgan's ruined! Oh, won't somebody bring me a cup of coffee? That's a good girl. Ruined!"

"Y'ain't sick, are you?" inquired the waitress solicitously. "Try the veg'able soup. It's elegunt."

"Go away," groaned Archie miserably. "I must think. I must bend every fiber of my being to the solution of this problem. Kindly bring me a Swiss cheese sandwich."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

at 5c NIGHT

Bunte Cough Drops before retiring stop the cough and enable you to sleep. Made of pure cane sugar, menthol and horehound. The menthol heals—the horehound soothes.

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Makers of World Famous Candies

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It Pays You Well—
You Build on Quality

We make men's fine quality clothing, and sell direct from factory to wearer. We have a highly cherished reputation for making good clothes at lower prices and giving the public a square deal. We want men who will uphold that reputation, and will pay them liberally for their services.

Many Davis salesmen earn $100.00 a week—some earn more. It requires no unusual ability to earn $50.00 or $60.00. Even spare time men are making more than the average job pays them. Selling experience not so essential as a sincere personality, a willingness to work, and an eagerness to please customers. Values at $29.50 and $34.75 practically sell themselves.

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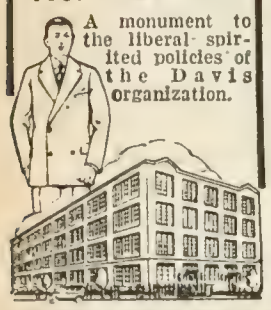

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My first job after leaving school took 2 hours and I received $65.00 for the inspection. I worked up to over $600.00 a month and expect to clear $10,000 the first year. Paul A. Carson. *B. S. Degree 3 years*

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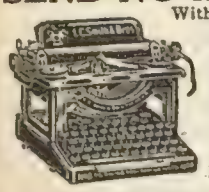

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SEPTIC TANKS Provide LOW COST Sewage Disposal

Save bother and expense of concrete tank or cesspool by installing Kaustine Armco Iron Septic Tank. Write for free catalog No. 220 and low prices. Free installation advice. Give name of plumber.

Kaustine Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

[ARCHIE AND THE OLD PORCUPINE]
Continued from Page Sixty-five

Mr. Rance, Archie well knew, was addicted to frequent and profitable speculation in real estate the country over whenever and wherever opportunity for quick turnovers offered. He was linked up with some of the biggest and crustiest business men in the South, and he often syndicated with these men in his purchases.

Paying his check, Archie hastened to the jail. He was admitted to the inner corridor and shouted through the the barred door for Mr. Morgan.

That gentleman appeared with alacrity and peered expectantly at Archie's beaming countenance.

"Did you get it down all right?" he demanded hoarsely.

"Oh, absolutely, absolutely," Archie reassured him. "All attended to."

"Fine," breathed Mr. Morgan. "Five, six, seven, eight, et cetera?"

"Oh, absolutely. Five, six, seven, eight, et cetera."

Archie halted lamely.

"Er, that is——" he added weakly.

Mr. Morgan viewed him with instant alarm.

"That is, what?"

"Well, there was a slight error. You see, I forgot, or rather, Mr. Smith seemed to be under a misapprehension regarding the exact location of the property and he sold me lots five, six, seven, eight, et cetera——"

"Oh, well, that's all right," broke in Mr. Morgan with a sigh of relief.

"Of Westlook Park, instead."

Mr. Morgan gripped the bars of the door with whitening knuckles and uttered a hoarse shout.

"Westlook Park!" He glared at Archie like a tiger. "And I trusted you, you sniveling little crook!"

"But I can sell it for you!" pleaded Archie, in whose mind the plan had already blossomed and matured. "I can——"

"After I got you out of jail when you didn't have a penny to your name! Tried to give me a trimming, eh? I'll show you. Help! Police!"

Archie mopped at his brow with a trembling hand.

"Listen, Mr. Morgan," he implored. "I can make each of us thousands of dollars on this deal. I know what I am doing. Thousands!"

At this juncture a large police-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Boys . . . .

here is your chance to earn your own spending money and get wonderful FREE PRIZES, TOO!

Wouldn't you like to have a regular weekly income—be independent—and buy the things you want with your own money? What boy wouldn't? And it's easy to do. Thousands of boys just like you now sell Liberty Magazine in spare time, in their own neighborhoods, and all are happy money makers. You don't need any money or experience to start. We'll show you how and supply everything—show you how to earn money right away. Let us send you our catalog of Free Prizes—it tells you how you can get radios, skates, sleds, kodaks, sporting goods and musical instruments Free, besides your regular income. Don't wait. Simply fill in the coupon—that's all.

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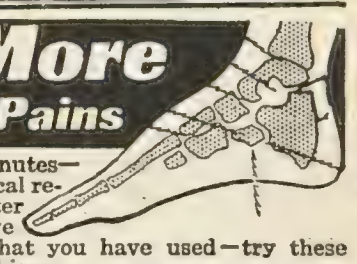

Relief in 5 minutes—amazing, magical results! No matter how long you've suffered, or what you have used—try these wonderful cushions.

Instant Comfort—GUARANTEED!

"A gift from heaven," say over 72,000 users. Ready-to-wear in any kind of shoe you like—no "breaking in." 50 sizes—for men, women, boys, girls. Corrects position of the feet—prevents foot and leg pains, aching, weakened arches, turned-over heels, etc. Wear FAIRY-FOOT CUSHIONS on our liberal 14-day **Free Trial Offer.** Then if you haven't had the happiest surprise of your life, we'll promptly refund your money. You don't risk a penny.

HOW TO ORDER Place either bare or stocking foot on sheet of paper. With a pencil held vertically, trace complete outline of foot. Send us this diagram, together with size and width of shoe, and state whether for man, woman, boy or girl. The special sale price now is only $1.98 reduced from $3.00 Only one pair to a customer at this introductory price. Send remittance with order or pay postman $1.98 on delivery—either way. Then wear the cushions 14 days. If they don't give you the greatest comfort you have ever had, if you aren't more than satisfied, simply return them and we'll refund your money in full. References—Dun's or Bradstreet's.

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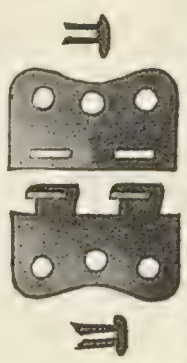

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Parr was making $7 a day. Now he's making $25 to $40 a day.

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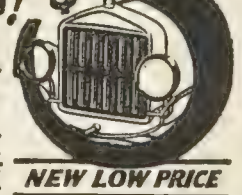

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Steel radiator shutter. Dash control. Car motion can't disturb. Prevents frozen radiators. Saves on gas, oil, repair bills, *price*. Fits any Ford. No motor attachments. Installed 5 minutes.

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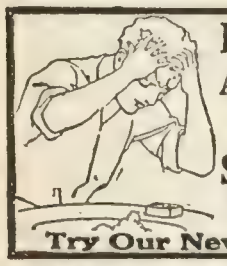

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A Girl Named Moth

A story of young love, an old miser, a ghost, and a tree

By OPIE READ

Don't miss it in next week's

5c Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-SIX]

man dashed up with an air of high courage. He glared suspiciously first at Archie and then at Mr. Morgan.

"Say, who's making all that racket in here?" he demanded in a hard-boiled voice.

"Nothing, officer, nothing at all," Archie assured him, casting a beseeching glance at Mr. Morgan. That gentleman appeared to have been deeply affected by Archie's reference to cold cash.

"Nothing at all, officer," he corroborated. "Just that dope fiend in the last cell."

The officer looked belligerently around the corridor and walked away.

"Now," murmured Mr. Morgan comfortably, "we can talk. You were saying something about thousands."

Archie grinned. "Well," he began, "will you give me half of what I can get for this binder over your fifteen hundred?"

"How much can you get?" demanded Mr. Morgan suspiciously.

"I can get a lot."

"You mean a lot of money, don't you? You don't mean just a lot of experience, like you've been getting the last hour and a half?"

"Certainly, money. Money's the thing."

"Well, I'll tell you. If you can peddle that piece of paper, all's well and good. Who is this poor wretched numskull?"

"That's where I come in. The binder is yours. I produce the skull."

And Archie departed hastily.

PHILEMON J. RANCE was chewing savagely at his cigar in the approved Hollywood, California, fashion in his room at the Porphyrus Hotel when the telephone tinkled. A Mr. Jones, the phone girl said, wished to come up.

Mr. Rance waited fretfully for his advent. What he wanted more than anything else now was Westlook Park property. There, old Silas Hampden had confided to him, the new Miami railroad depot would be built. Silas had it from the friend of a vice-president of the road.

There was a knock at the door.

"Come in," directed Mr. Rance.

The door opened slowly and a cheerful round head intruded itself.

"Ah," said the head.

Mr. Rance strangled on part of his cigar and leaped to his feet.

The head, which was unmistakably that of Archibald Bumple, appeared encouraged at Mr. Rance's

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

How to relieve and prevent COLDS

Nothing you can do will so effectually protect you against the Cold, Influenza or Grippe epidemics as keeping your organs of digestion and elimination active and your system free from poisonous accumulations.

Doctors and health authorities everywhere are warning people of the danger of constipation, and advising, and urging everyone to see that the bowels and other eliminative organs act freely and regularly.

Why don't you begin right today to overcome constipation and get your system in such shape that you can feel reasonably sure of resisting disease. You can do so if you will just get a 25c. box of Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) and take one each night for a while.

Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) does more than merely cause pleasant and easy bowel action. It tones and strengthens the system, increasing its resistance against disease and infections.

On account of its natural action, free from the perturbing of the intestinal contents, there are no weakening or sickening sensations, as the toxins are eliminated and not absorbed by the system. The action of NR is not followed by constipation, and it has no tendency to produce a habit requiring increased or continued use. Let NR keep you free from intoxications and help your system to resist and throw off Colds, LaGrippe and many other complaints.

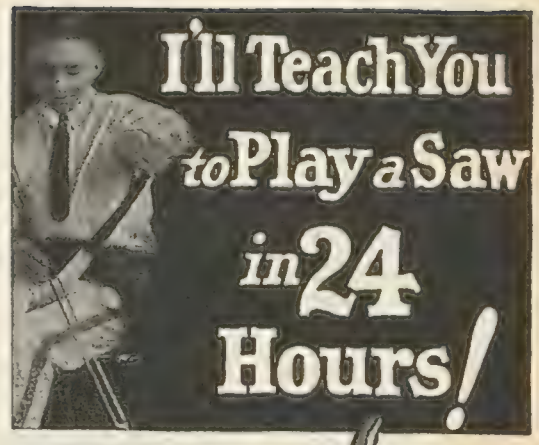
An occasional NR Tablet will keep your body in condition and you can always feel your best. Sold and recommended by all druggists. Send 2c. stamp for postage on liberal sample.

A. H. Lewis Med. Co., Dept. L, St. Louis, Mo.

Get a 25c. Box

NR TO-NIGHT
TOMORROW ALRIGHT

I'll Teach You to Play a Saw in 24 Hours!



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JUST to prove how quick and easy you can learn to play a saw, I'll send you a genuine, specially tempered **Musical Saw** for 5 days' trial. I guarantee that in 24 hours you can play tunes like "Old Black Joe," "Home, Sweet Home," etc. Then you quickly learn latest jazz and song hits, operatic and classical music. Amazingly Simple and Easy. You don't need to know a thing about music.

Thousands Successful by My Methods

I have taught **thousands** to play the Musical Saw. Many of my pupils are on the Vaudeville Stage, playing in dance orchestras, making big money as entertainers. Mail coupon and let me prove that you, too, can quickly play like a professional.

Sweetest Music You Ever Heard

The **Musical Saw** has only one rival—the violin—for sweetness and mellowness of tone. And think of your popularity and social prestige when you can play this peerless instrument! Always in demand at parties and entertainments of all kinds.

Phonograph Record FREE

Double-disc, demonstration-size phonograph record of beautiful "Musical Saw" solos, sent with full particulars of my free trial offer. You'll wonder that a saw can produce such marvelous music, but the record proves it! Enclose 10c (stamps or coin) to cover record handling and postage. Or, if you do not want the record, just ask for my big FREE TRIAL OFFER. Let me show you letters from pupils who are now stage celebrities.

MUSSEHL & WESTPHAL
384 West Water St., Fort Atkinson, Wis.

INCREASE YOUR BANK ACCOUNT

Sell Archer Made-to-Order Shoes

You can earn more money with this original line of remarkable made-to-order shoes. 86% of women need them. They will buy eagerly, for these shoes are made-to-order, and prices are no higher than fine, ready-made shoes. Expertly made of finest leathers. All advanced styles.

No Capital or Experience Needed

We guide beginners, and guarantee perfect fit, or money back. You collect in advance your commission, highest in Direct Selling field. Large repeat business increases earnings immensely. Write for free details.

THE C. W. ARCHER SHOE CO.
Dept. 2-R, Cincinnati, Ohio

Something *NEW* *for* BOBBED HAIR

THERE is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while others, well—which kind is yours?

I wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind—the sort that makes men turn to admire. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's full of those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest auburn, yet which is really no more actual color than sunlight is. It's only when the head is moved that you catch the auburn suggestion—the fleeting glint of gold.

You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "tiny tint" Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that I have in mind, buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send 25¢ direct to J. W. KOBI CO., 660 Rainier Avenue, Seattle, Washington.

Golden Glint
SHAMPOO

[ARCHIE AND THE OLD PORCUPINE]
Continued from Page Sixty-seven

obvious displeasure. Gently but firmly it entered the room, followed almost immediately by a body. Once inside, the two converged and confronted Mr. Rance en masse.

"GOOD day, Mr. Rance," they said politely.

"How did you get here?" demanded that gentleman, with a shocking lack of true Atlanta hospitality.

"I—er—took the elevator, sir."

At the mention of the elevator, Mr. Rance's iron-gray mustache bristled pugnaciously.

"I thought the operator said Jones," he declared testily.

"She did say Jones. I heard her myself."

"But," remonstrated Mr. Rance, "you're not Jones. You're Bumple."

"So I am," he agreed jovially. "So I am, and how is Mr. Rance today? It has been some time since we—since I've heard your voice, shall I put it?"

"Humph," grunted the elder man, eying his visitor with the patriarchal kindliness of a man-eating shark. "What do you want, young man?"

"Mr. Rance," he said briskly, "my connections here have informed me that you are interested in buying property in or near Westlook Park. Is that correct?" His eyes bored severely at Mr. Rance's sinuses.

The latter gentleman gasped. He masticated vigorously at his cigar and looked Archie over carefully.

"Well?"

"Well, sir, I and my connections here control some very desirable property in that section which we can offer you at a very reasonable price."

He spread out on the bed a plat of Westlook Park and indicated with his forefinger a block of lots ending in a V at the head of a thoroughfare.

"Only one hundred thousand dollars for the ten," murmured Archie carelessly, flicking a bit of ash from his coat lapel. "Lots five, six, seven, eight——"

"Only one hundred thousand!" screamed Mr. Rance, flinging his cigar violently on the carpet.

"A steal at the price," said Archie deprecatingly. "You can buy them at my price and make a large profit within ninety days, I know."

"How much down?"

"Well, we have the stuff tied up for sixty days at thirty thousand. We will sell you our binder contract for seventy-one thousand five hundred dollars."

Mr. Rance staggered back as though he had been hit in the face with a Hollywood pie.

"I have always," he confessed, "considered you more or less insane. Now I am certain of it. You are a young jackass, Bumple."

"You are an old porcupine, not to say an armadillo, sir!"

"You haven't the manners of a gutter ragamuffin, you—you impertinent scoundrel! Leave this room!"

"Remember," warned Archie, folding his plat and rising, "that there are rumors."

"Sit down, Bumple. Let us talk this thing over."

"If you insist," acquiesced Archie politely. "After all, we are business men, you and I. We need not let——"

"Cut out that nonsense. What rumors?"

"Oh," replied Archie reluctantly, "just rumors. You know, just talk of development out that way. Nothing definite, of course, but rumors."

"Hm. This is highway robbery, Bumple, but I'm going to fall for it. I have my reasons. Meet me tomorrow morning at the law offices of Schminsky, Murphy, Arpeggio & Olson at nine o'clock and we will close the deal. Can you get up that early?"

"Nine a. m., right!" chirped Archie. "I'll be Johnny-on-the-spot, Mr. Rance. Now I must be going as I have several other important matters——"

"Fiddlesticks!" growled Mr. Rance, opening the door and waving Archie out. "You are an impudent young blatherskite, sir!"

Two days later, Archibald Bumple read with much relish the lead story of an afternoon newspaper, which appeared under the following headline:

WESTGLOW MANORS
TO BE DEPOT SITE,
RAIL HEAD STATES

Archie tapped his pocket to reassure himself that he still had the option on lots five, six, seven, eight et cetera, of Westglow Manors, in which he and the incarcerated Mr. Morgan had invested immediately following consummation of their deal with Philemon J. Rance for the Westlook Park property.

"You are an impudent young blatherskite, sir!"

THEN, suddenly moved to action, he dashed across the street into a telegraph office. After a moment at a writing desk, he handed to a young lady with horn-rimmed glasses and a poker face the following telegram:

Miss Gladys Rance,
1480 Lemon Street,
Atlanta, Ga.
Have just squeezed seventy thousand dollars out of your father and made enough on the proceeds to give Rockefeller a dime for Christmas stop when your papa gets home ask him if he knows where new railway depot will be but don't forget to run stop love ARCHIE

Vaguely dissatisfied, Archie deposited a dollar bill on the counter. The message wasn't quite all he had planned. It lacked something. Warmth. Affection.

"I have it!" he shouted as the clerk was making change. "I have it!"

The young woman approached coldly and handed him forty cents.

"Was there something?" she buzzed.

"I want to add something to that telegram. Write at the bottom: Come at once to Porphyrus Hotel stop I have given up—er—barbers' supplies."

The clerk scribbled at the sheet, then stuck her pencil lanquidly into her hair.

"Was that all?" she muttered, gazing wearily out the window.

"That was enough," replied Archie, lighting a fifty-cent cigar.

THE END

Keep *them* well and they'll keep *you* young

Every mother knows that she is happiest, freest of care, when her youngsters are bubbling over with health and vitality. It's worry that brings wrinkles and lines—that wears away the gay buoyancy of girlhood. There's nothing quite so aging as constant worry about the children's health.

Millions of mothers have found escape from that worry in Lifebuoy *antiseptic* cleanness. Childhood epidemics lose their terrors; colds are less frequent; little cuts, scratches, bruises—so inviting to infection—cease to alarm in homes where Lifebuoy stands guard.

Will you deny your children this priceless protection? How can you, when it sends them to school, to meals, to bed, *safely clean* every day? Your doctor will tell you there is no better protection to health than that. Try it. It works!

Put Lifebuoy into every soap dish you have in the house. Be the first of your family to use it. It will be a revelation to you—give you an entirely new sense of cleanness—prove to you by its very odor why it protects health.

You will step out of your daily bath with body tingling—tired feeling gone—nerves soothed—refreshed and sweet for hours to come. You'll feel the thrill of new energy that Lifebuoy unfailingly imparts. Your skin will feel softer, more velvety—*you'll* feel younger.

Use Lifebuoy a week and you'll never want to wash hands, face or hair, or take a bath with any other soap. That is the experience of millions of people. The way to keep a firm hold on your youth is to keep that family of yours, *including yourself*, in the pink of condition all the time. Lifebuoy Health Soap helps to do just that.

The Health Doctor

Lifebuoy Health Soap

Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

The Right Way to Apply for a JOB

If You Are Looking for Employment or Want a Better Position, Here's a Helpful Suggestion

Mabel Sykes Photo

ABOVE is Marguerite Kolb and to the left her letter of application for a job. This letter was considered a model by an executive who receives such applications constantly.

AT this very moment there are thousands of highly competent men and women in America who are out of employment, or who are occupying inferior positions—because they have never learned how to apply for a good job.

Now, the employers of the land would like nothing better than to discover those competent people and put them to work at good pay. But what can they do? Mixed in with those thousands of valuable men and women are a vastly greater number of incompetents.

No employer can possibly sift out and test, point by point, the abilities of those who apply to him for positions. He has to choose according to surface indications. Most executives describe it as the "hunch method."

A man applies for a position. Nine times out of ten the fate of the applicant is determined inside of five minutes. If the application is made in person, appearance and manner quickly determine whether the job seeker has a chance; if by letter, the impression is equally swift and decisive. For the employer forms a mental image of the applicant and acts accordingly.

A concrete example always beats a theoretical discussion: Recently, the main offices of Liberty Weekly were transferred from Chicago to New York. Some of the employees were unable to move to the East and had to seek other work. The exact procedure of each of them to this end is not a matter of record. But one, Miss Marguerite Kolb, decided to seek a position on the Chicago *Tribune* and in pursuance of that decision addressed to E. S. Beck, the managing editor, a letter which may well serve as a model to all who want to apply for positions. The letter is reproduced on this page.

Clipped to the letter was a small slip of paper saying, "I would be happy to have you give me an interview," and beneath this was Miss Kolb's name and telephone number.

Simple, isn't it? Nothing startling or unusual, you might say. But make no mistake. That letter is a work of art. The managing editor of the Chicago *Tribune* receives many applications for positions every day. He's used to dismissing most of them at a glance. But this one stopped him. It created one of those hunches. He took the trouble to write a special note about it to the head of one of his departments.

Now, let's look over this letter and see what made it work where so many hundreds fail.

In the first place, it is brief and directly to the point. Obviously the girl who wrote that letter is businesslike and practical. The facts are set forth in logical order—therefore the girl is a clear, straightforward thinker. Although she is applying for a job as a writer, she does not attempt to prove her ability by tricks of phrase or "fine writing." Hence, she realizes that brevity and simplicity are the surest marks of the literary craftsman.

She does not set down a single word of self-praise, indicating that she will not prove to be conceited, temperamental, or difficult to manage.

The last sentence shows she has good judgment of relative values. Had she put this first, or otherwise indicated that she thought a fourteen-months stay in Europe entitled her to special consideration—the letter would probably have promptly hit the waste basket.

The final touch was the slip of paper clipped to the letter with her name and phone number. She knew that the letter might be filed in a routine way. If she included a ready-made note or reminder that could be easily detached, it would increase the chances of getting further attention.

Obviously the managing editor did not argue all this out to himself. The impression created by these things was direct and immediate. But the example serves just the same to show the kind of approach that brings success to the job-seeker.

Whether you write, or call in person, the qualities displayed by this letter are the qualities most likely to create the good impression that will bring you the job you seek.

THE END

December 4, 1925

Mr. E. S. Beck,
Tribune Tower,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. Beck:

Owing to the changes made in Liberty Editorial Department, I am looking for a new position. Kindly consider my application:

Name.....Marguerite Kolb, (Miss)

Address.....2421 Geneva Terrace, Chicago, Ill.
Tel. Diversey 3892.

Education....B. S. degree Northwestern University.
Am at present specializing in journalism for a higher degree.

Business Experience: One year as secretary to Assistant Secretary Northwestern Alumni Association, Mr. John Paver. Refer to Mr. Charles Ward, Secretary Alumni Assn., 31 West Lake St., Chicago.

Nine months in Editorial office Liberty Magazine, Salary $30. per week, doing stenographic, correspondence work and detail. Would like to do copy-reading, or reporting but would consider anything at my present salary if there were an opportunity for advancement. Refer to Miss Kathryn Kennedy or Mr. R. J. B. Denby in Editorial office.

I have never worked for the Tribune before I came to Liberty.

This may be irrelevant, but I have had fourteen months of travel in Europe.

Sincerely,

Marguerite Kolb

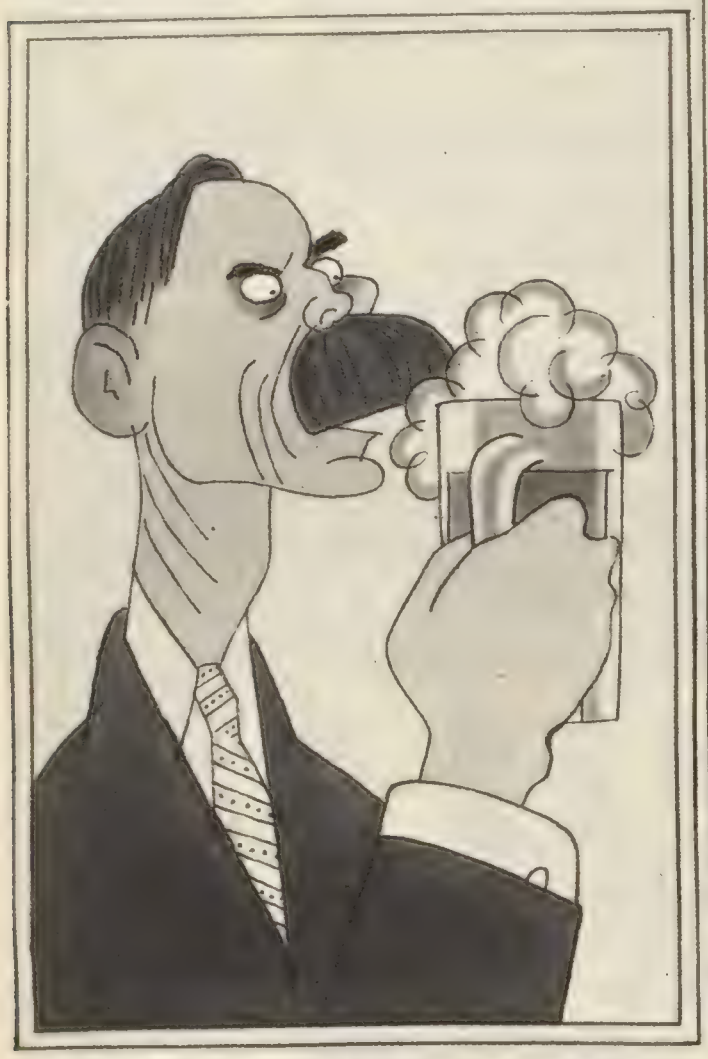
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

GUTZON BORGLUM, NOTED SCULPTOR of Stone Mountain fame, takes advantage of the parleys between the coal miners and operators to model an heroic group for the Detroit Chamber of Commerce called "In Conference." The sitters posed for six months without moving.

DELEGATES FROM THE WORLD COURT visit Jack Dempsey in his California home to learn the secret of eternal peace from the heavyweight champion. "The Dempsey Method of Avoiding War" will be the subject of a paper which will be read at the next meeting of the Court.

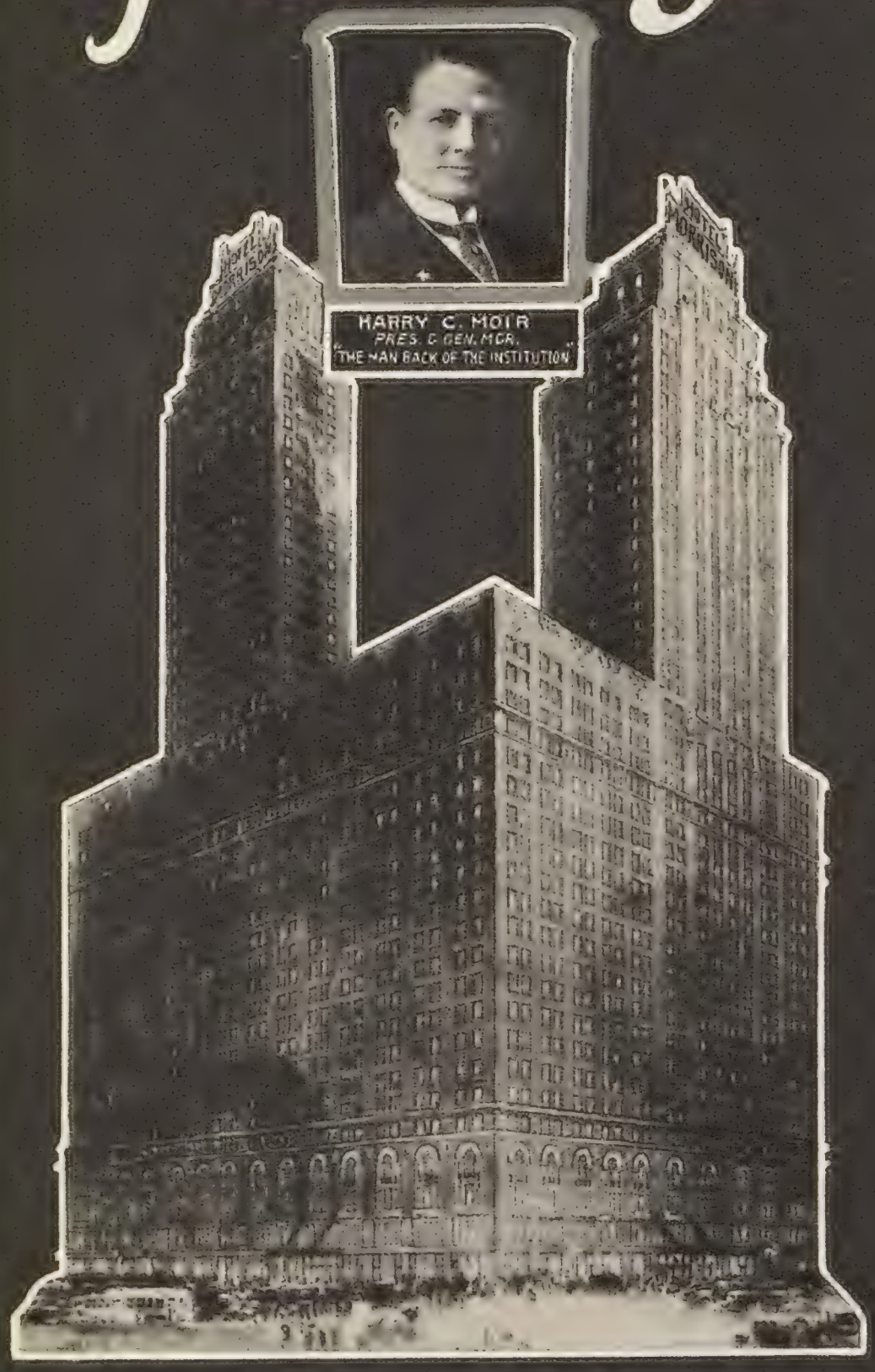


AN EARLY PHOTOGRAPH of Andrew J. Volstead, taken in 1913, showing the famous dry leader trying to throw his mustache over a seidel of Pilsener. His obvious inability to do so is thought to have convinced him that anything over half of one per cent is bad for the country.

MRS. CARRIE RUSHBOWER FITZBUTTON, society leader and celebrated reformer, snapped as she was stepping into her car to attend a meeting of the Anti-Short-Skirt League. Mrs. Fitzbutton has unselfishly devoted herself to the movement to bring back the ankle-length skirt.

HOLLYWOOD-BY-THE-SEA AMBULANCE SURGEONS refuse to abandon hope of finding some remains of the California realtor and the Florida realtor who met last month in the southern resort. Our camera study shows surgeons searching in the crater left on the site of the argument.

"Keeping Pace with the Growth of Chicago"



The New Morrison, when completed, will be the world's largest and tallest hotel, 46 stories high, with 3,400 rooms

THE NEW MORRISON HOTEL

The Tallest in the World

EVEN the sublime grandeur of the new Morrison tower is less impressive than the *purpose for which it was built*—to extend to a wider circle of patrons the economies which have prevailed here for years.

Rooms $2.50 Up

Guests enjoy the entire benefit of the saving derived from the rents of subleased stores, which pay *all the ground rent.* This makes it possible to offer rooms for $3 to $5 of a type that would cost $5 to $8 in any other leading hostelry.

1,944 Rooms—Each with Bath

All the Morrison's guest rooms are outside—each with bath, running ice water and Servidor (the last-named giving extra security and privacy with its grille feature). A housekeeper is stationed on every floor. All guests enjoy garage privileges.

Chicago's Most Central Hotel
The Favorite for Conventions

The Morrison stands closer than any other Chicago hotel to offices, theatres, stores and railroad depots. This essential feature of a convention hotel is accompanied by the outstanding advantages of the Terrace Garden, Cameo Room and radio broadcasting service.

Write or Wire for Reservations

Broadcasting daily from Station WGES

MORRISON HOTEL and TERRACE GARDEN

THE HOTEL OF PERFECT SERVICE

CHICAGO'S WONDER RESTAURANT

CLARK AND MADISON STREETS
"IN THE HEART OF THE LOOP"

A PAGE ABOUT THE MOVIES

LIGHTS! *ACTION!* CAMERA!

BY ALVA TAYLOR

LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN

Directed by Ernst Lubitsch Warner Brothers' Picture

THE CAST:

Mrs. Erlynne.....*Irene Rich*
Lady Windermere.....*May McAvoy*
Lord Windermere.....*Bert Lytell*
Lord Darlington.....*Ronald Colman*
Lord Augustus Lorton....*Edward Martindel*

THOSE movie goers who do not take in Lady Windermere's Fan will do a very foolish thing. It seems hardly likely that anyone would purposely leave this picture out of his movie program, for experience must have shown all inveterate movie fans that the Lubitschian movie is always an interesting one, and that Irene Rich can be counted on to give a fine performance. The Oscar Wilde part of the picture is only in the plot and spirit. For since Lubitsch is one of those directors who do much with few subtitles, there are no quotations from the play.

May McAvoy

If a less skillful director had made this picture, situations which Oscar Wilde's lines make clever and Mr. Lubitsch's direction makes powerfully dramatic would loom up as decidedly unoriginal.

Mr. Lubitsch uses moving pictures to express the thoughts he wishes to convey to his audience. He does not, for instance, at a certain point insert a subtitle something like this: "Oh, I left my fan in the other room; whatever shall I do?" Instead, he shows, first, consternation on the face of the lady, then the reason—the fan on the sofa. This is obviously simpler than words. Yet it is a method not often enough used.

Irene Rich

Many things are refreshingly different in Lubitsch pictures. He opens and shuts doors in such a way that the act seems to mean something.

Irene Rich is a thing of beauty, playing for the first time in her career the other woman instead of the neglected wife. She is the Mrs. Erlynne whose ashes-of-roses past has caused London society to drop her from their calling list. Men cast admiring eyes at her face and figure, while women cast envious glances at her gowns but knowing glances at each other as they stare at her through opera glasses at the race course.

May McAvoy is Lady Windermere, who is really Mrs. Erlynne's daughter, but who along with the rest of society is ignorant of the fact.

Bert Lytell is Lord Windermere, who does know that Mrs. Erlynne is his wife's mother, and delivers large sized checks into the lady's hands to prevent her from telling her daughter who she is. For, according to Lord Windermere, the virtuous Lady Windermere would never recover from the shock, believing her mother to have died with a stainless reputation.

Ronald Colman is a charming villain in love with Lady Windermere.

BEN-HUR

Directed by Fred Niblo A Metro-Goldwyn Picture

THE CAST:

Ben-Hur.....*Ramon Novarro*
Messala.....*Francis X. Bushman*
Esther.....*May McAvoy*
Mother of Ben-Hur.....*Claire McDowell*
Tirzah.....*Kathleen Key*
Iras.....*Carmel Myers*
Simonides.....*Nigel de Brulier*
Arrius.....*Frank Currier*
Madonna.....*Betty Bronson*

BEN-HUR is a tremendous spectacle—too tremendous for me to do it justice in this short space. How, in a few paragraphs, can one tell of its marvelous scenic wonders, the beauty of individual pictures, the thrills, the reverence with which biblical episodes are treated, and the excellent work of an unusually brilliant cast?

Starting with the birth of Christ, it carries us along through the story of Ben-Hur until Christ's crucifixion, with extracts from the Master's life, put upon the scene with all the power of the photographers' art.

Carmel Myers

Throughout the picture the Christ is portrayed sometimes by a simple hand and arm reaching out a blessing or a comforting caress, and sometimes as a beam of holy light. Never are any of the biblical scenes reminiscent of badly painted holy pictures. Rather are they like the reproductions of old masters. The scene at the beginning of the film, of the three wise men crossing the desert sands on their camels, with the Star of Bethlehem leading them on, is exquisite.

The picture of Betty Bronson as the Madonna, holding up her babe for the adoration of the wise men and the kings of the East, is as magical a piece of moving picture as you can hope to see.

Ramon Novarro

The chariot race is, of course, the dramatic and photographic climax of Ben-Hur. If those madly galloping twelve teams, racing around their seven laps in a reconstructed Circus Maximus, lashed by the charioteers' whips, cheered by thousands of spectators, do not make your pulse beat, then you are absolutely immune from excitement.

Francis X. Bushman

There is no use in raving over the work of Ramon Novarro, the Ben-Hur of the picture. Suffice it to say that the part of Judah could not have been more satisfactorily performed.

May McAvoy in a blond wig is a charming and tender Esther. Francis X. Bushman is an excellent Messala. Betty Bronson makes too brief an appearance as the Madonna, appealingly beautiful.

BLUEBEARD'S SEVEN WIVES

Directed by Alfred A. Santell A First National Picture

THE CAST:

John Hart.....*Ben Lyon*
Mary Kelly.....*Lois Wilson*
Juliet.....*Blanche Sweet*
Gilde La Gray.....*Dorothy Sebastian*
Kathra Granni.....*Diana Kane*

BLUEBEARD'S SEVEN WIVES is not, I hasten to assure you, a melodrama about a modern wife-killer, but a bright and jolly farce in which the movies make fun of themselves. It concerns a young stuttering, spectacle-wearing ex-bank teller who by accident falls into the part and costume of a movie star, and who, through publicity such as only movie press agents can think of, became overnight the world's greatest screen lover and sheik.

Lois Wilson

John Hart (Ben Lyon, whom you'd hardly recognize behind the stutter and the spectacles) having lost his position in the bank, ends up at the studios of the Better Films Corporation. Here, thanks to a director who does not believe in waiting for late movie stars, John Hart is seized upon after being rejected by the casting director, and is hurried into the South American outfit of the hero of the picture. John turns out to be not at all bad at making love before the camera. John's method is to think of his own sweetheart, Mary Kelly, flapjack flapper in a quick-lunch house, while the cameras are grinding, and immediately to drop the heroine when the director shouts "Cut!"

The following day John Hart is Juan Hartez, Spanish heart smasher, met at the dock by representatives of all the newspapers in town. Juan Hartez lives in a gorgeous apartment provided by the movie company and travels around in an equally gorgeous car. But John Hart's highest ambitions are to marry his Mary Kelly and live in a simple little home in the country that he is buying on the installment plan.

Ben Lyon

When he has been married in the newspapers six times, and divorced the same number, and the seventh publicity wife is introduced to him, John Hart decides to revolt. He vows that his next wife will be little Mary Kelly, and he elopes with her, and never returns to the movies, but removes the sideburns and the Spanish air, and hides behind his spectacles in his country cottage.

The picture is amusingly sportive about the movies and movie people. The producers couldn't resist the temptation to do the balcony scene from Romeo and Juliet, which they dragged in as a movie vehicle for Juan Hartez, calling it Purple Passions. It provided Blanche Sweet with an opportunity to appear as a beautiful blonde Juliet, and certainly Ben Lyon makes a most graceful and handsome Romeo.

You're pretty sure to like this picture.

Could George Washington's Mother Have Done More for Her Boy?

When Washington was a lad, dental hygiene was practically unknown. The Father of his Country had to have false teeth at the age of forty. As reflected in the literature of that period, the use of the tooth brush, among adults and children alike, was the exception.

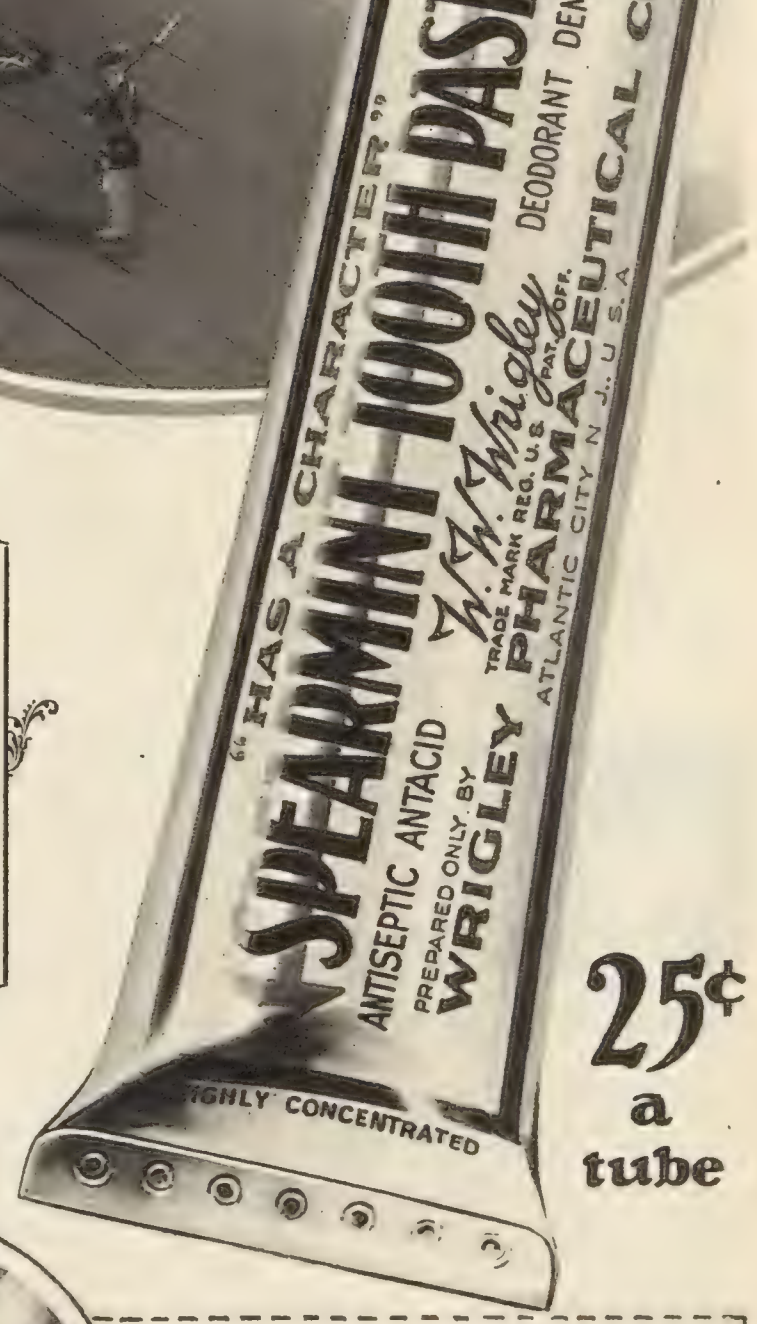
FORTUNATELY, mouth hygiene and preventive dentistry have changed all this since Washington's day. In Colonial days, neglect to instruct children in the care of their teeth was deplorable—but explainable. In these days it is inexcusable. To the mothers of 1926 we say—

SPEARMINT
TOOTH PASTE

encourages children in the *daily* use of the tooth brush. It is all a good dentifrice should be: cleans teeth—neutralizes mouth acids—keeps gums red, firm and healthy. Tastes so pleasant children like it—and use it *eagerly*. So agreeable and dainty—once introduced—it becomes the family favorite.

Madam Chastenay Mausson, visiting Philadelphia in 1790, in a letter to her mother-in-law in France, made this illuminating comment:

. . . "*I was horrified to hear the other day, for example, that tooth brushes are a recent innovation here, and that some people still think their use by men is effeminate.*"



25¢ a tube

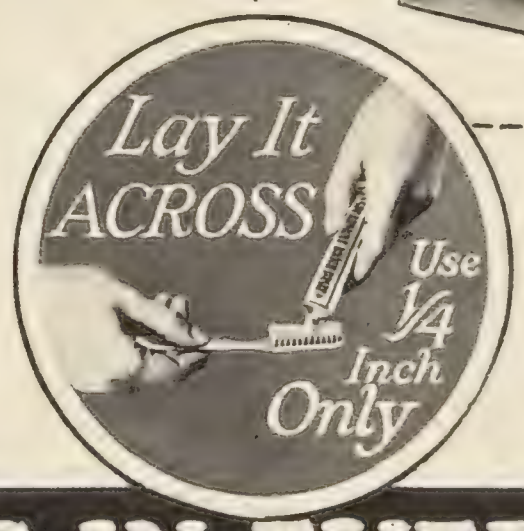
Special Offer: To introduce and encourage the daily use of this safe, delightful and economical dentifrice, we will mail one full-size 25c tube of SPEARMINT TOOTH PASTE, postpaid, to any address in the United States on receipt of 15c in stamps or coin. The coupon in the corner is for your convenience.

Please write your name and address *plainly*.

To the Trade

Spearmint Tooth Paste has been successfully made and sold for more than twelve years. Now we have capacity to supply a national demand. Sample tubes, as offered in this advertisement, are being sent out by the thousands. They are going to your customers. Put in Spearmint with our sales helps to get the repeat business.

WRIGLEY PHARMACEUTICAL COMPANY
Boardwalk near Million Dollar Pier : : ATLANTIC CITY, NEW JERSEY



WRIGLEY PHARMACEUTICAL COMPANY L-6
ATLANTIC CITY, NEW JERSEY

GENTLEMEN:

Enclosed find 15c in stamps, for which mail, postpaid, 25c tube SPEARMINT TOOTH PASTE.

Name .....

Address .....

My druggist's Name and Address is .....

.....

320 CLEANSINGS IN EVERY TUBE

Headdress Makes the Type

By RICHARD HALLIDAY

Photo by Strauss Payton

It was in Flower of the Night, written especially for the screen by Joseph Hergesheimer, that Pola Negri arranged her hair with these combs. Not to be outdone by the many actresses who have been shown in a variety of roles, Miss Negri proves that she, too, can change her type with a new bob all her own, as shown in the circle above. She was seen like this in A Woman of the World—the title and this pose give an idea of the heroine's character. And last we have her as we first saw her in this country when she was making films for the German producers.

Photo by Russell Ball

Photo by Eugene Ritchee

A casting director has often found he was mistaken when he refused to cast a girl for a certain type in a picture because he thought she looked like a vamp—and couldn't possibly be anything else. Bebe Daniels certainly could fool him. Here she is in her latest picture, Martinique. And then as a typical ingenue. But she can be just as sophisticated as Pola Negri merely by slicking her hair back a bit and posing for the camera.

Greta Nissen, the young Swedish dancer, has portrayed a variety of characters since her first appearance on the screen. It is hard to say, "This is how she looks," because she never appears twice the same. But the first picture gives you a good idea how she would most likely appear on the street. Next she is shown as a wicked vamp with a black wig. And in the last square we see her doing her best to look ugly. In her next picture with Adolphe Menjou she attempts this trick, but you must admit she can't look ugly, no matter how she tries.

Delta
ROADLITE

$4.50

Note sturdy brackets—two styles

A Shaft of Light You'll Brag About

Here is an automobile "spot" that puts *bright* light where you want it—*on road, curb and ditch, not in the air.* The Delta mounts in any position on the front of your car—close to the road. Note the visor. This cuts off glare from the eyes of approaching motorists; it permits, with courtesy, a long beam ahead. Besides, it reflects all upward beams of light (the 50% which are ordinarily wasted) down to earth. Its light is intense.

With its artistic lines, splendid construction and exquisite finish, our new Delta RoadLite is a jewel among accessory automobile lighting devices. It is a beautiful light for beautiful cars.

Some Other Delta Products

Automobile Spotlight
No. 24
$3.00

Bicycle Spotlight
No. 37
$3.75

Electric Lantern
No. 10
$2.75

Our enormous production of night lights for automobiles, motorcycles and bicycles, places us in a position to manufacture a *superior product at a popular price.*

Price complete with a sturdy bracket, nine foot armored cable and dash switch $4.50. Slightly higher West of Rockies. Send for literature on this and other models. If your dealer doesn't have the model you want, write us.

DELTA ELECTRIC COMPANY

201 Delta Block Marion, Indiana

Liberty's RADIO STATION

LIBERTY'S Radio Station, WLIB, is desirous of having its listeners participate in the arrangement of its programs. And $10 will be paid for each suggestion published. So let us hear from you.

$10 for Every Letter Printed

MIDNIGHT FROLICS

Dear Sir: Please allow me to congratulate you. Station WLIB comes in fine down here in old Alabam'. I enjoy your programs very much and hope they will continue to entertain me as they have in the past.

I think it would be nice for WLIB to put a Midnight Frolic on the air at least once a week—there are so many people who can listen in only during the latter part of the night. Will you think over this idea?

MRS. H. L. HICKS.
Box 17, Shelby County, Boothton, Ala.

BY REQUEST

Gentlemen: I would like to come up to Chicago and tell every one of the boys who put out the programs how much I appreciate them. They are fine, no doubt about it.

Now, I have just one suggestion, not a criticism. Why not have once a week a request night? I do not know if any other station has this. But so many stations will receive a telephone call or a telegram for a certain selection and fill the request; then in a few minutes another request is sent in but not filled. Someone gets sore. So why not just set aside one night each week and make the program up from request numbers, first come first served, and have the announcer tell who requested each selection?

RANSOM O'BURKE.
1012 N. Washington, Enid, Okla.

POOR MAN'S THEATER

Dear WLIB: As a shut-in recovering from typhoid the radio was my constant and only companion. Anything that came in was good. I believe the radio is the poor man's and the workingman's theater, and an abundance of wholesome fun and light music meets his needs. Soft-pedal the classic stuff. As a rule folks that like that kind would rather go to the opera in full dress. And they can usually afford to.

E. J. WOLF.
6149 Oak, Kansas City, Mo.

WRITE TO
Radio Editor, Liberty
P.O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y.

What Price for Safety?

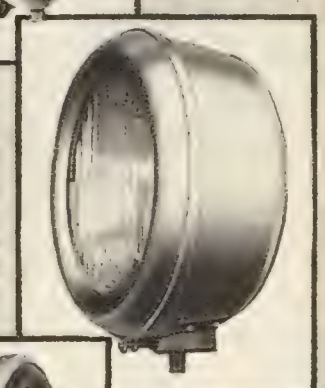
GuideRay
DOUBLE FOCAL POINT Patd
HEADLAMPS

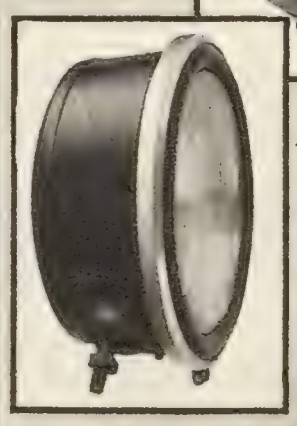
not only make night driving safe but set off the appearance of any car to advantage.

. . . and their cost is surprisingly moderate!

The cost for safety in night driving is not to be measured in dollars and cents. The risk of collision, running off the road or into unseen obstacles, blinding other drivers or arrest for using illegal headlights is unnecessary when you can have Guide Rays installed on your car at so low a cost.

These headlamps for the most popularly known cars range from $8 to $15 a pair.





Let us know the make of car you drive and we will give you definite information regarding the correct type of Guide Ray Headlamps to have installed.

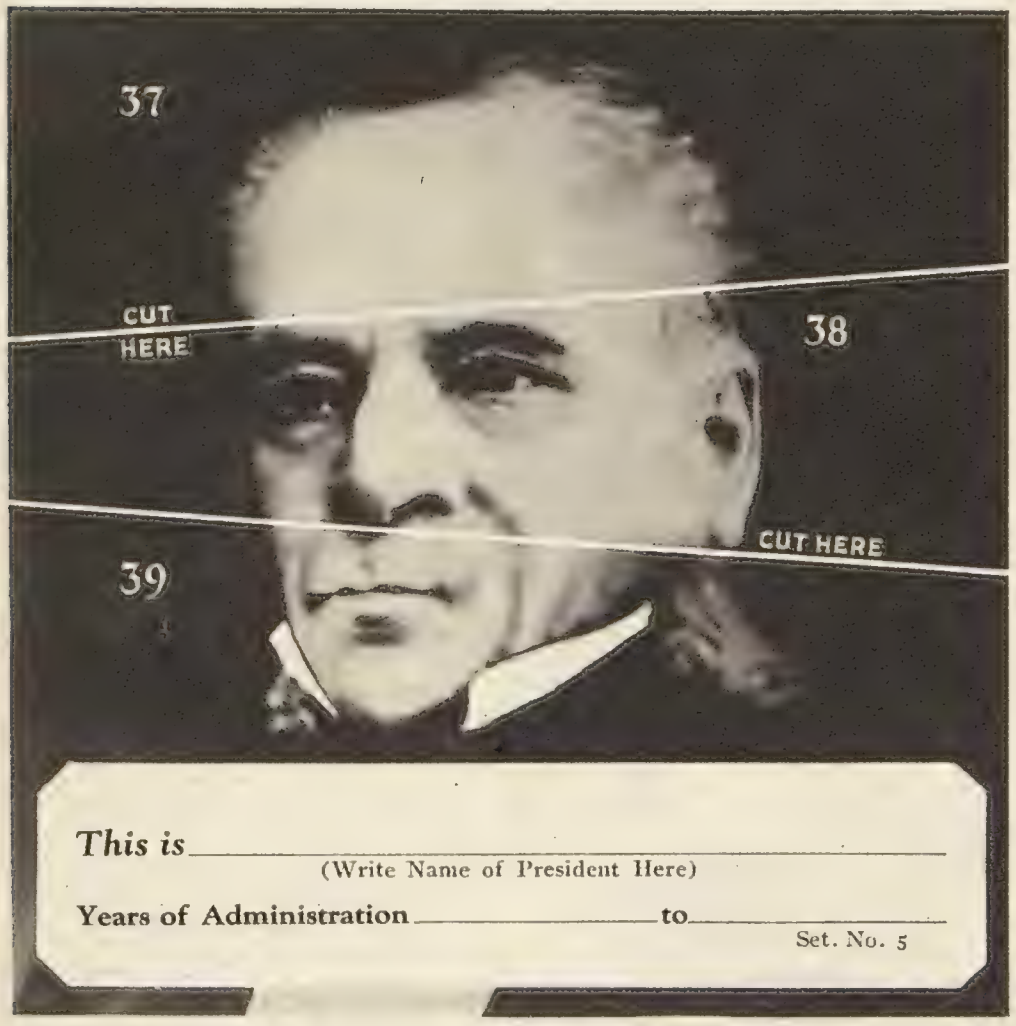
Guide Ray Headlamp Service Stations are being installed all over the country. If you do not locate one of these stations in your locality, send us the name of your customary service-shop and we will furnish them with Guide Rays to install on your car or direct you to the nearest Guide Ray Service Station.

NOTICE TO AUTOMOTIVE ELECTRICAL SERVICE STATIONS: Why not be prepared to serve motorists who want Guide Ray Headlamps and headlamp inspection? Write for the ready opportunity.

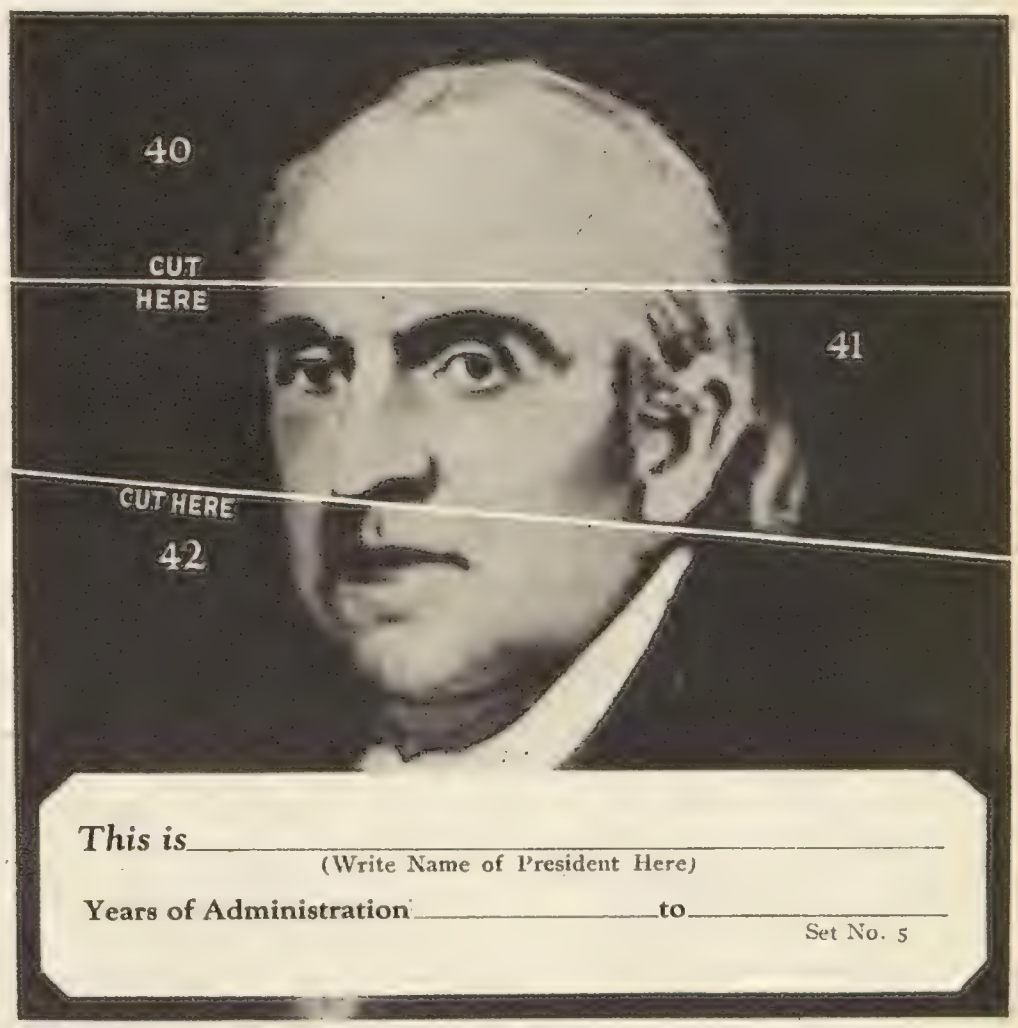
The Guide Motor Lamp Mfg. Co.
Cleveland, Ohio

WHO ARE THESE PRESIDENTS?

Can you rearrange these pictures correctly and name them?



The forehead is that of a President who was defeated by a Republican; the eyes and nose are those of a sheriff; the mouth and chin are of a President under whom Grant and Lee fought on the same side.



The forehead belongs to a President who won by the electoral votes of his home State; the eyes and nose are of a tariff reducer; the mouth and chin are of the first President who could deport aliens at will.

CAN you cut apart the three Pictures of Presidents of the United States printed here and put them together right? Liberty will pay $25,000 in Cash Prizes for best answers to the Patriotic Game of Presidents.

Try it! It's easy. Just an entertaining and educational patriotic game to familiarize everyone with all the Presidents in American history.

RULES

1. Every week for 10 weeks a Set of Composite Pictures of Presidents of the United States is being printed in Liberty.

2. Each Set of Pictures, when cut apart and put together properly, will make complete portraits of American Presidents. The public is invited to assemble the Pictures and send them in. Liberty will pay $25,000 in Cash Prizes to the persons who send in the nearest correctly named and neatest complete Sets of Pictures.

3. This contest is open to everybody, everywhere — men, women, boys and girls—except employees of Liberty and their families.

4. The Composite Pictures must be cut out, assembled, and pasted or pinned together. Below each picture must be written the name of the President and the years of his administration. (Give only first and last year of administration. For example, Warren G. Harding, 1921-1923.)

5. In all, 29 Pictures will be printed —one of each President. Save them until you have the complete set of 29. Then send them to "Presidents," Liberty, Post Office Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York City. Be sure to write your name and address clearly on your entry. All Pictures must be in by midnight, 21 days after Set No. 10 is published. We cannot undertake to return any entries.

6. *Each entry should be sent by first-class mail—postage prepaid. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by Post Office Department.* Contestants may send in as many sets as they wish, but no contestant shall be entitled to more than one prize.

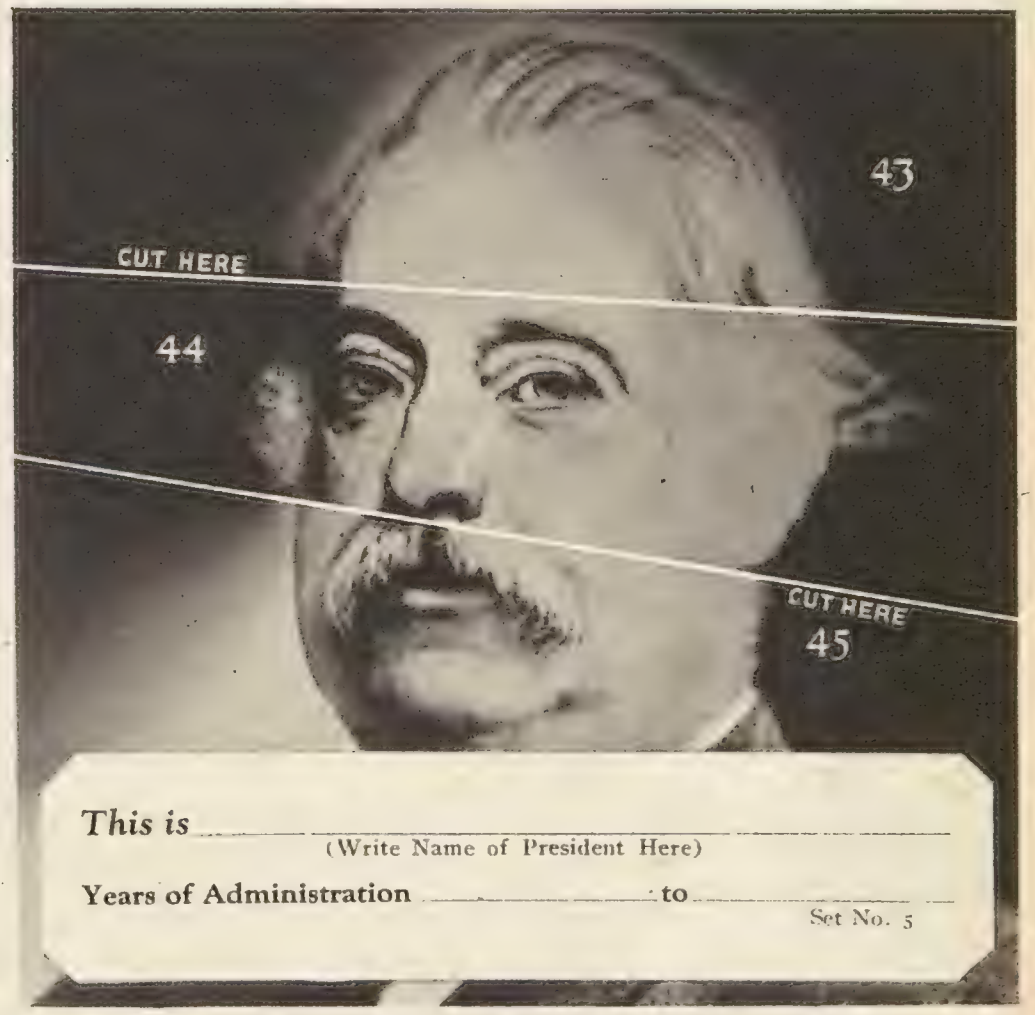
7. Accuracy and neatness will count. No elaborate treatments are necessary. Simplicity is best.

The Prizes

1st Prize	$5,000
2nd "	1,000
3rd "	500
4th "	250
5th "	200
Next 80 Prizes at $25	2,000
Next 1355 Prizes at $10	13,550
10 Prizes to teachers at $250 . . .	2,500
1450 Prizes, totaling	$25,000

8. You need not purchase Liberty to compete. You may copy or trace the Pictures from the originals and assemble the Pictures from the copies you have made. Liberty may be examined at any of its Offices or at Public Libraries free of charge.

9. The Judges will be a Committee appointed by Liberty. The Judges' decision will be final. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant.



The forehead is that of a man who had trouble with Great Britain; the eyes and nose are of one during whose term a law was made after which the 1917 espionage act was patterned; the mouth and chin are of the Mayor of a large city.

To Teachers One of the most important purposes of this contest, aside from its endeavor to win more friends for Liberty, is to increase the knowledge of American History among the people, young and old.

We want especially to interest children in this educational game, and to inspire them to consult their parents and teachers.

Therefore, to each of the ten teachers whose pupils rank highest in this contest, we will award a special prize of $250 each, a total of $2,500. This applies to pupils in public, private and parochial schools, so when a child enters the contest, he is advised to state the name of his school, the name of his teacher, and his grade.

The 3 Presidents in Set No. 5 Are Among These:

Roosevelt		Johnson	Grant
Cleveland		Arthur	Adams
Pierce	Polk	J. Q. Adams	Wilson

A Set of Presidents' Pictures in Each Issue of **Liberty** *for the Next Five Weeks*

Delicious Homemade Valentines

A Pleasure to Make, a Joy to Behold, a Delight to Eat

By ETHEL SOMERS

EDIBLE valentines are becoming more and more popular; witness the lollipop in its February-fourteenth garb selling at twenty-five cents and the two-cent peppermint stick likewise. They are most easily invented in the home and with inspiring valentine shop windows as an incentive, may be made in a great variety via the methods set forth herein.

Frequently February fourteenth means excited kiddies shut in by inclement weather. For such children the wise and modern mother looks for some type of educational, entertaining play. Why not the making of valentines with which to please their friends?

A marzipan, or almond paste, prepared ahead by the mother and put into the scrupulously clean hands of the child, lends itself to far more educational and esthetic building than the common molding clay. His works of art being edible as well as good to look upon add further zest to his play, making for a spirited as well as sentimental celebration of the traditional Saint Valentine's Day mood.

Still less work for the mother are the caricature valentines made from peanuts, gumdrops, marshmallows, and the like strung together in proportionate shapes and sizes to represent figures. Label these appropriately with greetings. Wax-paper-wrapped lollipops skirted and hooded in bright crepe papers may be made into effective dolls by applying frosting faces to the lollipop or by crayon drawings on the waxed paper. Be sure to afford your children the additional fun of making their valentines this year.

Marzipan Paste

1 pound almonds
1 pound confectioner's sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla or few drops rose water

COVER the shelled almonds with boiling water and let them stand under the water for at least five minutes. Immerse in and out of cold water and squeeze off the brown skins. Dry the blanched almonds on a clean towel and spread them out on a flat tray to dry further.

When thoroughly dry, grate the almonds as finely as possible (the best method being to pass them twice through a mechanical grater, as pictured). Place the grated almonds in a large glass or porcelain bowl, add the flavoring, confectioner's sugar, and enough water to make the whole into a very stiff dough-like ball (this will take but a tablespoon or so, depending on the almonds used). Knead the sugar and almonds together thoroughly before each addition of water, working the paste with considerable strength to obtain a perfect mixture. If not well blended the finished valentines will crack on handling.

Roll the dough out on a board sprinkled with confectioner's sugar (DO NOT USE FLOUR!) to a three-sixteenth-inch thickness. Cut into heart shapes (or other desired shapes) with a cookie cutter or sharply pointed knife. Scallop the edge if desired, and cut small holes about the rim to give a "lacey" effect. Place these hearts on a piece of glazed wrapping paper on a baking sheet. Re-work the pieces of dough that are left over and roll them to a three-sixteenth-inch thickness, using more confectioner's sugar on the board if necessary. Cut this into long strips one-half inch wide. Following the outline of the outer edge lay off a heart-shaped wall proportionately in toward the center, moistening the edge of the strip with water so that it will adhere permanently. (This leaves a central, heart-shaped depression which, after baking, is filled with creamed sugar.)

A marzipan valentine heart made from grated almonds and powdered sugar with a gumdrop floral trim.

When all the valentines are completed thus far place the cookie sheet *under* the broiler flame which has been lighted for ten minutes prior to use so that heat may be stored up. Use a fairly hot flame so that in a minute or so the tops of the rims and edges will be delicately brown. *Watch very closely!* Remove still a delicate brown leaving the valentines on the cookie sheet until they are thoroughly cooled. Touching while hot will crumble them.

Creamed Centers

1 pound confectioner's sugar
Milk or cream to moisten
Flavoring

MIX one pound of confectioner's sugar to a smooth cream by beating in milk or cream. Flavor with a half-teaspoon of vanilla or a few drops of rose water. When the valentines are cooled, remove the paper from the back, fill the central depression with the creamed sugar. When this begins to crust over on drying, garnish the white central heart appropriately with bright preserved fruits cut fancifully—floral semblances being particularly appropriate. A study of valentine shop windows will afford ample inspiration.

Valentine Caricatures

1 sheet red cardboard
1 sheet white glazed paper
1 lace paper doily
1 bag peanuts
Five cents' worth of assorted gumdrops
Three blanched almonds
Three prunes
½ oz. melted chocolate

One—"Our Football Hero" was made by stringing appropriate sized gumdrops on a needle and thread in an athletic shape. His face is a blanched almond, which ends the stringing except for sewing the figure to the card. You will note in sewing that the threads will pull through unless small stops clipped from a toothpick are inserted under the stitch as you sew back into the appendages. Melted chocolate dripped on from a toothpick makes the face and helmet.

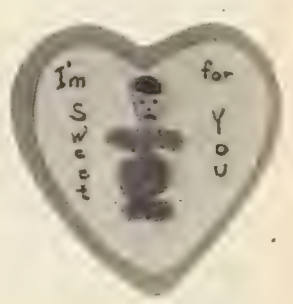
Two—"Our Charleston Stepper" was made by stringing appropriate sized peanuts (using a split double peanut to form the arms), catching the threads over toothpick stops, as illustrated. His expressive personality may be made with crayons, ink, or melted chocolate.

Three—"Our Jack Tar Gob" was made from prunes after replacing the stones with nut meats and cutting the arms and legs from quarter prune sections. Strung as pictured, mounted on the card heart with an expressive almond-chocolate face and hat, he awaits, though but a poor prune, the finding of a sweet sheba.

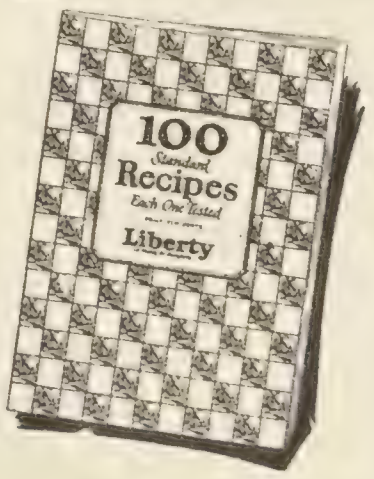
Four—Speaks for himself.

Five—Likewise.

All delightful to make, admire, and eat. What more could one ask of a valentine?



Get Your Cook Book Now



100 TESTED RECIPES
FOR 10 CENTS

Kitchen drudgery is cut in half by Liberty's new cook book. You can have what you want "Like mother used to make," but without her hours of toil, if you use the scientific methods that save time and worry.

There's still a chance for you to make the biggest ten-cent investment of your life by sending this coupon and the price in coin or stamps. Do it today.

LIBERTY COOK BOOK,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of your new cook book, One Hundred Standard Recipes. I inclose ten cents in payment.

(Please write or print plainly in ink)

NAME.....

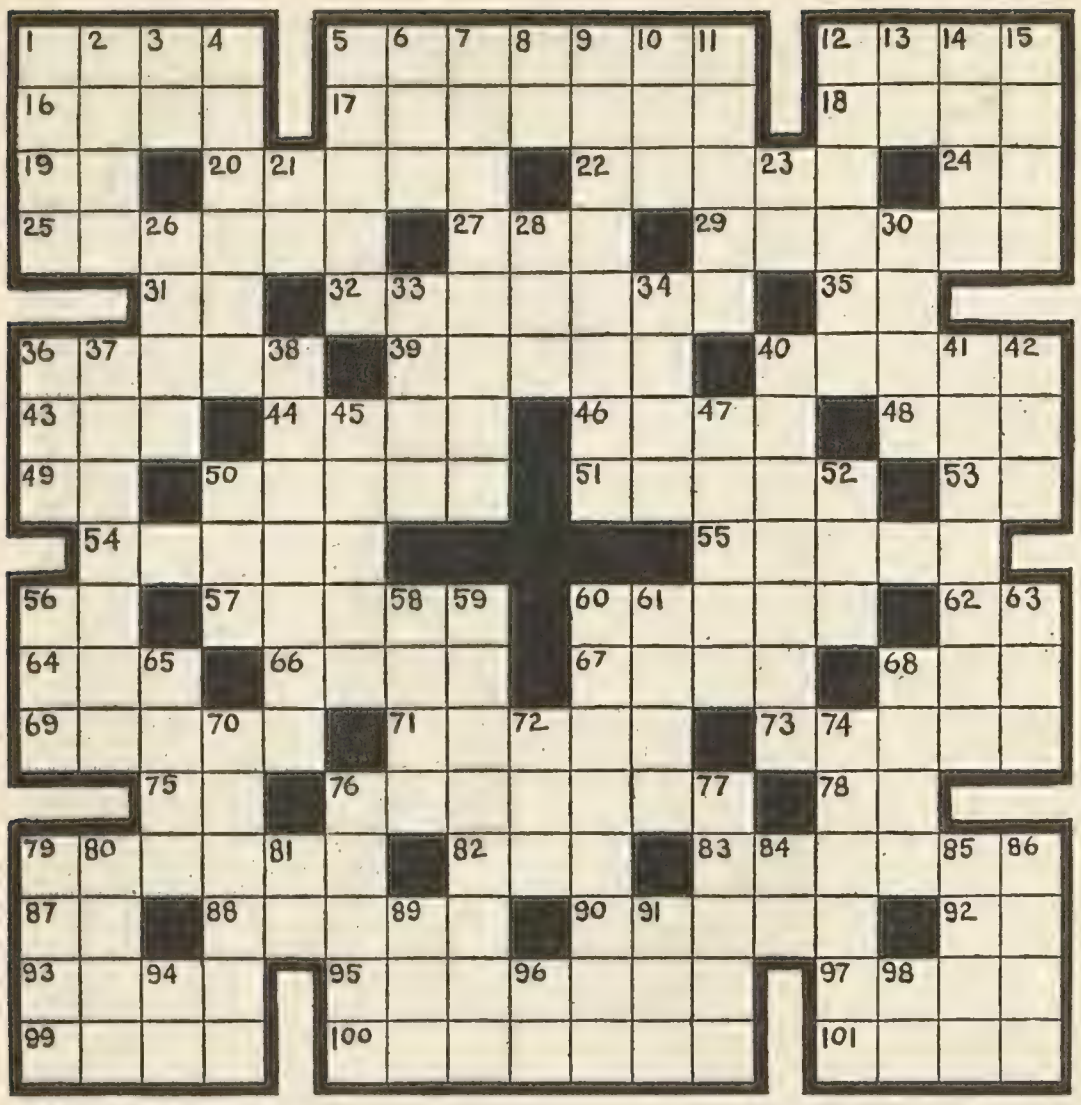
STREET or R. F. D.....

CITY..... STATE.....

2-13-26

Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle No. 55

LOVELY words, like lovely ladies, should not be shut up in dark prisons. What a dreary place a dictionary must be for a word like Number Seven Vertical, where it is completely surrounded by words like "nephew" and "negotiate" and "nerve." We're going to write to a choice group of authors and ask them if they won't take "nepenthe" out of the dictionary and show it the sights. "Nepenthe" is the "potion used by ancients to give forgetfulness of pain and sorrow." Don't you think it's a lovely word?

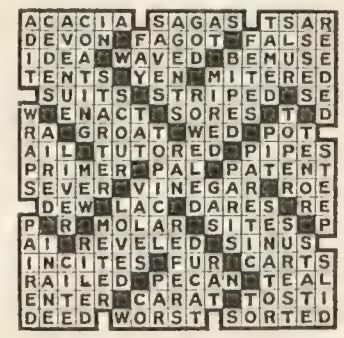


HORIZONTAL

1 A colt
5 Straw hats of a particular kind
12 Bulk
16 To relieve of tension
17 A ketone
18 A river in Russia
19 An exclamation
20 A domestic animal
22 Rages
24 A pronoun
25 A kind of leather used for bookbinding
27 A lizard-like animal
29 Marked with small spots
31 Behold!
32 Ninth part of a deceased person's goods, formerly paid to the clergy (plural)
35 A Babylonian deity
36 Carpenter's tool
39 A stalk or stem of grain
40 Assume a higher position
43 Droop
44 Persian ruler
46 A kind of light muffin (plural)
48 Alighted
49 A form of "to be"
50 A sudden fright
51 Upstanding
53 The initials of a continent
54 To deal with or handle
55 Time during which a sovereign rules
56 A Japanese measure of distance
57 Builder of the wooden horse of Troy (Greek myth.)
60 An occurrence
62 The beloved of Zeus
64 A cardinal number
66 An eagle
67 To clothe with authority
68 Termination
69 Incited
71 More deficient in moisture
73 An elevated platform
75 At the surface of and supported by
76 Circles around luminous heavenly bodies
78 Else
79 More florid
82 An insect
83 An establishment where dogs are bred
87 A man's name shortened
88 Considerable in degree
90 Timber tree of the Pacific Islands (plural)
92 A Chinese weight and measure
93 A fruit
95 Took a particular direction or course
97 An island
99 Ancient seat of Irish monarchs
100 Annual Christian church festival (plural)
101 Fewer

VERTICAL

1 Dread
2 The most important of the Hawaiian Islands
3 While
4 A precept
5 A song of joy
6 A playing card
7 Potion of the ancients causing forgetfulness
8 By
9 Conveyance of property as security for debt
10 A collection of facts
11 Transmits
12 To summon together
13 Metric measure of area
14 Identical
15 A wheelless vehicle
21 An exclamation
23 Toward
26 Dross from a smelted metal
28 Distant
30 Appendage
33 Ridges of drift
34 Pitcher
36 Letter of the Greek alphabet
37 Enduring
38 Issued from confinement
40 Act of rising (plural)
41 Violating the laws of morality
42 Seventh letter of the Greek alphabet
45 One who abhors or detests
47 Lakes or pools
50 Comprehend
52 A small bird
56 Spawn
58 To bring to nought
59 Provides with notches or teeth
60 The time of evening (poet.)
61 A feminine proper name
63 Form of verse
65 The self (plural)
68 To gain by effort
70 A riddle
72 A product of electrical decomposition
74 One of a pair of masses of tissue in the throat
76 An island in the Mediterranean Sea
77 Slides without rotating
79 Enraptured
80 A Spanish cooking vessel
81 Suffix used to form nouns of agency
84 Spanish definite article
85 Measures of length
86 Perversions of truth
89 A constellation
91 By; in place of
94 Ancient Babylonian city
96 A division of the Scriptures (initials)
98 A point of the compass



Answer to Puzzle No. 54

Do You *Attract Men?*

Some women—beautiful, cultured and otherwise charming—find themselves social failures . . . because they neglect the greatest of all feminine charms—*daintiness!*

Yet—this winning appeal is such an easy thing to hold and keep *always:* For over two centuries, fastidious women have found the secret in *Eau de Cologne-No. 4*, a rare toilette water that is a *deodorant* of finesse. It neutralizes but does not check natural perspiration. It preserves daintiness the entire day through!

At Your Dealer's 2 oz. 65c; 4 oz. $1.25; 8 oz. $2.

Eau de Cologne No. 4

Eau de Cologne-No. 4 is a most delightful and refreshing addition to the bath—a feminine necessity after! It cleans every tiny pore—leaves the skin free of excessive oils—velvety soft . . . a perfect base for powder. Its alluring fragrance, subtle and frail, is particularly suited for the woman of refinement.

Send for This Sample!

USE THIS COUPON

Service Laboratories, Inc., 1926 W. 18th St., Chicago
I am enclosing 25c to pay postage and packing charges. Send the GENEROUS SAMPLE of Eau de Cologne-No. 4 at once!
Name.....
Address.....
My Druggist is.....
(Please PRINT in Pencil) E.C.-7

The Neighbors will never guess

Use a soft reed; modulate your tone; practice quietly at home; folks will never know until you're ready, with your

BUESCHER *True Tone* Saxophone

No ugly blast. Play sweet music almost at once. 3 lessons given on request with each new instrument start you. Many learn scales in an hour, play tunes in a week. You can, too! With a Buescher.

Six Days' Trial, Easy Terms

Take home any Buescher instrument for 6 days' trial. If you like it pay a little each month. Play as you Pay. Satisfaction or no sale. Send coupon or postal for beautiful catalog. Any instrument. No obligation. Get Started! Send today.

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments
1325 Buescher Block Elkhart, Indiana

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO. 319
1325 Buescher Block, Elkhart, Indiana.
Gentlemen: Without obligating me in any way please send me your free literature. I am interested in the instrument checked below.
Saxophone ☐ Cornet ☐ Trumpet ☐ Trombone ☐ Tuba ☐
Mention any other.....
Name.....
Address.....

Ask Them

How They Reduced

Most people everywhere keep slender in these days. Wherever you look, the great majority of men and women are combating fat.

Ask how they do this and many will mention Marmola. This famous prescription has for 18 years been reducing excess fat. Millions have learned its efficiency. The results are seen in every circle now. Almost everyone has slender friends who owe their figures to Marmola.

Users have told others, until people are taking 100,000 Marmola tablets daily. The treatment has come into world-wide use.

No abnormal exercise, no starvation diet. Just a pleasant tablet. No secrets. We state every ingredient and tell how Marmola acts. You know exactly why and how reduction comes.

Then why remain over-fat? Every idea of beauty and efficiency forbids. When so many people keep slender so easily, why not find out how? You owe that to yourself.

Marmola Prescription Tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. Send this coupon for our latest book, a 25-ct. sample free and our guarantee. Clip it now.

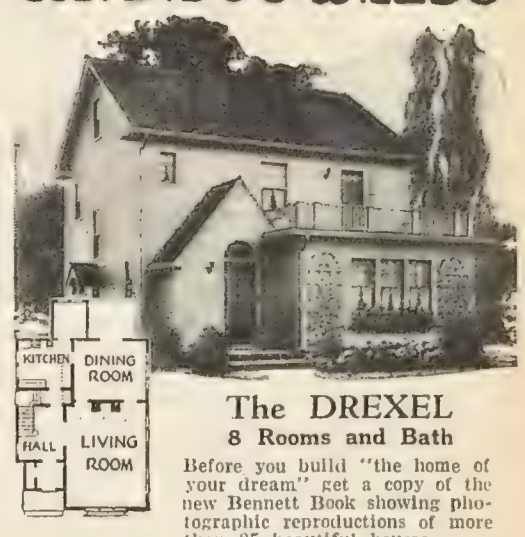
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

MARMOLA
2-234 General Motors Bldg.
DETROIT, MICH.

Mail for 25c Sample **Free**

192

SAVE $300 to $1250



The DREXEL
8 Rooms and Bath

Before you build "the home of your dream" get a copy of the new Bennett Book showing photographic reproductions of more than 85 beautiful houses.

More attractive, more livable; more substantial homes cannot be found. Nor can they be more economically built — for the BENNETT ready-to-erect way saves the high cost of usual waste, cuts down high-priced labor, eliminates all extras, shortens building time one-third—often effecting a saving of $1,250 on a very modest home. Bennett home owners near you (names on request) will prove our claims.

Book of Homes and Garages FREE

Charming homes; garages, all sizes; inviting interiors; built-in conveniences—over 85 photo illustrations and home plans for you to study. Free in U. S. east of Indiana and north of Ohio River; elsewhere $1.00—clip the coupon or send letter or postal.

Bennett Homes Better-Built Ready-Cut

BENNETT HOMES,
155 Main St., North Tonawanda, N. Y.

Send me 104-page Bennett Homes Book, new low prices, valuable building facts.

Name.....
.....
Town..... State.....

Steve Brodie's FAMOUS LEAP

How a Newsboy Took a Jump That Brought Him Fortune and Put a New Word Into American Slang

By JULIAN ROTH

Here is Steve Brodie—the Brooklyn Bridge Jumper—as he appeared in New York museums after his daring plunge.

IN the center of the span of Brooklyn Bridge a man hung by his hands, his rigid body swaying slightly. So for a moment, then the man loosed his grasp on the bridge girder and, straight as a plummet, the body shot to the water one hundred and twenty feet below.

Until then the name Brodie had been but the family name of one of the most obscure of men. Thereafter it became an active part of speech and during the thirty-nine years since, to "do a brodie" has been synonymous in the language of the United States with "take a chance."

Steve Brodie was a Bowery newsboy and bootblack. He was twenty-three years old, an ardent follower of the races and always broke. He had been married five years and his wife had presented him with a new child each year.

Two or three persons had made the Brooklyn Bridge jump with suicidal intent and had been uniformly successful. On the night of July 22, 1886, a discussion in a Bowery saloon over the possibility of leaping from the bridge and living resulted in the collection of a $10 pool for the person who could do it. Brodie believed he was the man.

The next day Steve, with a friend, Mike Kaltwasser (which translates rather appropriately into Coldwater), went to the New York end of the bridge and swung onto the rear of a Brooklyn-bound truck.

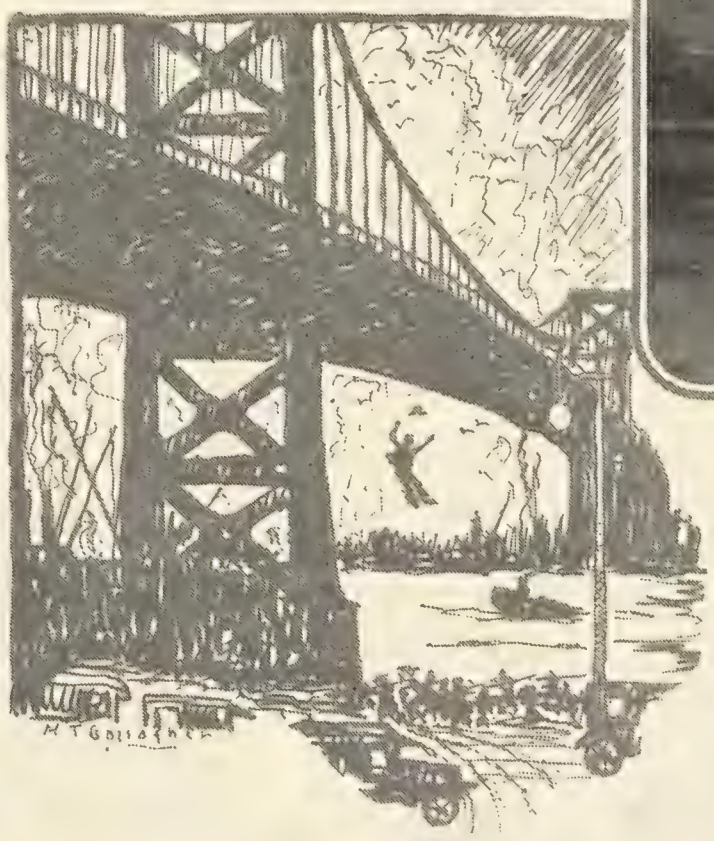
When the tower was nearly reached, Brodie took off his hat and waved it in the air. The signal was seen by a small party of men gathered on one of the piers below. He stripped off his coat, jumped from the wagon onto the bridge, climbed the low latticed railing, which served to protect pedestrians from the dizzy depths below, and with the agility of a cat clambered down to one of the steel girders which run below the bridge.

The driver of the truck, with a policeman a little behind him, rushed to the spot. They were too late.

"My God, he is going to drop," the policeman cried. Brodie hung for a second or two from the girder until he was sure of his balance, then his body shot downward.

Three of Brodie's friends were in a rowboat below waiting to haul him out.

Until he was within fifty feet of the water Brodie fell straight as an arrow, with his hands extended above his head. Then he drew his arms downward with a giant effort, like a man who is raising himself upon a chinning-bar for the twentieth time, until his clenched fists were at a level with his chest. His legs, which until then had remained straight and



stiff, parted and bent at the knees, and he struck the water in a position a runner takes in starting a sprint.

He came to the surface with a flaming face, but uninjured. He struck out to swim on his back as unconcernedly as though he only had dived from one of the piers. He caught sight of his friends and answered their, "There she blows," with the cheery cry of "Bully boy"—which, under the circumstances, is an excusable bit of self-appreciation.

Once on the shore, Brodie followed the patrolman to the Oak Street Station.

In the Tombs Police Court Justice Kilbreth held Brodie in $1,000 bail on charges of drunkenness and attempting to commit suicide and he was remanded to jail for examination the next morning.

Brodie was the hero of the day. When a party of newspaper reporters came to see him in his cell he was very pleasant, and issued this statement:

"I would do it again tomorrow if I had the chance. I'm a spunky chap. I'll be a great card for a museum now. I wonder if Barnum wants me?"

When Brodie was released a howling mob of bootblacks had a band on hand to organize a parade, but instead Brodie started to hunt up managers of museums. He signed with one manager for a week for $100. Then he went to another manager and signed up for the same period. He soon lost his head and by evening he had a dozen contracts all scheduled to commence immediately. He kept the one with the Bowery Museum because it was nearest his home.

Brodie was soon showing in the museums for more than the $100 he got for his first week. He proved a good drawing card throughout the East. By the time he ceased to be a museum or concert-hall attraction he had saved enough money to buy a saloon on the Bowery, just off Canal Street.

The saloon made a lot of money for those days, for Brodie's feat had made him the idol of the East Side, but in addition the place was the Mecca for "slumming parties."

IN 1888 Brodie pulled a stunt that made the Brooklyn Bridge leap look like practice work. He jumped off the new Poughkeepsie Railroad Bridge into the Hudson River, a drop one hundred feet more than the Brooklyn Bridge dive, and landed on his side. When he came up his eyes, nose, and ears were bleeding. He was unconscious and his trainer, Patrick Breen, jumped into the water to save him.

The doctor found three ribs broken, the right arm fractured, the back sprained, besides innumerable bruises and several places where the skin had burst open.

Next Brodie made the grand tour of the country, jumping from the Allegheny Bridge, High Bridge, Covington Bridge in Kentucky, the St. Louis Bridge, the Genesee Falls Bridge, and the Paterson Railroad Bridge.

There are whispers to the effect that a dummy was dropped in the original Brooklyn Bridge affair, and that Brodie was in the rescue boat all the time, but his other leaps tend to dispel the whispers.

In 1897 Brodie was in the last stages of tuberculosis. His doctor ordered him to seek the drier climate of Texas. The journey sapped his energy so much that he had to be carried from the train to the hotel. He died June 30, 1897.

THE END

Exclusive Sports Models *for* Home Needles

By PATRICIA

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EACH one is typically French. They are the very frocks the smart Parisienne is wearing at the moment for street, afternoon, and sports wear. The details are perfect. Expert designing has made it possible for you to have one of these models at just the cost of the material. You will enjoy an afternoon making one.

Straightline sports frock with distinctive air and slenderizing effect is from design No. 2321. It is made of bois de rose kasha, with the border in a deeper shade of rose. Crepe silk in the deeper shade is used for the collar and attractive scarf tie. It features a convertible collar which may be worn buttoned up. The inverted plaits at sides add width to hemline and give a graceful flare when in motion. Cuts in sizes 16 years, 36 to 42 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 2⅜ yards of 54-inch material, with ¼ yard of 32-inch contrasting.

Deep cuffs and boyish collar of beige-colored organdie embellish the bouffant model of design No. 2575, fashioned of navy blue flat crepe. The applied front band, which is looped up underneath lower edge, is made of the organdie and accented with buttons made of the dark blue crepe. Cuts in sizes 16 years, 36 to 42 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 3⅝ yards of 40-inch material, with ½ yard of 32-inch contrasting.

A youthful frock of hydrangea blue crepe silk, with softly flaring godets and a cascading jabot of printed silk crepe is shown in design No. 2582. For street and sports wear, choose smart plaid kasha in tan and brown coloring, navy blue charmeen or shutter-green crepe satin. It is stunning for evening wear, with the sleeves omitted, made of white georgette crepe, with the circular side sections studded with rhinestones. Cuts in sizes 16 years, 36 to 44 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 2¼ yards of 40-inch material, with 1⅞ yards of 36-inch contrasting.

Spring is predicted in design No. 2404, with its effective bordered crepe silk in a modernistic pattern. It is equally as smart interpreted in lustrous black crepe satin. The reverse side of the satin may be used for the circular sides and long rolling collar, for trimming effect. Cuts in sizes 16 years, 36 to 42 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 2 yards of 54-inch bordered material, with 1 yard of 40-inch contrasting.

Simple but ever so smart is design No. 2557, with its boyish collar, molded waistline, and circular skirt. Cuts in sizes 16 years, 36 to 42 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 2¼ yards of 54-inch material, with ¼ yard of 40-inch contrasting.

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Paris Reviving Fashion in Capes

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

IT is quite possible that capes might make another bid for favor in the spring. They are showing themselves here and there around Paris in the spots where new styles are given to appearing first—on the stage, in the South, and nearly always on late afternoon and evening things. Of course, the grand couturiers have tried a time or two before to enter them in the fashion race, but capes haven't even qualified for the running yet except as a trimming for other wraps. Maybe they will grow strong enough in favor this time to stand alone.

Meantime one of the accepted styles that has been carrying them along is the scarf. Of course you might think it more appropriate to say that the scarf was attached to the wrap, except that the scarf has long ago established itself in one of the longest, most successful fashion runs in all history, and you now get the impression that the fashion makers are trying to get the cape dragged along with it. Scarfs, by the way, are smaller than previously, and on some capes are almost like a tie or fastening to hold the wrap in place.

Cheruit has made a very remarkable ensemble in rust-colored crepe de Chine that is being worn on the stage. The scarf wraps round the neck in the high-collared effect of today and transforms itself into a long, flowing cape in the back as well as over the shoulders, to which it gives the lovely sloping effect of 1830. The model shown here is an adaptation of it; shorter, more tailored, less droopy, in different material, and for a different time of day. Not much like the original, you are protesting. And yet this one could scarcely have been except for the one shown on the stage. That is the way styles are born.

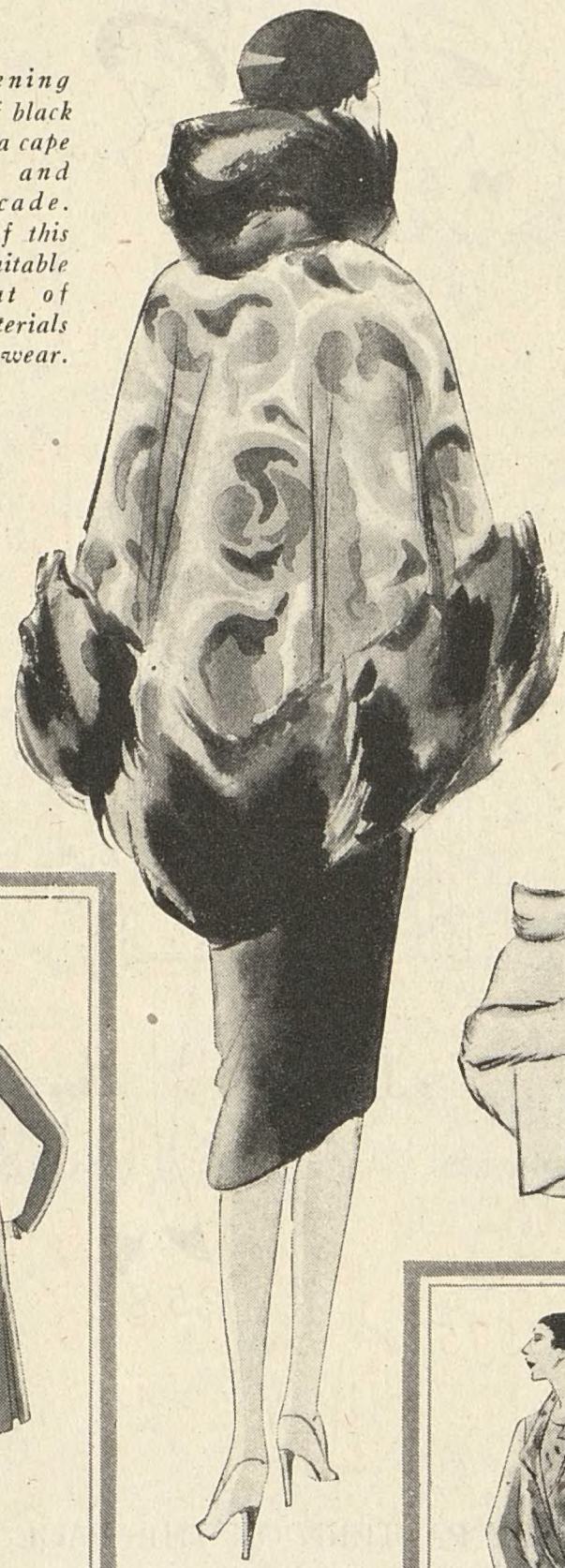
The best-dressed Frenchwoman I have seen all winter came to our country with the purpose of superintending our dressing a little—that is to say, to "advise" one of the big stores that thinks it is going to run a very smart dressmaking establishment. And this is the costume which she assembled in France for wear when descending on us: An ensemble of tobacco brown kasha, with the skirt circling the ankles with military accuracy at an elevation of sixteen inches from the floor. A cape lying with military smoothness over the shoulders and rippling with the same circular effect as the skirt, but departing very far from the skirt's appalling evenness. In the back it almost touches the hem, but it mounts in one of the now accepted ascending-in-the-front outlines that we foresaw. All the way around, from hemline in the back almost up to waistline in the front, the bottom of it ripples. The cape does not quite close in front, but rests open in the form of an inverted capital V. And never does the wearer touch it!

How contrary is this movement to the style just passing of holding all your outer clothing in place! Only I cannot think this latter style will ever quite die in Paris. The ladies there like too well to be occupied with their clothes. In all details the cape of the French lady has a military dash to it, and some point out that it has a little practical value as well, through being attached to a tight-fitting jacket. You see, it is of the style we were referring to in the first paragraph. It does not yet have the courage to appear alone, but is attached to a coat. Its appearance marks a step toward freedom for it because the coat does not show.

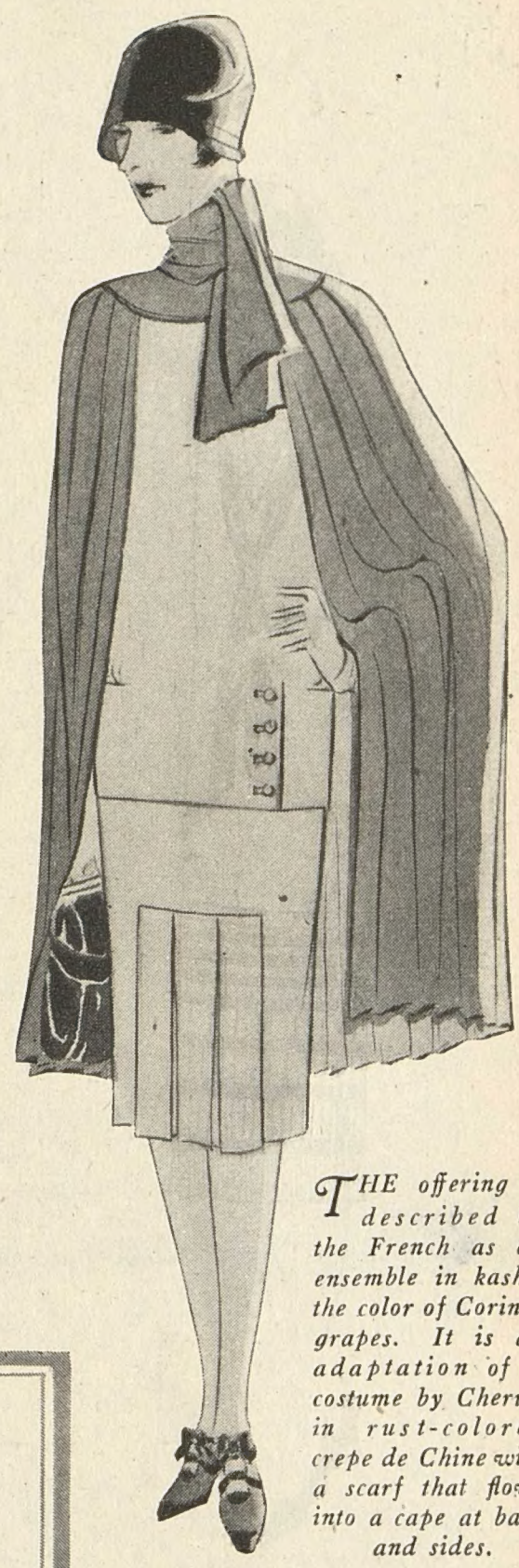
The costume is topped by one of those brimless little hats that has gone all to high crown and has its little dust brush of a feather coming down over one ear. A very chic ensemble indeed, but this description is given in evidence that capes would appear to be on the ascent. The drawing-up-in-the-front movement mentioned in connection with it is "growing strong." The evening wrap here shown by Yteb employs it. Both narrow skirt and rippling cape of this manteau dip in the rear. Its outline would be engaging in less "dressy" materials, not excepting woolens.

Another of the season's features that has been more than successful is the sleeveless wrap. It ought to be good for other seasons to come. The idea is incorporated in the accompanying model, although the coat of this ensemble has sleeves. The sleeveless effect is produced by having the plain orange-colored crepe de Chine in the arms, while the rest of the costume is of an orange silk richly brocaded. The wrapped-across-the-front effect of the coat is always good, while a slight departure is manifested here in using it in a jacket.

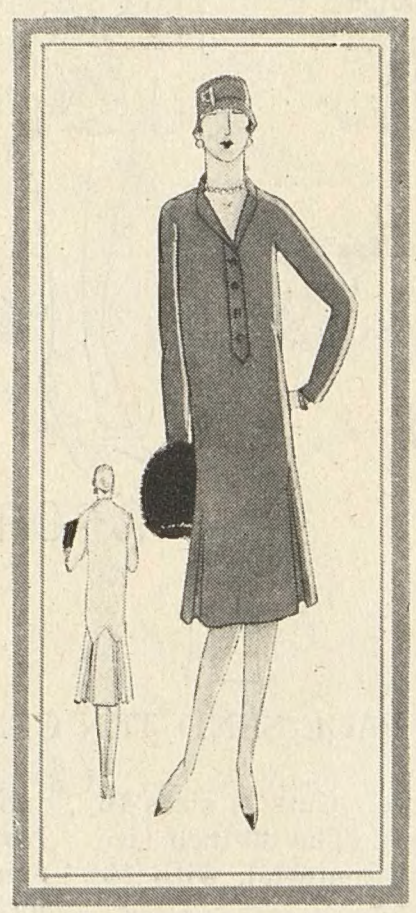
The navy blue dress, by Molyneux, is of a fabric called cotele, which is a soft, fuzzy-surfaced, woolen material. The dress is one of the rare, strictly tailored Paris creations and is worn with a small blue Molyneux felt hat.



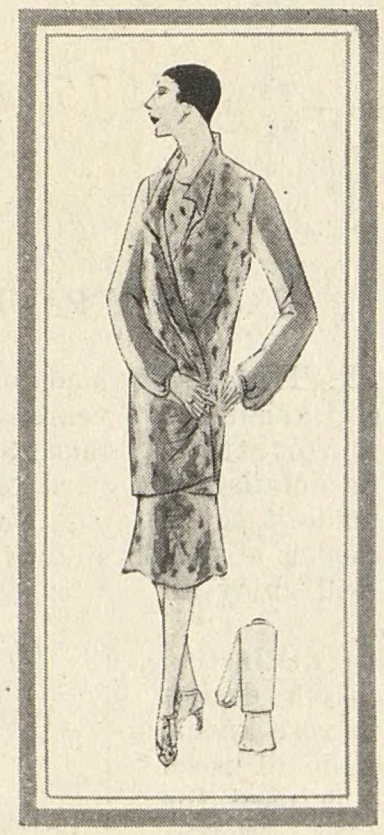
AN evening coat of black velvet with a cape of silver and black brocade. The lines of this wrap are suitable for a coat of plainer materials for day wear. Yteb.



THE offering is described by the French as an ensemble in kasha, the color of Corinth grapes. It is an adaptation of a costume by Cheruit in rust-colored crepe de Chine with a scarf that flows into a cape at back and sides.



A NAVY blue dress with double-plaited panels set across the back and on the sides of the skirt. The dress is strictly tailored and very smart for street wear in the spring. Molyneux.



THE evening ensemble at the right consists of an orange brocaded dress and a coat of three-quarter length in the same material with sleeves of plain orange crepe de Chine.

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